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The Sunday Oregonian.

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PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY, JANUARY 18, 1885.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

DREAMLAND

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon named Night
On a black throne reigns upright
I have reached these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thule
From a wild weird clime that lieth sublime
Out of space—out of Time

Bottomless vales and boundless floods
And chasms and caves and Titan wood
With forms that no man can discover
For the dews that drip all over
Mountains toppling evermore
Into seas without a shore
Seas that restlessly aspire
Surging it to skies of fire
Lakes that endlessly outspread
Their lone waters—lone and dead
Their still waters still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily

By the lakes that thus outspread
Their lone waters, lone and dead
With the shadows of the lolling lily
By the mountains—near the river—
Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever
By the gray woods by the swamp
Where the toad and the newt encamp
By the dismal tarns and pools
Where dwell the Ghouls

By each spot the most unholy
In each nook most melancholy
There the traveler meets aghast
Sheeted Memories of the past—
Shrouded forms that start and sigh
As they pass the wanderer by—
White-robed forms of friends long given
In agony to the Earth—and Heaven

For the heart whose woes are legion
'Tis a peaceful soothing region
For the spirit that walks in shadow
'Tis—oh 'tis an El Dorado
But the traveler traveling through it
May not—dare not openly view it
Never are its mysteries exposed
To the weak human eye unclosed
So wills its King who hath forbid
The uplifting of the fringed lid
And thus the sad soul that here passes
Beholds it but through darkened glasses

By a route obscure and lonely
Haunted by ill angels only
Where an Eidolon named Night
On a black throne reigns upright
I have wandered home but newly
From this ultimate dim Thule
— Edgar Allan Poe

ON A COUNTRY ROAD

Along these low pleached lanes on such a day
So soft a day as this, through shade and sun
With glad grave eyes that scanned the glad wild way
And heart still hovering o'er a song begun
And smile that warmed the world with benison
Our father, lord long since of lordly rhyme
Long since hath haply ridden when the lime
Bloomed broad above him, flowering where he came
Because thy passage once made warm this clime
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name

Each year that England clothes herself with May
She takes thy likeness on her Time hath spun
Fresh raiment all in vain and strange array
For earth and man's new spirit fain to spin
Things past for dreams of better to be won
Through many a century since thy funeral chime
Rang and men deemed it death's most direful crime
To have spared not thee for very love or shame
And yet while mists round last year's memories climb
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name

Each turn of the old wild road whereon we stray
Meseems might bring us face to face with one
Whom seeing we could not but give thanks and pray
For England's love our father and her son
To speak with us as once in days long done
With all men, sage and churl and monk and mime
Who knew not as we know the soul sublime
That sang for song's love more than lust of fame
Yet though this be not yet in happy time
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name

Friend, even as bees about the flowering thyme
Years crowd on years till hoar decay begrime
Names once beloved but seeing the sun the same
As birds of autumn fain to praise the prime
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name
— Algernon Charles Swinburne

TO A TERRAPIN

Terrapin, terrapin, whither away
Thou slow moving evil-eyed tramp
What destiny tempts thee, old pilgrim, to stray
So far from the terrapin camp?
Thy prowl at my garden thou sauntering crust
Of inscrutable cunning—why sneak
And recoil like a snake with an air of distrust
When a gentleman deigneth to speak

Thou toothless, old triple-lidded rove, what news
Bringest thou from the terrapin isles,
And what of thy trip thro' the dusks and the dews,
O'er the pathless and perilous miles?
What bloody banditti beleaguer thy way
And where does thy lone journey trend
[illegible] of the turtles make answer I pray
To the querulous poet thy friend

Thou Wandering Jew of the terrapin race
What marvellous mysteries lie
Unwittingly locked in thy taciturn face
And forever unsealed in thine eye?
For thee doth some terrapin mistress await
In her portable palace? I wot—
For thee sits she night after night at the gate
And sadly complains of her lot

O terrapin, terrapin, whither away
Thro' the dews and the dazzle of dawn?
No longer, poor gypsy, thy steps I will stay
But will think of thee often when gone
Thy road is as rugged, no doubt, as my own
Thy soul is as sunless and sore—
So I wish thee good morning, thou terrapin lone
And bid thee God speed from my door
—J N Matthews

PEUCINIA AND MENON

A little Greek maid with thoughts like thistle down
By their very lightness half as heaven blown
Lay in the green sward by blue Aegean sea
Fair as the daisy that dots the summer lea

Drowsy with perfume, half lain her couch of grass
Watching with dreamy eyes the clouds of heaven pass
Hearing the hum of life breezed from the south—
Leading a wisp of grass into her mouth

Hark!—footsteps in the sward! Flee little maid
"Nay" said Peucinia "I am not afraid"
And she knew that Menon oft passed that way
Tired of the schools in the shut of the day

Almost he trod her skirt—saw her asleep
Filled to the lips with smiles May the gods keep
Thee, gentle pretty one long he prayed—
Then the white lids leaped up and Menon stayed
—James Buckham in the Current

SAPPHO

Calm with the burden of a great despair
Amidst the starry glory of the night
Her clear eyes full of death's mysterious light
The moonbeams wandering through her yellow hair
Her regal beauty shining cold and fair
While far away dim sail shows soft and white
And fragrant winds moan round the beetling height
She hears the sea's slow sobbing fill the air
In sorrow fierce, and throes of bitter pain
Oh have the bright eyes won so sad and low
Swayed by love's bitter gladness filled with tears
But never more will passion's color stain
Thy bloodless cheeks or kisses wake reply
From lips grown cold through waiting, through long years
Thomas S Collier

[illegible]

Of Adam's first wife Lilith it is told
The witch he loved before the gift of Eve
That, ere the snake's, her sweet tongue could deceive
And her enchanted hair was the first gold
And still she sits young while the earth is old
Draws men to watch the bright net she can weave
Till heart and body and life are in its hold

The rose and poppy are her flowers for where
Is he not found, O Lilith, whom shed scent
And soft shed kisses and soft sleep shall snare
Lo as that youth's eyes burned at thine so went
Thy spell through him and left his straight neck bent
And round his heart one strangling golden hair
Dante Gabriel Rossetti

HER VOICE

Whene'er I hear the music of her lips
Across the air in mellow cadence float
Grow faint and die in some dim realm remote
Its echo back from shadow, eclipse,
'Tis like a draught such as the bold bee sips
The fragrance of a rose-leaf or the note
Escaping from the happy thrush's throat
Which, tremulous through dusky twilight dips

Such gentle music makes my heart rejoice
Forgetful of itself and all sad things
It drinks the sweet vibrations of her voice
And like an instrument whose tender strings
The fingers of the breeze touch to a choice
Soft melody—it thrills whene'er she sings.
Frank Dempster Sherman.

PIONEER CAPTAINS.

My article on pioneer stage-drivers last week was so well received that I have been tempted into a sketch of some of the pioneer coast navigators, which I shall follow up with recollections of some of the early river men on the San Joaquin and Sacramento First and foremost of all the coast navigators of my own day, I place Captain W I Dall, who commanded the little steamer Columbia in the trade between Portland and San Francisco from 1850 to 1861 The Columbia had been originally built to ply between New York and Charleston S C, as an opposition boat to the Spofford & Tileston line But as the Pacific Mail Steamship Company had the contract to carry the Oregon mails as well as those for California they found they must either build or buy a bar boat Their route consisted of six or seven stops along the road, to wit Mendocino mills, Humboldt bay, Trinidad, Crescent City, Port Orford and Port Umpqua, with occasional stops at Coos bay and Shelter cove This required a good bar boat and, as the Columbia had been built with special reference to crossing Charleston bar, which is always dangerous in winter, the ship was purchased and sent out around the Horn, arriving in San Francisco late in 1850 It took several months to fit her for the new and perilous route, and in the meantime Captain Knight, who was the agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company at San Francisco, began to cast about him for a commander for her San Francisco was full of men who had been to Oregon and knew all about the Columbia river bar but Captain Knight did not see fit to hire any of them. He knew very well that a man who was really a competent handler of steam vessels could learn the bar and forget it again in half the time that any of these alleged pilots could learn to handle a boat Moreover it would be rank injustice to ambitious subordinate officers to hire an outsider for captain while so many deserving young mates were working hard in the hope of speedy promotion

The glorious old steamship Oregon, long since made into a sailing vessel, and sunk by a collision with the ship Germania, was the favorite vessel of the San Francisco people because she was the one that had brought the welcome news of the admission of California into the Union Her sister ship, the California, was commanded by Carlisle P Patterson, a navy man and a martinet of the worst stamp The Oregon was commanded by Captain R H Pearson, first officer, Richard L Whiting second officer, W. I Dall boatswain, E S Farnsworth chief engineer, James Pollock. All these men subsequently rose to distinction in the company's service, Whiting being the best liked in California, while Dall had his legion of loyal friends in this state Before the Columbia was ready for sea, Captain Knight called Messrs. Whiting and Dall into the office, and told them that Captain Patterson would go east in about sixty days to take charge of the new steamer Golden Gate, and bring her around the Horn, which would create a vacancy in the command of the California and that Captain Whiting could either have command of the Columbia at once, or wait for the California a sixty days. As the captains on the Panama route then got a primage of 2½ per cent. on all the gold dust shipped to New York, amounting to over $2,000,000 every trip, Whiting concluded to wait for the California, and Dall took the Columbia to open out the Oregon trade As he left the office Captain Knight called him back, and told him that as there was no gold dust primage on this route, he would be allowed to carry forty tons of Oregon produce to San Francisco *free of charge* for three years, to make his compensation equal to that of the Panama captains, and that for these reasons he should expect first class service Dall pledged his word to give him no cause for complaint, and how he kept his word every pioneer resident of Oregon can testify more abundantly than myself

During the time that the Columbia served this route and prior to the time that the growing trade of Portland and its tributaries demanded a larger vessel she had a toilsome trip of it, for she had so many way landings that the voyage was seldom made in less than six days. She called at Mendocino Mills, which has had a separate steamer calling there for the past sixteen years, stopped in at Humboldt bay, which now employs three steamers all larger than the Columbia, called in at Trinidad and Crescent City, which now maintain a special line of their own and also at Port Orford, where the Coos Bay steamers all land for eight months in the year She it was that laid the foundation of all this trade. She had two side-lever marine engines, long since displaced by the walking beam, while it in turn has given way to the upright compound She was of about 600 tons burthen, and one of the most buoyant wooden vessels ever built. When Dall would get to the bar he would call up his pilot—either Wass or Hustler—and they would lash themselves to the bridge. Then the gallant little ship would head for the breakers, and, fair or foul, always came through I do not write these words in praise of Dall with any idea of belittling Captains Bolles, Debney, Alexander or Poleman, with all of whom I am on friendly terms But it cannot be denied that all these gentlemen, who are commanding vessels three times as large as Dall's was, are profiting largely by his experience and this is more specially true from the fact that half the reefs now well known to the veriest tyro in coastwise navigation were not then laid down on any chart whatever. He had also to cross eight bars on every round trip, to their two bars, and besides there were the dangerous roadsteads of Crescent City, Port Orford and Trinidad, all of which have long since been put into other routes So I fail to see where he suffers by comparison with any other man who ever commanded steamers between here and San Francisco—even poor old Frank Connor, for whom I entertained an almost filial degree of affection Dall's perilous voyages up and down this coast would fill a book, but owing to his extreme modesty they are long since lost to the world

In General Keyes book about his life on this coast and elsewhere, he tells about crossing the bar in the old steamer California in 1851, under command of Captain Dall. He says that the steamer collapsed a flue off Chinook spit, which is true and he says the ship took fire under her boilers from the coal being blown out of the furnaces, which also true. But his story about the pilot deserting his post when he saw the steam going down and the ship drifting stern first into the breakers, is evidently something on which the narrator did not expect a contradiction Captain Jackson G Hustler of Astoria was pilot of the ship and now resides in that city He said to me, the other day "What an infernal liar that Keyes is, to be sure He knew that Bill Dall is dead and not here to contradict him or he would never dare to say such a word as that I have piloted thousands of vessels over this bar and I have yet to hear the first word of complaint from any master whose ship I have handled, and if a man was ever so big a coward by nature, the presence of such a man as Bill Dall would encourage him and hold him up to duty Then there's his cock-and-bull story about him and his soldiers taking the hose down stairs into the fire-room and helping the firemen and coal-passers to put out the fire You know enough about ship discipline to know that the hose is always under charge of the deck officers and no passengers would be allowed to touch it Now, I don't remember this Keyes, nor any other officer in that lot except old General Wool, and he was calm as marble itself The rest of them were all huddled up to windward and as badly panicked as a lot of sheep in a fence-corner with a panther a watchin' 'em Then he says we finally got more steam and made our way up to Astoria in an hour Why the Good Lord bless your soul, we were nearly four hours a getting here from the bar for wind, tide and everything else was against us I suppose he thought that because Captain Dall and General Wool were dead, everybody else was dead too, and he could write what he liked " This perilous affair was only one of a thousand in which Dall's superior seamanship and dauntless courage saved not only his ship but scores of valuable lives.

Dall had his brother, Christopher C. Dall, with him as first officer part of the time; also Charles Tayloe, who was drowned on the Central America; M. R. French, who perished at the wreck of the Northerner on Blunt's reef, W. I Birch who lost his life at the burning of the Golden Gate, and others Among his second officers were M P Nolan, who died a first class captain on the Panama route W H Shanklin, afterwards captain of the ship Zenobia, lost on the Farallone islands and many other able officers Among the Columbia's chief engineers were W H Bryan W H Hogan, James Pollock John Lay, Michael Kilduff and others All of them died except the first named, who is in the employ of the San Francisco gas company His first purser was Ralph Meade, whose widow and children still reside in our midst. After Meade's death his place was filled by W R Olden Jos. T Miller, W S Havens and others Havens was blown to atoms by the nitro-glycerine explosion at Wells, Fargo & Co's office in 1866 I have dealt at greater length upon Dall than I otherwise should have done for the reason that he was the architect of the magnificent freight and passenger traffic which San Francisco has since enjoyed with the north coast, and because others have attained wealth by following in his footsteps His loss of the Northerner was something for which he was not to blame He had an old ship, with bad boilers and a small engine hence he had to keep in shore and take his chances to get smooth water In doing so he encountered a heavy fog, during which he got his ship ashore In person Captain Dall was short and wiry, with sandy complexion and quick, restless eyes He died some years ago, leaving a neat fortune to his wife and one child Shortly after his leaving the line, the Pacific Mail company sold this route, together with the steamships Orizaba, Sierra Nevada, J L Stephens, and one or two others, to Ben Holladay About the same time the California Steam Navigation company purchased from C K Garrison the steamers Pacific and Brother Jonathan The former was placed on this route in charge of Captain George W Staples, a stout and energetic Yankee sailor of great personal magnetism He commanded one or the other of these ships alternately until early in 1861, when he got into a quarrel with a southern gambler named Ferd Patterson at Arrigoni's hotel, and while following him up stairs was shot dead Loud threats of lynching Patterson were made that night, but the movement wanted a leader, as Patterson was not only a desperate man, but a good shot and liable to kill two or three of them before they got him So the thing was abandoned and the law left to take its course and a verdict of self-defense was rendered by the jury Samuel J De Wolf was first officer of the ship and took her back to San Francisco, where he was made captain of her He was lost on the Brother Jonathan in 1865 Patterson was afterwards shot dead in a barber's chair at Walla Walla.

The southern route, which has of late years been such a bonanza until the Southern Pacific road was built, was for a long time served by the old steamers Goliah and Sea Bird, owned by Captain J T Wright, and commanded by Captain Robert Haley and his brother Samuel, commonly called "Doc" Haley After the C S N Co bought the Brother Jonathan they put Bob Haley in command of her While in command of the Goliah he had a first officer named George Flavel and a second officer named Francis Connor Flavel stayed but a short time in his steamboat job, for his friend Charley Falkinburg dying, he took his vessel, the well-known bark Jane A. Falkinburg, with which he laid the foundation of his colossal fortune This promoted Connor to be first officer in January, 1854 Many years afterwards Connor was docking his ship at Flavel's dock in Astoria amid some difficulty, and began to storm about the condition of the dock Flavel came out of his office and gave him a piece of his mind and Connor, who was as brave as a lion and would have broken anybody else's head for half of what Flavel had said, stood up and took his medicine like a little man Connor had a great many sterling qualities and will not soon be forgotten He had a severe siege off the bar five days in 1867 in the Sierra Nevada, and another in the Oregon in the winter of 1880, and during the latter he received a nervous shock from which he never rallied For a man who had enjoyed no early advantages he was a man of remarkable advancement, and his elevation to the high position he occupied at the time of his death was not accomplished by pulling down any of his brother officers Like all men of his class, Connor had strong notions of justice and fair play A rather common-looking man in early life, old age came gracefully upon him, and conferred upon him a degree of manly grace that he never had known in youth His tall and wiry figure rounded into colossal proportions, and his snowy hair and beard gave him a *distingue* look that even his shiny blue and gold uniform could not improve My liking for him was deeply rooted, as it always is for men who rise from obscurity by sheer will-power and fidelity to their friends

Captain Tom Seeley was born in New Hampshire and came to California from Alabama in 1850 He got into steamboating on the Sacramento river as mate of the Senator under Capt John Van Pelt and afterward was captain of the Camanche and J Bragdon. In 1855 the California Steam Navigation Company put the Senator on the southern coast route and gave Seeley charge of her, with John S Butters as first officer. The ship grew vastly popular under his command, and with J H Pool for purser and Houston for engineer, Tom Seeley was splendidly reinforced In May, 1862, his ship was lying in the harbor of San Pedro, where there was then no docks. The steamers moored to a large buoy attached to "mushroom" anchors about six miles from the shore, and a little tug called the "Ada Hancock," after a daughter of the general, who was then in command of Drum barracks at Wilmington carried the passengers off to her There were some seventy passengers to go up on the ship, and nearly all of them had gone on the first trip of the launch Captain Seeley, with a dozen or fifteen passengers, most of them being his personal friends, went on the second trip The tug took them on board and started off gaily into the bay On coming alongside the steamer the tug stopped her engines and the steam accumulated so rapidly that her boiler exploded, killing Captain Seeley and several others, among them a dear friend of mine named Fred Kerlin, manager of General Beale's ranch at Fort Tejon Seeley's body was brought to San Francisco for burial, and Mr Butters was given charge of the ship with "Paddy" Gorman as first officer, and a better sailor never lived than old Gorman

Butters died in 1869 and the Senator was placed in charge of Captain Jacob S Bogart The old man was afterwards employed as captain by Ben Holladay, and was in command of the Sierra Nevada when she ran on the Piedras Blancas at the mouth of Monterey bay in a dense fog On that very same night the steamer Stonewall Jackson was burned on the Mississippi river, less than a mile from shore and 110 persons lost their lives But Bogart saved not only the lives of all his passengers, but all their baggage as well Of late years the old fellow became poor and in 1876 he was appointed a bar pilot for San Francisco bay One morning in July he was put on board the ship Blairhoyle, off the Farallone islands, and was piloting her into the harbor The wind was fair and the gallant ship sped along swiftly before it. The master of the ship and Bogart were walking the poop deck together, and the latter walked down to the galley, asking the cook for a cup of tea This he drank and walked aft to the capstan leaning on it and looking up the harbor The ship swept past Fort Point as the surging flood tide bore her onward to her anchorage The captain called out, "Pilot, how shall we head her now?" but received no answer The first officer walked up to him and then cried out, "The pilot's dead, sir" It was too true God had mercifully remembered the old man's bravery in saving so many lives and rewarded him by letting him die a painless death "Uncle Jake" had not only "died at his post, doing duty," but had actually died standing up

Captain James H Blethen should fill a larger space in these memories than I am able to give him His debut in steamship life was as commander of the unlucky North America. She was a walking-beam ship, of lighter frame than the Brother Jonathan, if such a thing were possible, with a second-hand engine, taken from the old steamer Niagara, which formerly had run to Albany. She made one transatlantic voyage to Galway during the great London exposition, and returned to New York so badly strained that a certificate was refused her for any trade crossing the western ocean. They hauled her out and put in extra timbers into her hull and about forty tons of extra bolts, after which they sent her "around the Horn" to California. By having good weather all the way she reached Panama and took on 400 passengers that had come from New York on that smart little steamer, the United States with whom she reached San Francisco in safety On her return trip she was stranded on Point Tazire, in Lower California, and forty odd lives lost Blethen has been at times seriously censured for this, but I doubt if there was any justice in such criticism He had a weak ship and knew that there was a heavy gale then blowing in the Gulf of California, and that his ship could not live in the heavy sea that he was sure to encounter between Capes Corrientes and San Lucas or he may have kept in shore to catch smooth water and been dragged ashore by the same current that wrecked the Golden City not more than eight miles away Comstock was severely censured for the latter disaster, which occurred twenty-four years after Blethen's mishap and long after mariners had learned what they did not know in Blethen's day Even granting that he ran the North America ashore on purpose, and lost forty odd lives, was it not better judgment than standing out in deep water and having his ship founder with all on board

Blethen was taken into the Nicaragua line and given command of the Sierra Nevada upon the death of Captain J Dayton Wilson When he left "the dear old Sally," as Ben Holladay calls her up to this very hour, he was succeeded in command by his first officer, Thomas Huntington, who is still living and in command of the Mexico, by long odds the fastest and best steamship ever built on these Pacific shores Blethen subsequently was captain of the Orizaba Moses Taylor and a number of other vessels, Huntington subsequently made a great many trips in the Sierra Nevada, and finally gave up his command to Captain Francis Connor, the grand chief This he did in the interest of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, who sent him to New York about the time the Brother Jonathan was lost, with orders to build a steamer that should be an economical as well as a fast one, with good carrying capacity and light draught of water These elements were decidedly antagonistic, but in spite of all that, Huntington did more than could have been expected of him The ship was modelled by John H Briard, after ideas advanced by Huntington, and built at Green Point by Lawrence & Folkes She was 1,[illegible]00 tons burthen and had a single beam engine of 66-inch cylinder and 11 feet stroke She could carry her coal and 1150 tons of freight on 11½ feet of water, and steam 12 miles per hour on a consumption of 26 to 45 tons per day, according to the weather She never came to Portland having been bought off by Holladay After running to San Juan on Webb's Nicaragua line for two years, she was sold to the Pacific Mail Company and and sent into Japanese waters, where she is still running under the name of Jinsho Maru, in the Mitsu Bishi line I believe up to the time of the introduction of the compound engine into American navigation, the Oregonian was really the largest carrier in proportion to her draft, as well as the fastest steamer, in proportion to her consumption of fuel, of any ever built in an American shipyard And to Captain Huntington I award the lion's share of credit in her construction

Whether Captain Edgar Wakeman ever ran in the trade between Portland and San Francisco, I am unable to say, but he ran steamers pretty nearly everywhere else. He was a rough diamond, true as steel to his friends, and brave as a lion The only obstacle in his way to success was his violent temper, which, during his long career as a master mariner, lost him the command of more than one fine ship He brought around Cape Horn, or rather through the straits of Magellan, the steamboat New World, which for a long time plied between this city and the Cascades During his career on the coast he commanded at various times the steamships Pacific, Brother Jonathan, Sierra Nevada, New Orleans, John L Stephens, America, Moses Taylor, Senator, and probably half a dozen others He was in command of the Stephens when she was captured by a desperado named Frank Dana and his gang of pirates in the harbor of San Blas, for which Mr Holladay never forgave him and for which I think he was really to blame He knew there was a civil war going on in Mexico and should have allowed no boat to approach his ship except his own boats and those of the custom house But poor old Ned, with all his good qualities as well as his infirmities of temper, has long since been laid to rest. Mark Twain has immortalized him in several of his quaint sketches, and in the hearts of the few survivors of the argonautic era, his memory still grows green

But my ideal of a steamship captain was old Commodore James T. Watkins, the grandest figure and handsomest face that I ever saw on the bridge of any steamer He had the look of Agamemnon in his very glance, a man born to command. He was over six feet in hight, and, though he carried no superfluous flesh, weighed over 250 pounds. Add to this a kindly expression out of a face that had the contour of a lion's head, and you can imagine how majestic the old fellow looked He came into the Pacific Mail line in 1852 having commanded packet ships between New York and Havre prior to that period. He was placed in charge of the new steamer San Francisco, which sailed from New York January 6, 1853, with 1200 soldiers and 240 other passengers on board The ship was perfection in all but her engines, which were double oscillators, *both working on one crank*, which was probably done to economize space. But it does seem to me that there could be no greater folly than this The object of a double engine is to work one in case the other gives out. Now suppose you break a crankpin, you are no better off than you would be with a single engine This was just what befel the San Francisco On the third morning after leaving New York she broke her crankpin, and was soon devoid of motive power Captain Watkins at once made sail, but the fierce gale blew the canvas out at the bolt ropes and she fell off into the trough of the sea Then came a huge wave which tore off all her top-hamper and swept 263 people into the waves, not one being saved At last Watkins got two small trysails on the ship and hove her to The big sea had put out all her fires and she had all she could do to keep afloat with hand-pumps The first vessel that came along would not assist her, but the second was the bark Kilby of Boston and hove to awaiting the sea to subside, as the wind had lulled Just after dark a large ship came up—the Three Bells, of Glasgow—and Watkins gave Captain Creighton the Masonic password of distress, for it was then past dark Creighton called out his hearty "Hang out your lights till morning, and I will stay with you" Before day broke up came the Antarctic, Captain Stouffer, and the three ships rescued all the survivors The names of Wells, Creighton and Stouffer are immortal in the bright annals of American seamanship

After a rigid examination held before a court of inquiry, Watkins was acquitted of all blame, and sent to Panama to take command of the Golden Gate, vice Patterson, who had been removed for placing a Jewish passenger in a pork barrel for some trifling offence on shipboard In 1854 the company bought the Golden Age, which had been in a losing trade between Panama and Australia, and placed Watkins in command of her. Inferior to the Golden Gate in passenger accommodations, she surpassed her as a sea boat and equalled her in speed and it was chiefly in this vessel that Watkins endeared himself so to his passengers by his urbanity and vigilance, so that his name is always spoken with tenderness in every California household till to-day In 1855 he was going into Panama with William H Aspinwall, president of the company, among some 1200 other passengers The president was on the bridge with Watkins as they approached Quicaro island, and asked if there was no passage inside the islands Watkins replied there was, but he had always taken the safe side and gone to the west.

"How much time could you save by taking the eastern side?" asked Aspinwall

"About three hours—perhaps four," was the reply

"Take it, then," said Mr A, and an hour later the gallant ship was hard and fast on the Quicaro reef, which detained her three days Aspinwall took all the blame on himself, of course, and exonerated Watkins From that time on, for a period of twenty years, up to the very hour of his death, he never met with any damage to a ship nor lost a man, though he carried probably 16,000 passengers per year He met his death by falling down the hold of a steamer in Hong Kong, at the ripe age of 68 years, and his loss was generally deplored.

Capt. William F. Lapedge was born in England and entered the employ of the Cunard steamship line at 18 years of age Two years after this W H Aspinwall was a passenger on the brigantine in which Lapidge was third officer One day Aspinwall asked him a question and Lapidge replied

"It is not customary for officers to hold conversation with passengers while on watch "

Mr Aspinwall was in his stateroom about an hour later when a light tap came at the door and there was Lapidge Touching his cap he said

"Now my watch is off, sir and I shall only be too happy to give you the desired information "

The interview ended very pleasantly and when the steamer arrived at New York, Mr Aspinwall shook him by the hand, saying

"Good bye Lapidge, I'll keep my eye on you "

The young officer kept pegging along at his work for about two years and in the meantime the gold fever broke out in California One day Lapidge got a letter from Aspinwall offering him the position of first officer on the Oregon, vice Whiting, promoted to be master of the California He accepted and after making two or three trips with Pearson was made captain of the British steamer Unicorn (then under charter by the P M S S Co) and took her down to Sydney On his return he took out his naturalization papers, and was made master of the steamer Republic He subsequently commanded every large steamer on the Panama line In 1872 he was in command of the propeller Costa Rica and entered the harbor of San Francisco just as a heavy fog was lifting from the bar He headed in and had got fairly past the Heads when the fog shut down again He slowed his ship and was feeling his way along when Point Diablo showed on his starboard bow He reversed his engines, but finding she did not "starboard" he called out to let go the anchor The Chinese crew stood on the forecastle panic stricken, and the ship went on the rocks with a bang Lapidge got her off next day, however with but slight damage to the cargo An investigation was held next day and resulted in the entire acquittal of the captain from all blame in the matter

Lapidge was offered his command again, but asked "Do you propose to continue Chinese now in your ships as sailors?"

The agent said that such was the orders from the head office in New York Lapidge said slowly

"Well, I don't want any more commands in this company, at least while this order is in force So long as you have Chinese sailors on your ships, your captain is a cypher and so are your mates Your Chinese boatswain, who acts as interpreter, is really the executive officer of your ship. I have no great amount of money, but have some reputation and my life also, and I don't propose to lose either through the ignorance or cowardice of a Chinaman " He left the employ and has never since been to sea, except as a passenger It lies between him and the old commodore as which was the best captain the Pacific Mail ever had Watkins was a giant, burly enough for the Scandinavian vikings who built the round tower at Newport, while Lapidge was Magellan attenuated by the civilization of three slowly revolving centuries He never weighed 120 pounds in his life, but he weighs as many ounces to the pound as any captain that ever walked a ship's deck Lapidge has a little nest-egg laid by for a rainy day and lives in modest retirement in San Francisco, carrying with him the good wishes of thousands for whom he walked the deck at night that they might sleep in peace

I spoke of Whiting in the fore part of this article He was a short, muscular man, with shoulders like a four-mile racehorse and legs strong enough to hold up a Durham bull He had been a captain of some bark sailing out of New York, but was content to enter the Pacific Mail line as first officer, in the hope of getting a command as traffic developed At that time there were but four American steamships running out of New York—the Washington and Hermann to Bremen and the Northerner and Southerner to Charleston The company would allow no captain to select his officers, and hence it became necessary to introduce Whiting and Dall to Captain Pearson, who was a rather small man in stature After some common place conversation, Whiting asked

"Do you reside in the city, Captain Pearson?"

"No sir, my family are living at Hoboken By the way, Captain Whiting, what experience have you in navigating steam vessels?"

"The same that you have yourself, sir—going over on the ferryboat to Hoboken," replied Whiting Pearson did not know whether to laugh or get angry, but before he could make up his mind in walked Dall, and was introduced to both of them Pearson asked him a few leading questions and then said

"You have been first officer between here and New Orleans for some time, Mr Dall. What experience have you on steamers, sir?"

"None at all, sir," replied Dall, "but I'm engaged to be married to a young lady in Hoboken, and I hope to learn something by traveling back and forth on the ferryboat."

Captain Pearson told me this story himself in Virginia City in 1864, and he laughed at it immoderately

The Pacific Mail line to China was inaugurated in 1866, the Colorado being the first ship in the line She was afterwards succeeded by the steamers China, Great Republic, Japan, America, Alaska and Arizona. The first four (as well as the Colorado, Montana and Sacramento) were brought around the Horn by Captain Bradbury, who is now manager of Stanford's line in San Francisco The Alaska and Arizona went direct to China from New York through the Suez canal, the Alaska being the largest ship that ever floated to the Red sea from the Mediterranean Captain Jeff Maury was in command of the Arizona, and is now in the city of Tokio The Alaska was brought out by Captain J. M Lachlan, who afterwards commanded the George W Elder, between this port and San Francisco He designed the Alameda and Mariposa of the Spreckels line, in the Sandwich Islands trade The captains in the China line at first were all chosen for their knowledge of weather in the China seas, and knew little or nothing about handling steam vessels. Their experiences were like Whiting's—confined to voyages to Hoboken The first captain, George E Lane, was an exception to this rule, but he did not last long, and was sent ashore as agent at Yokohama. Captain Seth Doane was captain of the China first, and then was given command of the flagship of the line. The other captains were W B. Cobb, W H Seabury, John M Cavarly, N. S. Dearborn and E. R. Warsaw. Doane died some years ago, and Warsaw committed suicide while crazed with drink Seabury left the China line in 1875, and took command of the City of Panama, in the Victoria line, in which he continued until the route was sold to Goodall, Perkins & Co He is now in command of the City of New York, running to Sydney, and Cobb is in the other ship of the same line Cavarly and Dearborn are both in the Panama line, which is now sadly run down, but will come up as soon as the canal is finished The other captains in the Panama line, Searle, Connolley and Dexter, are men of good native ability, who rose from obscurity by long and faithful service

Has everybody forgotten "Uncle Al" Jones? Don't all of you speak at once He was in San Francisco in 1854, when Harry Meiggs ran away and his creditors had chartered the "Little America" to go in search of him She was a trifle smaller than the Pacific and was lying in the stream Meiggs' friends heard of it and gave the captain $500 to make a rough landing of it, which so damaged the ship and the dock that he was delayed forty hours and thus the fugitive escaped The captain was removed and Jones put in his place, and when the spring opened the America was put on the route to Crescent City and Humboldt bay by "Bully" Wright, in the hope of making the Pacific Mail company let go of that portion of their route But they did not scare worth a cent. Instead of overloading the Columbia they put Chris Dall in the old Fremont and let her take all the freight for way ports, leaving the Columbia to carry the passengers and the Portland freight. At last old man Wright underbid the company for transportation of a lot of troops going up to the Indian war in southern Oregon and got a contract. The ship ran up to Crescent City in thirty hours and landed one installment of the passengers. The surfboats were going back for a second load when, suddenly, a black volume of smoke arose from the graceful little steamer. One of the rascally soldiers had set her on fire. Everybody got ashore and the crew at last got the fire out, but not until all the upper deck and staterooms were burned away. In about two weeks Captain Wright sent the tug up to tow her down to San Francisco and Jones wrote Wright to be sure and send a new hawser This he did not do, and on the night after leaving Crescent City, during a strong sea, the hawser parted and the America breached to Jones at once launched his life boat and took his men ahead the Goliah, leaving the America to her fate He left for New York shortly afterwards and took charge of the North Star, running to Aspinwall, after which he commanded the Northern Light, Baltic and Moses Taylor He came back into Pacific waters in 1864, and was for a long time in command of steamers trading to Central America. His last command was of the Salvador, running to Seattle, in 1870 Captain Jones died in San Francisco in 1878

William H Hudson was a son of the old admiral who commanded the frigate Niagara when she and the Agamemnon laid the Atlantic cable of 1857 He had plenty of influence in the board of directors in New York, and was kept in position on a dozen of times when he should have been turned out. He was in command of the Golden Gate when she burned up and many lives were lost He afterwards went to New York and brought out the St Louis He was for years a captain at $300 a month and primage He is now old and poor Thomas B Cropper was a contemporary of Hudson's, and brought out the Cortes for Davis & Brooks in 1852 She was a double beam ship like the Sierra Nevada, and smaller After the Pacific Mail Co bought her of Garrison she was sent to Hong Kong, where she was destroyed by fire Cropper died several years prior to that, however, and was succeeded by a navy man named Napoleon Collins The Cortes was also commanded by S F Seabury and J N Bodnish at other times The Pacific was brought around Cape Horn by Captain David G Bailey, formerly of the packet ship Yorkshire, and the Brother Jonathan by Captain W A Mills, who afterward came out in the Yankee Blade The Sam was wrecked in the inland sea of Japan, under the Mitsu Bishi flag, about six years ago, and was called the Tokiahno Maru She had a lot of powder and other combustibles in her forward hold, and a Japanese sailor went in there with a lighted pipe When he went on deck he took the ship and cargo along with him, and the Sam went to the bottom inside of an hour

Captain Henry Randall, a lake commander of wide experience, came around the Horn in command of the Yankee Blade, a pretty steamer of 1450 tons She had good lines and good engines, but, like all the ships of that period, she was deficient in boiler surface and could not keep steam on her for any great period of time In October, 1854, she sailed from San Francisco for Panama with 800 passengers and about $1,200,000 in gold dust Forty-eight hours later in a dense fog, she ran on a reef off Point Arguello, in Santa Barbara county, and became a total loss C I Hewitt, now master of the San Pedro, was first officer of the ship and there were some ugly rumors about his having shifted the ship's course in the night while Randall was asleep, but I never believed them I had occasion subsequently to see a good deal of Randall and a more visionary man I never met in my life There were about thirty lives lost in the Blade The Blade was owned by F Mills of New York who also owned the Sam, which ship was sold to Vanderbilt as soon as the Blade was wrecked R H Horner, who died in New York about two years ago, succeeded W A Mills as her commander, and Jim Buckman was purser Horner went east in 1858 and brought out the Orizaba, which was turned over to Blethen as soon as she arrived The Orizaba is now, since the Senator has been dismantled, the oldest wooden steamer afloat in Pacific waters, and they say she is sound as a dollar. She was built in 1852 to run between New Orleans and Vera Cruz in Morgan's line, and has been a frequent visitor at the Portland docks Since her arrival in Pacific waters the Pacific Mail Company built twelve steamships, with an aggregate tonnage of 37,400 tons, at a cost of about $6,250,000 and of these not one is able to turn a wheel to-day Three were wrecked, two burned up in Japanese waters, two are doing duty as store ships or floating hospitals, and the other five were broken up as rotten and the Orizaba was nine years old the day the oldest of these twelve ships (Constitution) was begun Such was the American oak of thirty five years ago

Captain William Metzger, who commanded the Oriflamme and Idaho in this trade from 1868 to 1872, will be remembered by many of our readers as a quiet and modest looking man of medium size and light complexion, who had but little to say to his passengers, but watched his ship closely He commanded the barkentine J A. Falkinburg after Captain Flavel came ashore to live and he left her to take the Montana, the propeller of that name, of course After he left Holladay's employ he was given command of the Newbern, in the Colorado river trade, in which he died. William L. Merry, who was defeated for mayor of San Francisco at the last election, was an officer in the Pacific Mail line in Atlantic waters prior to 1856, and left it to assume command of the America, an old rebuilt Lake Champlain boat in the Webb line across Nicaragua He subsequently went back into Atlantic waters, and commanded both the Nebraska and Dakota in tha trade He was always a lucky fellow, and resigned his position as chief officer of the Central America on the trip before she was wrecked. His chief officer on the Dakota was Hiram G. Morse, now commanding the palatial steamer Alameda in Spreckels' line of Sandwich island packets

Seymour Farnsworth I have before alluded to as boatswain under Pearson, but he had been captain of a very good little bark for a year before that He was promoted to be second officer in 1855 and first officer of the Stephens in 1868 When the Orizaba was sold to the mail company Farnsworth was her first captain He continued in the line until 1872, when he ran the steamship Sacramento on Cerros Island in a dense fog and was asked to resign He died about a year ago, leaving his family quite well off A V H Leroy was one of the pioneer captains whom I had nigh well forgotten He commanded the Golden Gate in 1854 and the Sonora in the following year when Whiting was ill In 1856 he came to this city in command of the Panama and in 1857 left the line on account of primage being abolished Whiting brought the Sonora around Cape Horn in 1853, and she was a floating mint, being a very economical ship to run James Duffy, who keeps the Pioneer saloon on Alder street, was steward of her at this time. Alex Campbell, who keeps the Gem in Astoria, was second steward of the Stephens at the same time and Tom Harris, father of Jerome Harris of Seattle, was steward of the Golden Gate He at one time kept the Oro Fino saloon in connection with James H Lappeus The Sonora was broken up at Benicia in 1867 and one of her engines put into the Ancon, built as a ferryboat for Panama bay, but since altered into a sea-going steamer, and her other walking beam is in the steamer James M. Donahoe

It is a long look backward since the morning I first landed in San Francisco and saw Vallejo street wharf (where the steamers have not landed in thirty years), crowded with an excited mob in gray shirts and red vicuna hats I look back at the magnificent steamships of past days, the most comfortable vessels that a man ever traveled on, and contrast them with the plunging, rolling and buck-jumping iron propellers of to-day I think of the grand looking men of that era, Commodore Watkins and Captain Allan McLane more particularly, both splendid specimens of ripe manhood sturdy Dick Whiting and Dall whose nerve never failed, Leroy, the aristocratic, and Blethen, whose tall figure and snowy beard gave him the look of an ancient British druid, and last, but not least, Ned Wakeman, with his coarse wit and droll comparisons Such a race of men the world will never see again because it will never see another occasion on which high wages will call into play the severe energy of men who may be just as brave and courtly as the men of '49 A few of the loved and the brave sleep at Lone Mountain, within sound of the restless sea where their gallant lives were spent, and the beat of the surf on the rocky cliffs of Lobos lulls these gallant spirits to their eternal rest.

M.

It is said that that the next demand to be made by Queen Victoria upon her "faithful commons" will be for a dowry of $150,000 for her daughter Beatrice, upon the latter's marriage to Prince Henry of Battenberg, and for an annuity of $30,000 for the young couple thereafter.

THE LOUNGER.

Some time ago—long enough ago to make anything in the light of a review passing stale—there flashed across the literary sky a meteor which dazzled by its brilliancy and compelled admiration, even though in its tail it carried a shower of spiteful, stinging sparks, which fell and burnt, as was intended they should This sparkling creature bore an unlovely albeit a respected name It was called "John Bull and His Island," and it was the creature of a clever Frenchman—one Max O'Rell—whose humor, like his name, borrows something from the Emerald Isle It was as just a satire on the great English nation as satire can ever be just, and it faithfully, perhaps a thought too conscientiously for sincerity, drew in pleasing colors the softer and more charming moods of the English character Yet there was throughout the book a genuine delight in the work—that human if ungenerous, that essentially French enjoyment of poking at the savage beast with little vexing straws until he roars with an irritation more terrible to him than rage or pain Max O'Rell amused himself and us he wrote lightly, pleasantly, cleverly he proved himself fairly conversant with English ways, and where he seriously erred he made us feel that it was not the result of carelessness or ignorance, but rather where French perception paused for a moment checked before the serious aspect of the English nature, and then, since it will not confess itself unable to comprehend, shrugs its shoulders gaily and laughs the whole thing away

"John Bull et Son Ile" was read in France, admired in France, because it was written by a Frenchman, and France is quick to appreciate talent, especially when that talent is born of herself, but not one Frenchman in ten thousand can see how well Max O'Rell has done—for to them, above all other nations, a comprehensive knowledge of *Les Anglais* has been denied. England, through her press, admitted grudgingly her approbation, and with it one perceived the motive—the obstinate English determination to be honest, no matter how it may hurt

But one Brutal Saxon among the horde had his objections and he stated them under the title of "John Bull's Neighbor"—stated them, moreover, at the top of his voice and in a high temper This was a mistake—that is to say, it was rather a mistake to have the personal feeling so clearly defined

Max O'Rell is gay and charming, and a little prevarication is pleasant, a little ridicule directed against some one else is always acceptable—one lays down his book with quiet satisfaction, You, Max, are a good fellow like myself, you just do not share the weaknesses of others But one perspires in the heat of righteous wrath proceeding from the Brutal Saxon before the bottom of his second page is reached one pants to help him in his stupendous exertion to be caustic and cruel—one ends by sympathizing with the pleasant creature he endeavors to annihilate in a word, his sting is harmless because lost in the great effort to be bitter

The American, however, prone to Anglomania, comes into the world inflicted with an inherent hatred of the English Sometimes this animosity is developed by circumstance or the nursing of prejudice from latent to active dislike Sometimes it is rooted out by nearer acquaintance, a warm friendship or love of some true English heart—yet there it lies, or has lain and is inadvertently bared to the eye of the wakeful student of nature in her high and human form, by the quick enjoyment of any thrust directed against the hated Briton

So America embraced Max O'Rell with enthusiasm She applauded his effort and declared it successful, she fell upon John Bull and what Max O'Rell had left unfinished she completed and as if she would out Herod, Herod She appended to her criticism of this criticism of the English anecdote and sarcasm with sharpened point directed against John Bull as a private individual

The feature most repulsive to the tender American vision is the pronounced brutality of the Saxon character, and her softer nature cries shame on the English gentleman, refined by centuries of blue blood regularly transmitted to his aristocratic veins, cultivated to a degree of perfection by the unrivalled course of England, who yet finds his keenest pleasure in the torture of brutes in degrees which suit the varying temperaments, from the lower plane of cock-fighting, etc, to the noble pastime of hunting the fox, and a step higher, "human head-punching at the rate of from sixpence to eighteenpence per punch."

This last and most edifying class of amusement the Brutal Saxon indignantly repudiates. With a politeness that is intended to wither reply, he humbly seeks to be directed to the spot where this soul-revolting spectacle may be witnessed In bitterest scorn he flouts the assertion that it exists in any corner of "Merrie England"

"Where," shouts the scornful Saxon, "where and when are these interesting people to be found, and what are their net earnings per week"

France, as is expected, remains silent—convinced

And now it behooves amiable America, tender, soft-hearted soul, to rise and forget her taunts at British brutality, and answer

"Here"

In San Francisco, at any hour after the going down of the sun, and before the rising of the same in a den where there is more or less of variety to be found, there stands—with back bared to stinging blows from sticks kinder than the hand that wields them—a thing in human shape, degraded to the point which fits him for the position he holds and the company of the brutes which surround him You take your choice of the weapon you swing, provided you are willing to pay your money in proportion You may tingle, irritate, sting the wretched, quivering flesh beneath the touch with small rattan canes, and this, considering the enjoyment to be derived, is quite cheap—a matter of 25 cents per lash You may strike cruel blows with heavy, solid sticks, leave a long, ugly line across the back and elicit a moan, at the very least, from your victim. This costs more, and the moan being regarded as an extra privilege, makes your fun in this form double the quarter You may be one of those great, impetuous natures which flings itself into an undertaking in this case you may turn in noble disdain from the pile of canes provided by the proprietor of this entertainment—you may bring with you a piece of scantling and at the moderate rate of three whacks for a dollar you may send the creature of your sport reeling the length of the room with the first down-coming of your manly arm, muscular with God-given strength you may have the exquisite pleasure of seeing him whirl around with rebounding force, gained from a stunning blow against the wall, stagger, stretch his arms vainly and finally fall, enjoy the respite of half a second's unconsciousness, stumble up again and crawling towards you in flattering tribute to your superior brute force, groan

"Two more, sir—for the dollar"

Then, if you are a true gentleman, you will throw him his dollar with the air of grand seigneur, and express yourself satisfied with a third of the profit. You are not restricted, you see lots of fun and all your own way

Stop a bit! You are restricted, after all You can't use a crowbar and successfully shatter the spine you cannot hit your man below the belt, or in the region of the brain—for the love of a merciful God, draw the line somewhere

There is a class of novelists and authors who are prolific without versatility, and reading one of their productions, even with enjoyment, unfits you for enjoying any of the others So with the play, "The Octoroon," one of a type—one is enough

The horrors of slavery are now so old a theme that I blush to say the sensations I experienced Wednesday night at the New Market were not boiling my brains and seething my blood over the misfortunes of the Octoroon, *au contraire* they were all quiet enjoyment of Stockwell's delicate, tender conception of the lines which tell of little Paul's death he made still more pathetic and beautiful by so sharp a contrast with the usual drollery of Pete's manner. Griesmer made the most of his Indian, and what an infernal part! Did it strike you so? Fancy going through life without use of your tongue—not dumb, you know—but by untoward circumstance, jammed in a crowd of people who fling you on your facial expression as it were—that is what pantomime means—now you understand why ladies are not adepts. Mr. Wright is a little to sleek and well fed for a Yankee, and he has not made much of a study of the down-east twang—but because he was a good actor, he was still a successful Salem Scudder.

When you have arrived at man's estate, with the usual assistance of nature's kindly hand and obliging kicks from your fellow men—when life has brought a cloud or two across the sun of your enjoyment and you have penetrated to the hollow core of earthly pleasure and experienced the indigestion which follows those morsels which slip so easily and delightfully past one's moral palate, when, to put it briefly, you are somewhat sour: is it not cooling to your parched imagination to see another fellow older a trifle than yourself and a good deal bigger, absolutely giving way to natural and unadulterated enjoyment?

A man sat at a table near ours at the Casino on Friday night. He laid his head on the table. I remember, once in the excess of his delight, and he shuffled his feet and positively squirmed with mirth, and he laughed—ye gods! to hear a man over 30 laugh like that—and it was at the antics of the new Beppo that he was laughing, too! Not that the new Beppo does badly, considering he was thrown on his capabilities in a great hurry—but he does not shine after Kinross. I have hoped to see Kinross in his place again every night, and besides personal disappointment I am awfully sorry that so serious an illness has kept him away.

I have fallen in love with Jeannie Winston all over again—had it bad before, but "The Last Rose" is more than any fellow can stand. By special request she sings it again to-night. I know about forty men who are going, and whither they go I also shall be gathered together.

SYPHER.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

The January *Century* contains an admirably written article by Washington Gladden, on "Christianity and Popular Amusements."

Few questions of the day are more pregnant with interest to the thoughtful mind than this. "How to provide pure healthy amusements for our young people, which will at once entertain and instruct." That such a course of entertainments can be made a financial and social success, is demonstrated by the results of the work done in Cleveland, Ohio, by the educational bureau, a brief outline of which is given by Mr. Gladden.

It is gratifying to note that this line of effort has been adopted by the Young Men's Christian Association of this city in the course of entertainments provided for this season. The programme as published shows that arrangements have already been made for five lectures, three concerts, vocal and instrumental, and two evenings of selected readings.

In addition to the best local talent, the services of able artists from abroad have been secured, and the series promises to be most enjoyable.

It is only such an institution, possessing a comfortable and commodious hall of their own, that can move in the matter of providing for the public in general, as well as for their members and contribute a series of pleasant evenings at the nominal figure of 25c each.

Only a well filled hall can justify such a step, and it is to be hoped that the citizens will recognize the benefit of such an influence in their midst and give it both moral support and patronage.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

Mr. Edwin Thorne of Cincinnati has written a play called "The Knaves of the Pack." The hand will not be dealt until next season.

Private letters from Italy state that Mme. Etelka Gerster's health has been completely restored and that she will shortly begin to sing again.

Mme. Louise Pyk, a Swedish prima donna, is to make her American debut at a Philharmonic concert in New York. The advance information regarding her abilities and voice is very flattering.

Rose Coghlan is preparing for her next season's starring tour. She has just offered Miss Genevieve Ward a handsome royalty for the use of "Forget-Me-Not," in which Miss Coghlan made the most pronounced hit of her career at Mr. Wallack's theater.

Mr. Max Strakosch is to enter the musical amusement field again as a manager. He has organized a concert company with Miss Clara Louise Kellogg at its head, and the first entertainment will be given shortly in New York. The troupe will visit the west.

Mme. Patti and Signor Nicolini, with a retinue of servants, are astonishing Boston by occupying at the Hotel Vendome what is known in that aristocratic establishment and city as "the suite of state apartments," with an exclusive entrance on Commonwealth avenue. Mapleson is supposed to be delighted.

HOW A STAGE OCEAN IS MADE.

The ocean of the stage is produced by a number of boys lying on their backs beneath a dark cloth and working away with their legs and arms. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald mentions a clever instance of stage illusion in a play called "The Sea of Ice." A woman with her child on a frozen sea, is exposed to the treachery of the villain of the story. It is a wild Arctic picture. Presently the ice begins to break up, and after a time the woman and her infant are floating on a block of ice in the midst of a rolling sea. The effect was produced in the simplest way. "Strips of whitened canvas, representing the ice, were slowly drawn away to the right and left, revealing water underneath, which was represented by sheets of perfectly black bombazine, not green or blue, as might be expected. The effect on the audience was entirely owing to the contrast with the glaring white ice, which the artist knew caused the waters below to look of an inky hue. The result was founded on ocular illusion, and therefore on true scenic principles." There were the boys at work, of course, under the cloth, and the iceberg on which the fugitives floated away was a wooden platform, that was drawn off through a slit in the bombazine ocean.

Real water has never been found to look so real on the stage as its artistic imitation. You remember the story of the low comedian who carried under his arm a bogus pig and squeaked himself. A rival tried the real thing, but it was not so effective; the squeak did not seem so natural to the audience as the imitation.—*Correspondence Boston Herald.*

MR. MASTEN'S NEW MASS.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* has this to say of the first production of the mass composed by E. C. Masten, formerly of the Portland press: "E. C. Masten's 'Messe de l'Immaculee Conception' was given for the first time publicly in San Francisco yesterday at the church of Nuestra Senora de Guadaloupe. The mass, written while the composer was in attendance at the Paris conservatory, bears evidence of a very finished style of composition. Combined with sweetness is an exceedingly smooth, even tempo, most pleasing to the ear; while to its stricter merits it may be added that it possesses qualities which would attract the musician's ear before that of the general public. The Kyrie is without doubt the most artistic number of the mass. Commencing with a soprano solo, admirably rendered, by the way, by Miss Ellen Coursen, it carries the same peculiar melody throughout, without, however, conveying the impression of faulty repetition. One of the variations of the theme is heard in the contralto solo which was feeling sung by Mme. Ponton de Arce. The Gloria contains one of the gems of the mass—a duet for tenor and basso—impressively rendered yesterday by Charles Pechin and L. Herman. The Credo is somewhat too long, but the Et Incarnatus, sung by Mme. B. F. Sides, deserves favorable mention. One of the sweetest melodies of the mass—and the composition is full of them—is found in the Benedictus. The finale, "Dona Nobis Pacem," is rather airy termination, more popular than artistic. During the service Wagner's Veni Creator and an Ave Maria, by E. C. Masten, were also sung, the first by Miss Coursen and the second by Misses May and Edith Thorne. The mass was directed by the composer in person, with Professor Joseph Roeckel as organist and the vocal assistance of a well-trained chorus of about twenty voices. Besides those mentioned above, the organ loft was occupied by Misses Marie and Inez Ponton de Arce, Mamie and Emelie Masten, Geraldine Coursen, Alice Baker, Mary Mable and Victorine Carranza, Philip Amos, K. C. Macaulay, L. Herman, William Dye and others.

The smallest Lutheran parish in the world is said to be in the island of Grunsoe, a little island to the north of Iceland. The winter in Grunsoe lasts for six months, and during that time but little work is done. The people live largely by fishing. They are a hardy race, fond of playing chess during the winter months and addicted to the use of strong drink, although it does not appear that they drink to excess. The minister of the parish for the last 16 years is said to be one of the best Icelandic poets and a distinguished meteorologist. When he went there in 1868 the manse was uninhabitable, and he and his wife were compelled to make a manse of the church. Having given himself to fishing he soon became the owner of a boat. The manse was in due time repaired, and he is now owner of 80 sheep. The people are devout and warmly attached to their pastor.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

A Record of Society Events of All Sorts During the Past Week.

The Weddings, Parties, and Personal Movements of City and Suburban People.

PORTLAND.

M. P. Minor has gone to Salem on business.

Judge C. B. Watson, of Jacksonville, is in the city.

B. B. Oppenheimer is in San Francisco on a visit.

Mrs. Judge Bean of Eugene City, is visiting friends here.

C. S. Morril and family are visiting in Los Angeles, Cal.

L. C. Kinney of Astoria is registered at one of the city hotels.

Mrs. A. Baker, of Shedd's, is visiting her parents in this city.

Frank Paxton has been visiting at Walla Walla during the week.

W. Hall and wife of Spokane Falls were in the city Wednesday.

Mr. John Jones, a Dayton merchant, was in the city Wednesday.

L. Senders, an Albany merchant, visited the city during the week.

E. G. Jones of the Yaquina *Mail* was in the city during the week.

Mr. J. M. Parrish, of Astoria, is in the city visiting for a few days.

John Markel returned yesterday from a few days' trip up the valley.

Louis Feldmann, Jr., of San Francisco, is visiting friends in this city.

The Caledonian club ball will take place Monday evening, January 26.

Otis Sprague, of Tacoma, spent a few days in the city during the week.

Mrs. Henderson and daughter of Salem were in the city during the week.

Miss Della Hogue of this city, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Powers, at Shedds.

Miss Edith Bellinger has entirely recovered from her recent serious illness.

Sam. L. Smith has been visiting his old home at McMinnville during the week.

H. Glenn, a wholesale merchant of The Dalles, is in the city on business.

Mr. Ivan Humason left on the last trip of the Queen to attend school in Benicia.

Miss Belle Morrow of Astoria was visiting friends in this city during the week.

Ben Selling and Miss Gussie Selling have returned from an extended trip to the east.

Al. Slocum, formerly mailing clerk of THE OREGONIAN, has gone to southern Oregon.

Dr. Tate, who has been visiting his parents in Albany for several weeks, has returned home.

Miss Harkwell of Scranton, Pennsylvania, arrived in the city Tuesday to remain some time.

Mrs. A. B. Eastham of Vancouver, nee Miss Annie Fearnside, is in the city visiting friends.

Mr. David Goodsell arrived on the last steamer from San Francisco, where his family now reside.

Mrs. Bean of Eugene, daughter of Rev. I. N. Condit of that place, is visiting Mrs. Abrams of this city.

Mrs. Arthur Anthony is confined at home on account of a slight sprain of her ankle in falling yesterday.

Mr. Charles T. Crowell, left on Thursday's steamer for an extended visit east via the Central Pacific.

Mrs. Frank Dekum has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Judge Waldo, at Salem, during the past week.

George C. Sears left by the last steamer for San Francisco, where he will remain on a brief business trip.

R. M. Wade of North Yamhill, and A. R. Burbank of Lafayette, were among the visitors to the city last week.

Will H. Gilbert, formerly of Walla Walla, and later of Nevada and Mexico, has determined to locate in Portland.

Mr. Ed Beharrel and Tom Hulbert returned from a six months' contract on the O. P. R. R., near Corvallis, Monday.

Miss Jeanette Williams, who has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. Marshall, returned to her home at The Dalles on Thursday.

George W. Stimson and family of Washington, Ohio, have been passing the week in Portland. They are on a pleasure trip.

Mrs. Fred. Eggert of this city, accompanied by Miss Rose Avery of Connecticut, is visiting Mrs. A. J. Monroe at Salem.

Henry James and wife of Denver, who have been visiting Oregon on a bridal tour, returned to their Colorado home Wednesday.

Dr. Glisan and family have removed to their handsome new residence on the corner of Nineteenth and I streets, just completed.

Miss Mary E. Harrington of Portland arrived safely at her destination in Rockford, Ill., two days before the recent snow blockade.

The social and dance held by the Martha Washington circle No. 1 at their hall last evening was largely attended and enjoyed.

Mr. Forest Bidwell of Springfield, Ohio, arrived here last week and has accepted a position in the Bradstreet mercantile agency office.

A number of the army friends of Lieutenant J. S. Parke, came over from Vancouver Wednesday evening to attend the latter's wedding.

A singing class composed of about 100 members was organized at the Y. M. C. A. hall Friday night under the direction of Prof. Cook.

Miss Bessie Paxton, who has been teaching school in The Dalles for some time past, has resigned her position and returned to this city.

Wendell Hall and bride of Spokane Falls, spent a few days in Portland, during the week, before continuing their tour to San Francisco.

Miss DeForrest, instructor in elocution at the Willamette university, late of California, will give readings at the Y. M. C. A. Monday evening.

Miss Jennie Woolf and Frank Aronson of this city were guests at the wedding of Miss Amelia Shawl and Tobias Salomon at San Francisco last week.

The High school debating society held an informal debate Friday night on the question "Whether the Electoral College Should be Abolished."

The Young People's union of the Calvary Presbyterian church, will hold a social in the chapel of their church on Friday evening of next week.

Mr. C. Russell and daughter of Walla Walla, visited the city during the week. Miss Russell will soon commence a course of study at St. Helen's hall.

Miss Mamie Gantenbein, of this city, is visiting relations in Stuttgart, Germany. She seems to be enjoying the visit, but, as is often the case, a little homesick.

Miss Anna Shelby and mother intend spending the winter in California. They leave in February. Mr. Walter Smith and wife intend occupying their home during their absence.

Mr. Hoffman Frazier returned on the last steamer after a short visit to San Francisco. He mentioned seeing a good many Oregonians there and meeting a few of the "boys."

Malcolm E. Atkins, of THE OREGONIAN composing rooms, left on Sunday last for San Francisco, from whence he goes to Australia, via Honolulu, and thence around the world.

The anniversary of Mrs. D. Simon's birthday was observed by a number of her friends Wednesday evening by a party at her home on the corner of Pacific and Yamhill streets.

James A. McCormick, formerly of this city, was married at San Francisco, on the 14th inst., to Miss Jennie Doland. The young couple will enjoy their honeymoon in the beautiful valley of Napa.

The marriage of Mr. W. Hinkle of Corvallis, and Miss Clara M. Wood, took place on Saturday last. Miss Wood was the successful plaintiff in the breach of promise suit of Wood against Davis.

Robert Newcomb and wife were passengers on the steamer Queen of the Pacific Thursday night for California, where they will remain some time for the benefit of Mr. Newcomb's health.

The usual monthly social was given by the George Wright Post G. A. R., at their hall over Prentice's, Tuesday night, where dancing and a social time was held by the members and lady friends.

Miss Jennie Woolf, who has been visiting in San Francisco, has gone to Meriden, Miss., where her sister, Mrs. Lisser, resides. Before returning Miss Woolf will attend the world's exposition at New Orleans.

A surprise party was given to Mrs. Anderson and Miss Manning at their rooms in Ainsworth block on Tuesday evening. Dancing, games and music were indulged in and the party wound up by an excellent supper.

Mrs. James R. McCraken entertained the following ladies at lunch, at her residence 369 E street, on Friday of this week: The Misses Failing, the Misses Green, Mrs. W. B. Ayer, Miss Sarler, Miss Effinger, Miss McCraken and Miss Wallace.

Mrs. Ed. Curtis and wife, nee Miss Annie Clown, were agreeably surprised Friday night at their home by about twelve couple of their young friends, who immediately took possession of the house and made the evening a pleasant one for the recipients as well as all present.

The members of the Oak club, on Fourth street, entertained a few of their young lady friends at their home Thursday night by enjoying a scientific and merry game of whist, after which the company indulged in dancing. The hospitable manner in which the young ladies were entertained was duly appreciated.

A. R. Pringle formerly of Sacramento, California, and Miss Becca Rowe, very recently from Oakland, California, were united in marriage Thursday evening in this city, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Williams, on Second street, Rev. Mr. Henry of the Baptist church officiating.

First Lieutenant John S. Parke, Jr., of the Twenty-first U. S. infantry, and Miss Henrietta B. Brooke were married at Trinity church by Bishop B. W. Morris on Wednesday evening last. The event was a very fashionable one and attended by many spectators. The young couple will reside at Sidney, Nebraska.

W. H. Burrage, second son of C. W. Burrage, was married Thursday night to Miss Minnie A. Gates, daughter of Captain John Gates. The couple were married at the residence of the bride's parents. The ceremony was witnessed by only the relatives of the contracting parties. Rev. T. L. Eliot performed the ceremony.

Home social club closed its first series of sociables January 10th. The success which has attended them has been far beyond the anticipations of its members. Tickets are now out for a second series running to the 1st of May. The members expect to keep up the interest felt and the reputation gained for respectability, sociability and good music. Everybody attending may be sure of being made to feel at home.

The Chautauqua literary and scientific circle connected with the Taylor street Methodist Episcopal church, owing to protracted meetings being held, held their regular meeting in the parlor of the church last night. The part studied finished the October work and an interesting programme for the month was well given. This circle is the largest in the city, having about forty names on the roll, and by the interest that seems to prevail, a success for the circle is assured.

The society of Illinoisians held a very pleasant social Tuesday night at W. C. T. U. hall. The programme consisted of a vocal solo by Miss Lou Maxwell, beautifully rendered, a fine instrumental duet by Misses Lou and Julia Maxwell, and two interesting addresses. The first of these was an entertaining description of the manners, customs and ways of living of the early settlers of Illinois. Mr. Wells delivered a very interesting address on the early settlement of Kane county, Illinois.

From a Baltimore paper we take the following: "Rev. George F. Plummer, who last summer came to St. Mark's P. E. church from Portland, Oregon, is gaining many friends in his new charge. The attendance at the services is increasing, and his administration gives evidence of being a very useful one to his parish. Mr. Plummer's sermons and lectures are thoughtful, impressive, instructive." Referring to a sociable held about Christmas time the same journal says: "The Ladies' Aid Society presented the rector with an elaborate solid silver pitcher and tray, and just before Christmas a delegation gave a pound party at the rectory, 660 W. Lombard street."

EAST PORTLAND.

George Linville, city marshal, returned Tuesday from a six weeks' visit to the east.

Miss Hattie McArdle of Quilcene, Washington, is visiting Mrs. F. S. Dunning.

Mr. and Mrs. Mathoit, Stephen's addition, were the recipients of a surprise party on Saturday evening last. A large number of friends were in attendance and a merry evening passed.

The dramatic entertainment in preparation by St. David's Episcopal guild of this city will be given on Thursday, the 22d of January, at Neppach's hall, instead of the 21st, as at first announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Applegate and Mrs. O. B. Anderson, of New York, arrived Wednesday evening and are guests of Mrs. William Underhill, their sister. Mr. Applegate will remain and engage in business.

A young people's party was given by Miss Mollie Knott on Saturday evening last at the family residence on L street. A large number of invited guests were present and games, dancing and music indulged in up to a late hour. Refreshments were served at midnight, when all returned to their homes.

The Galaxy social club gave the first of their parties Thursday evening at Neppach's hall. About thirty-six couples were present, besides a number of elderly citizens with their wives and daughters. Excellent music was furnished, dancing indulged in, and a decided success made of the first attempt of the club.

The marriage of W. A. Wash, editor of the Goldendale *Gazette*, and Miss Helen McPheeters of this city, occurred Friday morning. Miss McPheeters was quite recently appointed a teacher in the public school of East Portland, and during her short residence here has made many friends, who regret her departure, even to become an editor's wife.

A surprise party at Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Barlin's on Monday evening was occasioned by the arrival of the tenth wedding anniversary of that couple. About seventy-five of their friends surrounded the house after they had retired, and rousing them from bed took possession of the house until a late hour of the night. A supply of tinware, sufficient at least for another ten years, was brought and the usual merrymaking indulged in.

SALEM.

Miss Eva Price, of Silverton, is visiting friends in this city.

Mrs. Snyder has been visiting at Portland during the week.

General E. L. Applegate has been in the city during the week.

Miss Ida Church accompanies J. J. Murphy and family to San Francisco.

Mrs. Mattie A. Bridge lectures on Thursday next in this city, on "Odd Fellowship."

James Ladourette and Miss Madaline Groulouis were married in this city on Wednesday.

Mrs. Atkinson has returned from Walla Walla and is now at the residence of Mrs. J. D. Jordan.

Penumbra Kelly and wife and Mrs. P. A. Marquam, Jr., of Portland, are guests of Mrs. Philips.

J. J. Murphy, accompanied by his wife and daughter, has gone to San Francisco for a time.

Mrs. Governor Moody will give an informal reception at the mansion on Wednesday evening of this week.

F. M. Johnson and family, of Jefferson, who have been visiting in the city this week, returned home Thursday.

T. T. Geer was made happy last Saturday by the arrival of a sister from California, whom he had not seen for seventeen years.

Miss Gray will give a dress party at her home on State street, on the 16th of next month, which will be one of the most brilliant social events during the present session of the legislature.

Jacob Ashenfelter and Miss Edith J. Rennie were married at the residence of the bride's parents, Thursday evening. A large number of friends and relatives were present, and a very enjoyable time was had.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Stanton celebrated their 54th wedding anniversary on the 9th inst., at their home in this city. Eighteen of their descendants were present and the aged couple did the honors of the table as cleverly as when they were in youth's summer time. The table was handsomely decorated by a beautiful boquet of hothouse flowers, presented by Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Earhart, a fine bridal rose forming the center.

ALBANY.

Miss Lizzie Riley of Salem was in the city Sunday.

Miss Maggie Whitney of Eugene City is visiting friends in this city.

Miss Mary A. Coney of Oakville and V. B. Carter of Gray's Harbor were married on Sunday last.

Mr. Thomas, brother of Mrs. Harvey Shelton of Scio, paid her a visit a few days ago, after an absence of twenty years.

Rev. I. H. Condit preached his farewell sermon in this city last Sunday, and next week, with his estimable wife, will leave for their old home in New Jersey, taking with them the best wishes and good will of a large community.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Westfall commemorated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage on Thursday of last week by giving a dinner to a few invited friends. Among those present were Rev. and Mrs. M. Judy, Mr. and Mrs. James Elkins, Mr. and Mrs. Sloan, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, Mr. Boulin, Hon. Aaron Condra and Mrs. Crandall. The occasion was a very pleasant one for all present.

INDEPENDENCE.

Mrs. S. W. Smith and daughter Ella are sick.

Miss Mollie Woods has returned to her home in Albany.

V. Mackin and Mrs. Susanna Parks were married at McCoy last Thursday.

Mrs. I. L. Dempsey and daughter, of Dixie, have been visiting Mrs. Leonard.

Miss Louisa Johnson of McCoy has gone to Salem to attend school at the academy of the Sacred Heart.

SEATTLE.

Whist parties are very popular among our society people at present.

H. A. Stetson of Minneapolis is visiting his brother, G. W. Stetson, of this city, whom he had not seen for a quarter of a century.

Colonel W. F. Prosser, wife and son arrived from east of the mountains Monday evening, and are visiting Mrs. Prosser's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Thornton.

Miss Lelia J. Robinson has started for Boston, to be gone several weeks. On her return she hopes to be accompanied by her parents, with a view to their making this their future home.

Fred Borie and Miss Korn were married at the residence of the bride's parents Sunday last. The event was made the occasion of great enjoyment on the part of their relatives and friends.

Miss Nellie Parkinson is soon to return to her Nevada home. As an appreciation of her past services the Seattle Amateur Opera company will this evening give a performance, the proceeds to be equally divided between Miss Parkinson and Prof. Hepburn.

CORVALLIS.

Jesse Elder has returned from a visit to Portland.

The Thespian society will enact a drama on the 22d inst.

Miss Bertha Neugass went to Portland last Saturday for a visit with friends and relatives in the metropolis.

George Simmons returned to Corvallis last week for a short business visit. His family are now located at The Dalles.

Isadore Jacobs celebrated his 19th birthday last Sunday. The event was one of no little importance to him, and was handsomely observed by his parents.

The social party at the city hall last Friday evening given by Prof. Cresay was a very pleasant affair. He will continue these Friday evening socials until the summer months.

HARRISBURG.

Mr. and Mrs. Walt have gone to Portland to reside.

Miss Ida Roberts has returned from a visit to Portland.

John Sommerville of Portland is visiting his mother at this place.

Miss Allie Hay, who has been visiting friends at Eugene City for some time, is now home again.

EUGENE CITY.

Quite a number of our citizens have gone to New Orleans to the world's fair.

Rev. W. G. Simpson has again resumed his pulpit.

Miss Anna Benner has opened an art school in this city.

Miss Sophia Dunn has returned from a trip to California.

BROWNSVILLE.

Arthur Marcus and Miss Abby West were married at the residence of Mr. Zeiner on the 10th inst.

Isaac Leabo and family have gone to Corvallis for a few days' visit.

Our local dramatic club have in preparation a play to be acted soon for the benefit of the Presbyterian church organ.

M'MINNVILLE.

Mrs. Henry Warren and son are visiting friends in Oregon City.

C. Kingman of Pullman, W. T., and Miss Ida Arthur of this city were married Wednesday evening at the residence of B. F. Hartman.

WALLA WALLA.

Mrs. Dr. Mauzey is visiting at Fort Custer, Montana.

Mrs. V. H. Brown is visiting friends at Vancouver.

L. G. Atherton is passing a month's leave of absence in Portland.

Ivanhoe social club gave their fourth informal social on Tuesday evening.

Miss Mamie James, of the *Journal*, leaves for home next Thursday on a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Wagner of Butte, Pennsylvania, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Boyd of this city.

Mrs. E. L. Powell and children, and Mrs. J. H. Hudgin of Waitsburg, were in the city during the week on a visit.

Mrs. D. S. Baker was severely injured by a fall Tuesday, having an ankle sprained and one of the bones of her leg broken.

A number of ladies and gentlemen are practicing for a German to be given at the residence of H. P. Isaacs next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. O'Donnell were the recipients of a surprise party Thursday evening, by about twenty of their friends.

Friends of Miss Rachel Simon gave her a surprise party last Saturday night at her home on Third and Poplar streets.

It is understood that Mrs. J. M. Abadie will be married in about a month in France, and afterward return to Walla Walla to reside.

The Oratorio society will give a concert at their hall Monday evening, January 19th. The programme arranged for the occasion is said to be the finest of its character ever offered to the citizens of this place.

TACOMA.

George E. Atkinson, superintendent of Hanson's mill, left for San Francisco Thursday on a short business trip.

I. M. Howell returned Wednesday morning to Oregon for the second term of his second year in Monmouth college.

Mrs. W. J. Fife and daughter returned from Sumner Wednesday, where they have been the past two weeks on a visit.

Miss Rosa Stannus, a teacher of elocution, who has lately taken up her residence in Tacoma, will give an entertainment of Shakespearian recitations in the Y. M. C. A. hall Monday evening, January 19, assisted by local talent.

VANCOUVER.

Miss E. L. Nickel arrived home Saturday last, after having been detained by the blockade.

Captain Frank D. Baldwin and wife are once more at home at department headquarters.

Miss Emma Brant returned home from Pendleton on Monday, after a long visit in the upper country.

Mr. G. G. Bailey, nephew of Captain W. S. Patten, quartermaster department, who recently left Vancouver, has entered into partnership in the law and land business with Howard Carpenter at Oberlin, Kas.

VICTORIA.

N. Shakespeare, M. P., left this week for Ottawa, to attend the Dominion parliament.

Mrs. S. Lowe arrived home Saturday from an extended trip to the east. She was detained at St. Paul two weeks by snow.

John O. Macleod, assistant postmaster at New Westminster, and wife returned Sunday last from a visit to Prince Edward's island.

The family of Dr. McSwain has arrived from Prince Edward's island, and the doctor will begin housekeeping at once, having decided to locate here.

OLYMPIA.

At the city election Tuesday Miss Ruth Bigelow and Miss Nellie Frost were efficient clerks.

Ex-Governor William A. Newell and son arrived home last week from an extended tour of inspection of the Indian agencies east of the mountains. After a brief rest they will make a tour of the agencies in Oregon and California.

SPOKANE FALLS.

The old Illinois society has been resuscitated and holds regular meetings.

The ladies of the Congregational church gave a very pleasant concert Wednesday evening.

THE DALLES.

The early marriage of Miss Ollie Ostrander of this city and J. W. Hamilton of Roseburg is announced.

WAITSBURG.

Miss Maria Preston and Alex. Stuart were married Thursday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mrs. C. H. Bonesteel, wife of Lieutenant Bonesteel, Twenty-first infantry, and daughter of General O. D. Greene, of the adjutant-general's department, is in Washington on a visit to her parents, and will remain there some time.

The marriage of First Lieutenant George W. Goethal's United States corps of engineers, to Miss Effie Rodman, a sister of Lieutenant Samuel Rodman, Jr., First artillery, took place at Grace church, New Bedford, Mass., recently, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. Lieutenant Goethals has many friends in this vicinity.

The tenth anniversary of Captain and Mrs. Evan Miles, Twenty-first infantry, was celebrated at Fort Sidney, Neb., recently. A large and varied assortment of tinware, presents from friends in commemoration of the event, was received, some of the most noteworthy being a set of jewelry, earrings, bracelets, tie ring and watch to Mrs. Miles, and a plug hat and cane to the captain.

Captain Orr, of the steamer Idaho, recently placed the people of New Westminster, B. C., under obligations to him by running his boat there during the cold weather while others passed the town by. The people therefore concluded to give Captain Orr a tangible expression of their appreciation. A handsome silver water pitcher and silver tray were bought, the legend following being engraved upon the pitcher: "Presented to Captain Cyrus Orr, steamer Idaho, by the Corporation and Citizens of New Westminster, B. C., January 1, 1885." This was formally presented by the mayor in the presence of the council and a large number of citizens. An address of the most complimentary character accompanied the articles, to which a modest reply was made by Captain Orr, and the boat and its captain were heartily cheered as they left the city.

A PLEASANT DINNER PARTY.

The San Francisco *Call* of Tuesday has the following of interest to Portland people: On Sunday, after the performance of Mr. E. C. Masten's beautiful mass at the Spanish church, Professor Joseph Roeckel, with the members of his singing institute, who had sung all the *soli* of the new composition, were invited to a splendid lunch at the house of Mr. N. E. Masten, 13 South Park. The reception proved very enjoyable. Among those present were Mr. M. Kelly, the composer, and several well-known amateurs, who had helped in the choral part of the service. After the banquet some excellent music was rendered by those present. Miss Ellen Coursen sang the Cavatina from "Huguenots," with her usual finish and brilliancy, and "Comin' Thro' the Rye" as an encore piece, and several operatic duets with Mr. Masten. Mlle. Marie Ponton de Arce gave some Spanish songs with exquisite taste. Miss Minnie Kind rendered a *lied* by Rubinstein in a refined manner. The quartet from "Lucia," "Che mi Frena," was effectively sung by Miss Edith Thorne, Senor Carranza, Mr. E. C. Masten, and Mr. Philip P. Amos. Among those present were Professor Joseph Roeckel, Madame Ponton de Arce, Mrs. B. F. Sides, Misses May and Edith Thorne, Mrs. Alice Baker, Mlle. Marie Ponton de Arce, Miss Ellen Coursen, Mrs. Gabriel Durand, Misses Mamie and Emelia Masten, Mrs. May Mabie, Mrs. Geraldine Coursen, Miss Inez Ponton de Arce, Messrs. Victorine Carranza, Alfred A. Wheeler, Charles Pechin, Philip Amos, Thomas Dyer, L. Herman, Ernest White, K. Macaulay. The guests parted at a late hour enchanted with the cordial hospitality bestowed on them.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

LOCAL.

Seattle Sunday schools have 1174 scholars.

The Presbyterians are going to build a church at Spokane Falls next summer.

The site for a Methodist church at Port Angeles, Washington, has been located.

St. James Episcopal church at Victoria has just been completed at a cost of $3500.

The net gain in membership for the two quarters, in Hall street church, is fifty-four.

The net profits of the recent Catholic fair at Helena were over $3000. The fair was for the benefit of the Sister's new hospital.

The revival in the First Baptist church of this city continues with unabated interest. About one hundred persons have professed faith in Christianity.

At the monthly meeting of the Tacoma Y. M. C. A., held Monday evening, Dr. J. E. Caldwell was unanimously elected general secretary of the association at a salary of $1000 per year.

Theo. Wygant, S. W. Kink and John L. Barnard were elected trustees for the ensuing three years of the First Unitarian society of Portland, at their regular annual meeting Tuesday evening.

Mr. P. F. Morey and others connected with the Calvary Presbyterian church, will this afternoon organize a Sunday school in South Portland, in the old planing mill building near the cricket ground.

Meetings were held in nearly all the churches of the city during the week of prayer, with excellent results. In Taylor street church the meetings are continued this week. Quite a revival interest prevails in the congregation.

The eleventh annual meeting of the St. Joseph society was held at their hall, Third and Stark streets, Sunday, January 11, at 3 o'clock P. M. The following officers were re-elected for the ensuing year: President, P. Henges; vice president, N. Beutgen; secretary, A. Millstein; treasurer, Levi Anderson; directors, J. Dotnerberg, Marcus Richards, F. Dresser. The reports of the officers show the society to be in a flourishing financial condition. The object of this society is to build a German Catholic church in this city, and therefore invites every Catholic to join and aid them in their zealous work.

GENERAL.

Rev. Thomas Griffith of Albany, New York, has promised $40,000 to the Wesleyan university.

The Free Christian church in Italy has sent the Rev. Luigi Angeline to this country to raise money for a church building, and Dr. Howard Crosby will take charge of any contributions which the friends of the churchless Protestants of Italy may wish to give.

A few days ago, while some excavations were being made at the parish church of Woodnesborough, near Sandwich, two ancient altars were discovered. They are supposed to have been closed in and put out of view in the time of Cromwell. The church is of Norman origin. It stands upon a site which has long been sacred in the history of the British isles. On the ground on which the church is built was formerly the shrine or temple of Woden. The parish takes its name from the pagan divinity.

In 1795 the Catholic church in Kentucky consisted of one priest and 1500 people. To-day, 1884, there are two bishops, 193 priests, 653 churches and stations, a Catholic population of 200,000, or one-eighth of that of the whole state, 57 seven colleges and academies, and 100 free schools, which instruct 16,344 pupils, and nine asylums and four hospitals for the orphaned and infirm members of the flock.

An unknown person, about this time last year, forwarded to the editor of *Truth* 5000 new sixpences for distribution among the children in the London hospitals and workhouses. This year the editor of *Truth* has received 6000 new sixpences from the same source, with the request that the sixpences be distributed to the same class of children as last year. These 8000 sixpences will make 8000 little hearts glad. It is an example worthy of imitation.

The Methodists promise to win a success in Australia similar to that which they have won in these United States. In Sydney they have had a grand children's demonstration in the old exhibition building. The Sydney district alone reports 52 ministers, 134 local preachers, 149 class leaders, 3004 church members, 20,870 worshippers, 82 Sunday schools, with 1062 teachers and 10,036 scholars. A movement is on foot for general union on the part of the Primitives, Wesleyans and Bible Christians.

Hungary boasts of a Unitarian church organization. According to a lately published report the membership amounts to from fifty to sixty thousand. They have a theological faculty at Koslovar, with thirty students. The body generally seems to be making progress. During the year two new churches have been built, and three ministers have been ordained, of whom two had studied in England. One of the new churches is in Transylvania; and the report makes special mention of the kindness and the accommodating spirit shown by the Lutherans while the Unitarians were without a church of their own.

It is astonishing to note the vitality of the Jewish element in the large centers of population in Germany. According to the latest census there are in Berlin 54,000 Jews; in Breslau, 17,690; in Hamburg, 16,000; in Frankfort, 13,850; in Posen, 7000; in Konigsberg, 5200; in Cologne, 4600; in Munich, 4200; in Mannheim, 4000; in Strasbourg, 3550; in Hanover, 3500; in Leipsic, Mayence and Furth, each 3300; in Nuremburg, 3000; in Stettin, 2400; in Dresden, Stuttgart and Wurzburg, each 2300; in Mulhouse, Beuther and Kempen, each 2200, and Altona, 2100.

Reference has been made more than once to the restoration of old St. Giles', Edinburgh, a building around which gather many stirring associations. In olden times it was wont to contain a royal pew. In the work of restoration this has disappeared. It is now announced that the queen, having signified her approval, a new royal pew is to be placed in the cathedral. The Dean Stanley memorial is ready for erection. It is a replica of the Messrs. Grant's medallion likeness of the dean which was placed in St. George's cathedral by command of the queen.

It has long been a reproach to Germany, that although the motherland of the reformation and the land of bible scholars by way of distinction, it was of all lands the least distinguished for what is generally understood by the phrase vital godliness. It would seem now as if there was a stirring among the dry bones. In consequence of what seems an increasing desire for ordinances—a desire made manifest by a larger attendance in the churches on Sunday—it has been agreed in east and west Prussia to open the churches for one hour, every week day, either morning or evening, for meditation and prayer.

The *Jewish Progress* predicts a radical change in faith in the future and a mingling of the Jew and Gentile. It says: "The desire of men for change is manifest wherever we direct our gaze. Everywhere 'Reform!' is the cry. The details of our faith have been altered to such a degree that in its ultra-reform phase it bears not the slightest resemblance to the faith of our fathers of three or four generations ago. It certainly seems that just as liberty and freedom in society leveled the distinctions of caste and broke down the barriers that separated the patrician and the plebeian, the lord of noble birth and the man of humble parentage, so liberalism and freedom of thought in religion seem to aim at a leveling of the distinction between Jew and Gentile, and to bring them closer and closer together."

Among the items of interest connected with the French Reformed church, prominence is given in the religious press to the death of the senior pastor, M. Lourdes de Laplace, at the ripe age of 96, and after a period of service of seventy-two years. M. de Laplace's life has been as useful as it has long and his influence has been felt for good in both the north and south of France. Simultaneously with the death of the old man a movement has been initiated by the liberal or rationalistic party in the church to make an end of the present unhappy discord which prevails throughout the body, and circulars have been issued suggesting the propriety of convening a general, and, therefore, official synod to which to submit differences. The circular points out the existing evil, and urges a spirit of conciliation. In its present divided state, the church is in danger of destruction. Arrangements also are being made to put the church in a condition to meet what is felt to be inevitable and near—the separation of church and state.

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

News of General Interest to those who have Been Initiated.

Elections and Installations—Progress of the Various Orders in the Northwest—Personal Notes—Etc.

I. O. O. F.

A new lodge is being talked of at Helix, Umatilla county.

W. G. Alban, D. D. G. P., installed the officers of Walla Walla Encampment No. 2, Monday evening, as follows: D. J. Coleman, C. P.; G. H. Sutherland, H. P.; J. M. Hill, S. W.; A. McKay, J. W.; Ed. Baumeister, scribe; H. Kaseburg, treasurer.

On Tuesday evening, January 13, Ellison Encampment No. 1 installed the following officers for the ensuing year: D. D. G. P., A. N. Gammel; officiating C. P., Horace Smith; S. W., Almond Smith; J. W., M. Miller; scribe, J. E. Lyon; treasurer, C. P. Hegley.

Last Friday evening the following officers were installed for North Star encampment, No. 6, of Spokane Falls, by District Deputy Grand Patriarch J. B. Kreinbuhl: Charles Abel, C. P.; E. Sipe, s r warden; Charles Wilson, Jr., warden; Frank Ziegler, scribe; J. B. Kreinbuhl, high priest.

On Tuesday evening, January 13, A. G. Walling, G. C. P., installed the officers of Portland Uniformed Degree Camp No. 1, I. O. O. F., viz: Commander, Guy S. Morgan; vice commander, D. E. Buchanan; officer of the guard, R. Warner; secretary, H. C. Boyd; treasurer, J. A. Honeyman.

Wednesday evening, January 7, the following officers of Spokane lodge, No. 17, were installed to serve the ensuing term, by District Deputy J. B. Kreinbuhl of that city: Frank Ziegler, N. G.; George H. Holloway, V. G.; J. M. Binkley, secretary; H. P. Reeves, recording secretary; J. B. Kreinbuhl, treasurer.

Each of the lodges of Odd Fellows in Walla Walla has organized a degree staff, or degree team, for the purpose of properly performing the beautiful and impressive initiatory and degree ceremonies of the order. These teams practice once a week and are rapidly attaining great perfection in the work.

At the last regular meeting of Olive lodge, No. 18, of Salem, held January 0, the following officers were installed to serve the ensuing term: Claude Gatch, N. G.; Fred Summerfield, V. G.; J. T. Gregg, R. S.; David Simpson, P. S.; Thomas Holman, treasurer; A. F. Wheeler, R. S. to N. G.; John Stapleton, R. S. to V. G.; Duncan Ross, W.; C. M. Parmenter, C.; John Minto, J. G.

On Friday evening, January 9, the following officers were installed for Rebekah lodge of McMinnville: Mrs. Wm. Campbell, N. G.; Mrs. W. J. Loughary, V. G.; Miss Mary Martin, cor. sec.; S. F. Harding, per. sec.; Wm. Campbell, treas.; Mrs. I. H. Cook, warden; Mrs. J. J. Shipley, P. S.; Miss Ellen Bengasser, con.; Miss Susie Loughary, L. S.; Mrs. N. L. Cook, R. S. V. G.; Mrs. S. F. Harding, chaplain.

At their hall last Friday evening, January 9, D. D. G. M. John Middleton installed the following officers for Occidental lodge, No. 40, of McMinnville: Wm. Hoil, N. G.; A. B. Baker, V. G.; J. H. Henderson, cor. sec.; S. A. Manning, per. sec.; W. T. Booth, treas.; W. J. Longhary, W.; S. Shaffer, con. T. H. Strain, S. R. S. N. G.; Wm. Campbell, L. S. N. G.; W. F. Bangasser, R. S. V. G.; Huber Sitton; L. S. V. G.

The following officers of Orient lodge, No. 17, of East Portland, were installed Saturday evening last at Odd Fellows' hall by Deputy Grand Master J. T. Stewart: N. G., C. O. Blakely; V. G., W. E. Haydon; secretary, A. B. Bloomer; treasurer, B. F. Ausmus; warden, J. M. Stott; conductor, C. D. McClure; R. S. N. G., W. G. Kerns; L. S. N. G., S. P. Wilson; R. S. V. G., E. Shannon; L. S. V. G., W. S. Gordon; R. S. S., M. Johnson; L. S. S., Charles Green; I. G., J. W. Hamilton.

Mattie A. Bridge lectured on Odd Fellowship at McMinnville a few days ago, and invitations for other lectures there were urgent. Since Wednesday of last week she has made engagements up to the 20th of January with two exceptions, and many other towns desire her services. She speaks in Lafayette Monday and a Hillsboro Tuesday; in the latter place in answer to an invitation from C. T. Tozer, D. D. G. M., and the I. O. O. F. of that city.

Barnum lodge No. 7 of Corvallis installed the following officers Tuesday evening, M. Merwin, D. D. G. M., of Independence, officiating: J. H. Simpson, N. G.; John Miller, V. G.; W. S. McFadden, rec. sec.; S. L. Shedd, per. sec.; D. Carlile, treas.; J. T. Philips; R. S. to N. G.; L. P. Manning, L. S. to N. G.; J. Webber, R. S. to V. G.; E. L. Henkle, L. S. to V. G.; A. J. Knight, warden; George Henkle, conductor; J. Blumberg, R. S. S.; J. Wiles, L. S. S.; N. P. Briggs, O. G.; H. Gerber, I. G.

G. A. R.

The state convention of the G. A. R. posts and relief corps meet at Portland January 28.

Sumner Post No. 11 of East Portland will give a masquerade ball early next month to raise funds for the relief of distressed members.

Cushing Relief Corps No. 3, of Astoria, installed their officers Tuesday afternoon, and Cushing Post No. 14 installed theirs the same evening.

General Morrow has recently issued a stirring address to the G. A. R. of Washington territory. He states there are now twenty-one posts with 813 members enrolled in the department.

Ellsworth Post No. 2, G. A. R., will give an entertainment in this city on the 23d of February, in which there will be singing, speaking, tableaux, etc. They are making arrangements for a grand time.

Sedgwick Post, of Spokane Falls, is making preparations for a grand camp fire and entertainment, for the purpose of raising money for its charitable purpose. It will probably be held about January 28 or 29.

The total gross receipts from the sale of tickets for the G. A. R. benefit, played by the Langrishe company at Seattle Monday evening, were $325. The total expenses were $160, leaving the net receipts $165. According to agreement this was to be equally divided between the theatrical company and Stevens Post, thus making $82 50 for each organization.

On Saturday evening last Custer Post, G. A. R., of McMinnville, installed the following officers: General Chris Taylor, P. C.; J. C. Cooper, S. V. C.; J. W. Gault, J. V. C.; D. H. Turner, Q. M.; W. T. Booth, surgeon; A. L. Newgard, adjutant; J. A. Peckham, O. D.; Curtis Powell, chaplain; J. W. Coovert, O. G.; W. P. Gallentine, Q. M. S.; C. W. Simler, S. M.

Custer Post, W. R. C., of McMinnville, installed the following officers Saturday evening, January 10, Mrs. Wiles, installing officer: Mrs. M. P. Cooper, president; Mrs. J. W. Gault, S. V. P.; Mrs. M. Hartman, J. V. P.; Mrs. Susie Talmage, secretary; Mrs. Minnie Turner, treasurer; Mrs. L. E. Bewley, chaplain; Mrs. Ella Booth, conductor; Mrs. Jennie Gaunt, guard.

At the regular meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic, held in Tacoma last Saturday night, the following officers were installed for the ensuing term: Fred. T. Taylor, commander; C. W. Patterson, senior vice; A. E. Lawrence, junior vice; L. D. Rogers, chaplain; Dr. J. A. McCoy, surgeon; J. M. Junett, quartermaster; William Weeks, adjutant; Thomas Carroll, sergeant mayor.

The following officers of Sedgwick Post, of Spokane Falls, for the ensuing year, were installed Tuesday evening. Commander, General A. P. Curry; senior vice commander, W. M. Murray; junior vice commander, Prof. L. H. Prather; adjutant, J. S. Brown, quartermaster, Wm. Griffin; surgeon, Dr. A. S. Campbell; chaplain, Prof. L. D. Pangborn; officer of the day, J. A. McGinty; officer of the guard, H. L. Post.

The following officers of the George Wright Relief Corps, No. 2, were installed January 2, by Department Inspector Mrs. O. Summers: President, Mrs. Eliza Caukin, senior vice president, Mrs. Mary Cougill; junior vice president, Mrs. Anna Fishburn; secretary, Mrs. Jennie L. Schwab; treasurer, Mrs. Jennie M. Sears; chaplain, Mrs. M. E. Morse; conductor, Mrs. Mary L. Wray; guard, Mrs. Agnes Miller. The Relief Corps of this state will create a permanent department here on the afternoon of the 28th of January, there being the necessary number of corps in this state.

On Wednesday evening Post Commander General J. H. Smith installed the following officers of Abraham Lincoln post, No. 4, of Walla Walla: Commander, T. R. Tannatt; senior vice, J. P. Stokes; junior vice, W. H. Carnes; officer of the day, Jasper Howe; adjutant, W. C. Ellsworth; quartermaster, F. B. Morse; chaplain, George Montague; surgeon, F. J. Parker; officer of the guard, P. G. Tefft; sergeant major, John W. Jones; quartermaster sergeant, William Lind. General T. R. Tannatt presented the post with a fine bible, and J. P. Stokes presented a coffee urn, for use at 'camp fires' and sich. General Tannatt's resignation as commander was before the post, but consideration of it was indefinitely postponed.

Masonic.

Salem lodge No. 4, and Pacific lodge No. 50, of Salem, held a lodge of sorrow on Wednesday evening. This is the first lodge of the kind ever held in Salem.

The newly-elected officers of Washington council No. 3, royal and select masters, of East Portland, were installed Wednesday evening at their hall. The officers of this council will be present and assist at the organization of a grand council for this state at McMinnville on Tuesday, February 3, 1885. A cordial invitation has been extended to all royal and select Masons throughout the state to be present on that occasion.

At the regular meeting, on Thursday night, January 15, of Tacoma Encampment No. 7, I. O. O. F., the following officers were installed for the ensuing year: C. A. Hasbrouck, chief patriarch; J. M. Dugan, high priest; George Gyre, senior warden; A. U. Mills, junior warden; A. S. Levake, scribe; J. P. Chilberg, treasurer; A. F. Hoska, trustee.

Tuesday evening was celebrated at the Masonic hall at Seattle, by the Scottish rite of Masons, a lodge of sorrow—the first ever celebrated in Washington. It was in memory of Hiram Nelson Wood, of the Masonic fraternity and Tyler of all the Masonic bodies in that city. The family of the late Mr. Wood was present and a few invited guests, Mrs. Leary, Mrs. Minor, Mrs. Neufelder and Mrs. Gatzert. A choir, consisting of Miss Nellie Parkinson, Miss Bell, Mr. Nicholas and Mr. Young, under the direction of Mrs. Sherwood, organist, rendered the musical part of the ritual in a creditable manner. The service is one of solemnity, and was carried through by the following officers of the lodge: Dr. T. T. Minor, commander of consistory; E. S. Ingraham, first lieutenant commander; John T. Jordan, second lieutenant commander; primate and orator, Rev. John F. Damon; master of ceremonies, William H. Gilliam; treasurer, Hilory Butler; secretary, C. A. Wright. Dr. Minor and Mr. Ingraham read the service in a most impressive way. The oration was delivered by Rev. Mr. Damon.

Chosen Friends.

Officers of Victoria Council No. 1 were installed Tuesday evening by H. Gribble, D. D. G. C.: T. J. Partridge, P. C. C.; A. S. Robertson, P. C.; G. Powell, V. C.; E. H. Hiscocks, S.; M. Moss, F.; H. Gribble, T.; J. Walsh, P.; J. E. Hill, M.; Sister H. Bryant, W.; Sister Hastings, G.; H. Morris, S.

Tuesday evening the officers elect of Townsend Council, No. 2 of Port Townsend, were installed by Allen Weir, D. D. G. C., as follows—Past chief councillor, A. H. Tucker; chief councillor, P. B. Stockand; vice councillor, John Fitzpatrick; secretary, James Jones; financier, N. D. Hill; treasurer, Robert C. Hill; prelate, G. W. Blake; marshal, Thomas Dalgardno; warden, T. Torjusen; guard, James Dalgardno; sentry, Charles Finn.

A. O. Foresters.

At a meeting of Court Willamette No. [illegible], of East Portland, held at their hall Wednesday evening, the following officers were installed: C. R., W. L. Wood; S. C. R., W. W. Moore; recording secretary, Alex. Barrell; treasurer, O. R. Buckman; financial secretary, C. E. [illegible]; S. W., W. Browning; J. W., G. E. Forbes; S. B., C. E. Story; J. B., W. E. Long; court physician, G. Wigg, M. D. After the installation Dr. Wigg delivered a short address. Speeches were made by several members of Court Mount Hood of Portland, and songs, music and general enjoyment in for an hour or two.

Knights of Pythias.

The Knights at Colfax intend to give a masquerade ball February 6.

Astor Lodge No. 6, of Astoria, installed the following officers for the ensuing term Wednesday evening: I. W. Miller, P. C.; P. C. J. E. Thomas, C. C.; F. H. Sherman, V. C.; Theo. Broemser, P.; W. L. Robb, K. of R. and S.; I. Bergman, M. of F.; P. A. Trullinger, M. of E.; H. W. Sherman, I. G.; A. O. Christensen, O. G.

A. O. U. W.

The order has 6000 members in New England.

Miscellaneous.

Snohomish City has five secret organizations.

The second meeting of the Yamhill County Temperance Alliance will meet in Lafayette, Oregon, January 21, 1885, at 10 o'clock a. m.

There are 2380 co-operative societies in Germany, with a membership of over 1,000,000, and last year they purchased over $375,000,000 of goods.

A prominent member of the Knights of Labor says a movement is on foot to have Rosecrans indorsed for a place in the cabinet by all the Knights of Labor assemblies in the country.

The following officers were elected at the regular meeting of the Longshoremen's Protective and Benevolent association Friday: President, Angus Smith; vice president, A. Blair; recording secretary, John Tobin; financial secretary, Alex Crocker; treasurer, Henry Hughes; sergeant-at-arms, Sam Smith; trustees, Oliver Bradigan, Thomas Bradigan and Frank McGregor.

At a regular meeting of the Longshoremen's P. and B. association, held January 12, the following persons were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Angus Smith; vice president, A. Blair; recording secretary, John Tobin; financial secretary, Alex. Crocker; treasurer, Henry Hughs; sergeant-at-arms, Samuel Smith; trustees, Owen Brodigan, Thomas Brodigan, Frank McGregor. The society financially is in a flourishing condition, with a strong membership in good standing.

Professor Opel, of Halle, has discovered and published the original version of the congratulatory letter addressed by Pope Urban VIII, to the Emperor Ferdinand II, on the occasion of the sacking of Madgeburg in 1631—one of the most horrible events of the Thirty Years' War. Hitherto the wording of this letter, the wording of which is not in keeping with the gentle precepts of the gospel, has been denounced as an impudent Protestant fabrication. All doubts of its genuineness have at last vanished.

The centennial of the death of Samuel Johnson, the great lexicographer, has for some time been dividing attention in England with the quincentennial of Wycliffe. It has been made the subject of an endless number of lectures and of demonstrations of various kinds. On the second Sunday of December pointed reference was made to the occasion in the Temple church and also in the church of St. Clement, Danes, Strand. In the latter church Johnson was for many years a regular worshiper, and the pew in which he sat bears the following inscription in brass: "In this pew and beside this pillar for many years attended divine service the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, the philosopher, the poet, the great lexicographer. Born 1709. Died 1784."

At a recent election held by the Portland German Aid society, the following officers were elected: President, John Reischer; vice president, John Wagner; treasurer, Frank Dekum; secretary and agent, C. Von Wintzingerode; trustees, Ludwig Levy, C. H. Meussdorffer and Ulrich Zeitfuchs; auditors, Chas. L. Kohn and Paul Schulze; physician, Dr. Otto S. Binswanger. The society has now a membership of 12[illegible]. It has long been the leading purpose of this organization to erect a German hospital in this city. The fund which is reserved for this purpose is now $14,000, an amount by far not large enough to build, equip and maintain a good hospital. On the 11th of February a charity ball will be given under the auspices of society at Turn hall for the purpose of increasing the fund, which is for the aid of the poor destitute.

That the possibility of disestablishment ultimately becoming a fact is taking hold of the public mind of England is finding confirmation every day and in many diverse ways. A few days ago, at a luncheon held in connection with the consecration of Christ church, St. Leonard's-on-the-Sea, Mr. Goschen, referring to disestablishment, which, of course, most churchmen deprecate, said that "disestablishment would not do half the mischief which some people imagined."

Professor Blackie has been taken to task by the Scotch Sabbatarians for the sin of breaking the Sabbath by lecturing that day about "The Love Songs of Scotland." His reply to these miserable critics is crushing. He asks for the text of scripture which lays down a "long-talking monopoly in favor of Geneva gowns"; he refers his censors to St. Paul's teaching on the Sabbath; he wants to know if it is more improper to discuss the "Love Songs of Scotland" than the Song of Solomon; and, finally, he thinks that "good advice is no better for being given with a sour face," and "no worse for being seasoned with a smile." There is more real religion in the genial professor than in the sour humbugs who find fault with him.

St. Andrew's church, Edinburgh, the church that witnessed the fiery contests which preceded the famous disruption of 1843, has just been celebrating the centenary of its opening. The occasion was turned to the best account possible by the adherents of the establishment. Dr. Caird, principal of the University of Glasgow, preached from the words, "Every scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like a householder who bringeth out of his treasure things new and old." The principles of Christianity, he said, were unchangeable as the nature of their author. The forms in which they are couched are incapable of stereotyped rigidity, and are open to the manifold influences which mould the spirit of each successive age and the ever growing intellectual and spiritual life of man.

Egypt, Syria, and throughout the east generally Christian missionaries have been directing their energies chiefly to the young. Experience has taught them that very little progress is to be made in dealing with the adult population. Teaching, therefore, has to a large extent taken the place of preaching, and the school that of the church. The schools are well attended, and large numbers of Moslem youth have been and are still being indoctrinated with the principles of Christianity. The Mohammedan leaders have at last taken alarm and in order to prevent Moslem children from attending the mission schools it has been decreed that no Moslem shall be considered his own master until he is 20 years of age. If it is found possible to enforce such a law it will certainly prove obstructive to mission work.

o all royal and select Masons through- ite to be present on that occasion.

regular meeting, on Thursday night, of Tacoma Encampment No. 8, I. he following officers were installed ensuing year: C. A. Hasbrouck, chief J. M. Dugan, high priest, George or warden A. L. Mills, junior war- Levake, scribe, J. P. Chilberg, treas- . Hoeka, trustee.

evening was celebrated at the Ma- at Seattle, by the Scottish rite of Ma- ge of sorrow—the first ever celebrated gton. It was in memory of Horatio ood, of the Masonic fraternity and l the Masonic bodies in that city. The he late Mr Wood was present and a d guests, Mrs. Leary, Mrs. Minor, lder and Mrs. Gatzert. A choir, con- Miss Nellie Parkinson, Miss Bell, Mr. nd Mr Young, under the direction of vood, organist, rendered the musical ritual in a creditable manner. The one of solemnity, and was carried the following officers of the lodge: linor, commander of consistory, E. in, first lieutenant commander, John second lieutenant commander, pr- orator, Rev John F. Damon; pri- mies, William H. Gilliam, treasurer, tler, secretary, C. A. Wright. Dr. Mr. Ingraham read the service in a essive way. The oration was deliv- u. Mr Damon

Chosen Friends.

of Victoria Council No. 1 were in- esday evening by H. Gribble, D. D. G. Partridge, P. C. C., A. S. Robertson, owell, V. C. E. H. Hiscocks, S.; M. l, Gribble, T. J. Walsh, P.; J. H. ister H. Bryant, W., Sister Hastings, ris, S.

evening the officers elect of Town- d, No. 2 of Port Townsend, were in- Allen Weir, D. D. G. M.; Past chief councillor, A. H. Tucker; ncillor, P. R. Stockand, vice coun- Fitzpatrick, secretary, James Jones; D. Hill, treasurer, Robert C. Hill; W. Blake, marshal, Thomas Dela- n, T. Torjusen, guard, James Dal- ntry, Charles Finn.

A. O. Foresters.

ung of Court Willamette No. 6796, tland, in [illegible] at their hall Wednesday e follow[illegible] officers were installed: . Wooc[illegible] R., W. W. Monroe; ecretary, [illegible] x. Barrell, treasurer, O. n; financial secretary, C. E. Bruce; Browning, J. W. G. E. Forbes, S. ory J. [illegible] W. E. Long, court physi- gg, M. D. After the installation Dr. red a short address. Speeches were veral members of Court Mount Hood , and songs, music and general en- for an hour or two.

Knights of Pythias.

hts at Colfax intend to give a mas- l February 6.

dge No. 6, of Astoria, installed the fficers for the ensuing term Wednes- g: I. W. Miller, P. C., P. C. J. E. , F. H. Sherman, V. C., Theo. W. L. Robb, K. of R. and S., L. of F., P. A. Trullinger, M. of F.; man, L. G. A. O. Christensen, O. G.

A. O. U. W.

has 6000 members in New England.

Miscellaneous.

h City has five secret organizations.

d meeting of the Yamhill County Alliance will meet in Lafayette, uary 21, 1885, at 10 o'clock a. m.

,380 co-operative societies in Ger- a membership of over 1,000,000, and y purchased over $375,000,000 of

nt member of the Knights of Labor ment is on foot to have Rosecrans a place in the cabinet by all the abor assemblies in the country.

wing officers were elected at the ting of the Longshoremen's Protec- nevolent association Friday: Pres- Smith, vice president, A. Balair; cretary, John Tobin, financial sec- Crocker, treasurer, Henry Hughes; rms, Sam Smith, trustees, Oliver Thomas Bradigan and Frank Mc-

ar meeting of the Longshoremen's sociation, held January 12, the fol- ms were elected officers for the en- President, Angus Smith, vice presi- r, recording secretary, John Tobin; cretary, Alex. Crocker, treasurer, a sergeant-at-arms, Samuel Smith; ven Brodigan, Thomas Brodigan, agor. The society financially is in a ondition, with a strong membership ing.

Opel, of Halle, has discovered and e original version of the congratula- dressed by Pope Urban VIII, to the rdinand II, on the occasion of the adgeburg in 1631—one of the most its of the Thirty Years' War. Hith- ding of this letter, the wording of in keeping with the gentle precepts , has been denounced as an impu- nt fabrication. All doubts of its gen- e at last vanished.

nial of the death of Samuel John- lexicographer, has for some time g attention in England with the al of Wycliffe. It has been made f an endless number of lectures and tions of various kinds. On the sec- of December pointed reference was occasion in the Temple church and urch of St. Clement, Danes, Strand. church Johnson was for many ar worshiper, and the pew in which the following inscription in brass: r and beside this pillar for many d divine service the celebrated Dr. son, the philosopher, the poet, the rapher. Born 1709. Died 1784."

election held by the Portland Ger- iety, the following officers were eident, John Reischer; vice-presi- Wagner, treasurer, Frank Dekum; l agent, C. Von Wintzingerode; wig Levy, C. H. Meussdorffer and che; auditors, Chas. L. Kohn and , physician, Dr. Otto S. Binswanger. as now a membership of 127. It the leading purpose of this or- erect a German hospital in this nd which is reserved for this pur- 314,000, an amount by far not large ild, equip and maintain a good the 11th of February a charity iven under the auspices of society or the purpose of increasing the s for the aid of the poor destitutes.

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ossibility of disestablishment ulti- ming a fact is taking hold of the of England is finding confirmation d in many diverse ways. A few luncheon held in connection with on of Christchurch, St. Leonard's- ir Goschen, referring to disestab- uch, of course, most churchmen id that "disestablishment would he mischief which some people

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Blackie has been taken to task by abatarians for the sin of breaking y lecturing that day about "The of Scotland." His reply to these ics is crushing. He asks for any ure which lays down a "law of," ooly in favor of Geneva gowns, censors to St. Paul's teaching on he wants to know if it is more im- use the "Love Songs of Scotland" g of Solomon, and, finally, he ood advice is no better for being our face," and "no worse for be- with a smile." There is more real genial professor than in the sour find fault with him.

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s church, Edinburgh, the church the fiery contests which pre- ous disruption of 1843, has just ng the centenary of its opening. was turned to the best account adherents of the establishment. espal of the University of Glas- l from the words, "Every scribe o the kingdom of heaven is like a ho bringeth out of his treasure and old." The principles of the e said, were unchangeable as the r author. The forms in which ed are incapable of stereotyped reopen to the manifold influences he spirit of each successive age rowing intellectual and spiritual

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, and throughout the east gen- n missionaries have been direct- ges chiefly to the young. Ex- ught them that very little pro- nade in dealing with the adult Teaching, therefore, has to a ken the place of preaching, and of the church. The schools are nd large numbers of Moslem n and are still being indoctrinated ples of Christianity. The Mo- ders have at last taken alarm and vent Moslem children from at- ssion schools it has been decreed shall be considered his own s 20 years of age. If it is found orce such a law it will certainly re to mission work.

The Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 18, 1885

OREGON'S EARLY EXPLORERS.

SIXTH PAPER BY PROF. W. D. LYMAN.

Already the general enterprise of Mr Astor, with its grand outlook for income for the promotion of commerce and above all, for the substantial and permanent establishment of American civilization along the banks of the Columbia, has been sufficiently outlined. Something has also been given of the transient success and appalling disasters of the expedition by sea.

We now find ourselves across the continent once more guests in the moving camp of Mr Hunt. This man was the second partner in the Pacific Fur company, of which Astor was chief. Hunt had been merchandising for some years at St Louis. His principal trade being with trappers and Indians, he had become very familiar with the requirements of the business. In addition to this primary requisite he possessed a character, native and acquired, worthy of more frequent mention in our early annals and of more frequent emulation by his associates and successors. Brave, humane, patient, cheerful and resolute, he rises from the mists of history and romance as the highest type of the Jasons who vied with those of ancient story in their search for the fleeces (this time of seal and beaver instead of gold) of the far west. To a powerful physique and iron nerve Hunt added a refinement and culture rare indeed among the bold, free spirits of the frontier.

In company with Hunt from the outset was another partner Donald McKenzie by name. He was a man insensible to fear, inured by years of hardship to the ups and downs of the trapper's life and renowned even on the border for his marvellous accuracy with the rifle. The first thing for them was to get their men. To do this all the tact and patience of Hunt were brought into full play. For a proper understanding of his position it will be necessary to briefly describe the classes from whom he was obliged to fill his ranks. There were at that time two great classes of trappers.

The first and most numerous class was the Canadian voyageur. These men were mainly of French descent. Many of them were half breeds. They were the legacy of the old French domination over Canada. Cradled in the canoe or batteau, their earliest remembrance being the cold blue lake or foaming river, almost amphibious by nature and training, gay and mutable in disposition, with true French vivacity and ingenuity gilding every harsh and bitter experience with laugh and song, with their quick sympathies and humane instincts easily getting on the best side of the savages, not bold in designing but not the less patient, courageous and indomitable in executing, these French voyageurs were the main dependence of traffic in the wilderness.

The second class were free trappers, boosbaways they were sometimes called. These men were mainly Americans. Virginia and Kentucky were the original homes of many of them. They were the perfect antipodes of the voyageurs. Often with gigantic frames built up on prairie dew and mountain breeze, with buffalo steak and wild birds flesh wrought into their iron sinews with nerves of steel on which it seemed might harmlessly play even the lightnings of Missouri storms, the drifting snows of winter but a downy coverlid to them and the furnace blasts of summer but a dainty zephyr, gorging themselves in the midst of plenty but mocking the power of hunger and thirst when in want, mighty braggarts yet quick as lightning to make good their boasts, patient and indefatigable in their work of trapping, but when on their annual trips to the towns given to wild dissipations and savage revelings, sudden and rash in quarrel, careless of each other's sympathy or company, harsh and cruel to the Indians when in power over them but bold and recklessly defiant when weaker than they, seizing without compunctions the prettiest Indian women and the best horses as their rightful booty with blood always in their eyes, thunder in their voices and pistols in their hands, yet underneath it all many of them having hearts as big as buffaloes could they but be reached. This now vanished race of boosbaways has gone to a place in history beside the old Spartans whose greatest boast it was that their city had no wall, their army being the wall and every man therein a brick, or beside the Spanish conquerors of Mexico and Peru like Orellana, who descended the Amazon in a raft and then put to sea with such a climax of audacity that even the stormy Atlantic was frightened into acquiescence and let him pass in safety.

That old streak of brutality and tyranny, originally cast into the Anglo Saxon nature and manifested in its best form in the savage grandeur of the Norse Valhalla and in the overpowering energy of the Vikings, and at every emergency breaking with volcanic fury through the thin crust of modern culture has shown itself in no way more notably than in the whole Indian management of the American government. These free trappers executed with a vengeance the unspoken but not less real policy of our government. Humanity and even shrewd policy had little place in the thoughts and actions of most of them. The Indians were to be simply stamped on like so many rattlesnakes. In the trappers' code for an Indian to even look longingly at a white man's horse or even to be seen in the vicinity of a beaver trap was sufficient warrant to send a rifle ball ploughing its way through his heart.

The Gallic gentleness and sociability which enabled the Canadian voyageurs to go almost anywhere unharmed among the Indians, found no counterpart in the sterner composition of the great majority of American trappers and traders.

Such were the men from whom Hunt had to make up his little army. And a vexatious job it was, too. The rivalries of opposing companies were the opportunity of the trappers. Big wages were demanded. Old whisky bills had to be paid off. The clutch of the sheriff had to be loosened by the golden lever of wages in advance. Worst of all, Hunt found at nearly every station where he tried to engage men that the agents of the Missouri Fur company, chief of whom was a Spaniard named Manuel Lisa, were neutralizing his efforts by representing the dangers from the hostile tribes and barren wastes intervening between the Missouri plains and the Pacific. But Hunt's patience and perseverence backed up by Astor's unstinted purse overcame all obstacles, and in April 1811 the winter rendezvous at the mouth of the Nodowa (480 miles above St. Louis) was abandoned and in four boats, one of large size and mounting a swivel and two howitzers, the party of 60 set forth up the almost untraveled Missouri. Of the party five were partners, Hunt, Crooks, McKenzie, Miller and McLellan. One was a clerk, Reed by name. There were two English naturalists, Bradbury and Nuttal. Forty of the party were Canadian voyageurs. They were to do the rowing, transporting, carrying, cooking, and all the drudgery in general. The remainder were American hunters and trappers. These were the fellows to hunt and fight and plan and explore, and, when the proper place was reached, to cast themselves upon the mercy of savages, wild beasts, hunger and thirst and establish trapping posts. The chief of these hunters was a Virginian named John Day. We shall meet him frequently. The party was in all respects most bountifully equipped. They designed following nearly as possible the route of Lewis and Clarke.

Many interesting and some thrilling and exciting scenes were encountered on the passage up the Missouri especially on their way through the country of the Sioux Tetons. But they met with no serious hindrance and on the 11th of June they reached a large village of the Arickaras 1430 miles above the mouth of the Missouri. It had been determined before this on the advice of several hunters who joined the party in the wilderness after they had left the Nodowa to abandon their canoes at this point and securing horses, strike across the country south of Lewis and Clarke's route so as to avoid the dreaded Blackfeet who, alike the terror of the other Indians as well as of the whites, dominated all the region of the upper Missouri. So with 82 horses heavily loaded—the partners only, together with the family of Pierre Dorion the interpreter being mounted—on the 18th of July they set out hopefully though with many gloomy prognostications from trappers remaining at the Arickara village on their march across the 'Great American desert' and through the volcanic fields of the great divide.

On the wide monotony of the sky-bordered prairie they seemed to make no progress. Day succeeded day and every morning's sun shot up, hot and dry on apparently the very landscape of the day before. They did not seem in fact, though taking a more direct route to make so good time as did Lewis and Clarke. Guided by the Crow Indians they penetrated range after range of the stepping stones to the hill ridge, supposing each to be the last, only to find when it was surmounted that one yet higher succeeded and at last on the 15th of September—the summer already gone—they mounted a lofty peak whence the boundless wilderness over which they had come as well as that which they must yet traverse lay like a map at their feet. Gazing attentively westward their guide finally pointed out three shining peaks ridging the western sky whose bases he assured them were washed by a tributary of the Columbia. These peaks are now known as the Tetons—the French for woman's breasts—from their peculiar shape. A hundred miles evidently lay between the weary traveler and that goal. When there they felt that they would be almost at the end of their journey, little realizing the character of the thousand miles of travel yet awaiting them.

Passing the green banks of Spanish river, a tributary of the Colorado, they laid in a large stock of the plentiful buffalo, gave their horses five days' rest and grazing on the abundant grass and on the 24th of September crossing a narrow ridge found themselves on the banks of a turbulent stream recognized by their guide as one of the sources of the Snake. From the name of this guide the stream was called Hoback's river. Down the rugged promontories which flanked this stream the party descended often in danger of fatal falls, to its junction with a much larger one, which so much exceeded the first in fury of current as to receive the name of Mad river. This seemed to issue from the midst of the Tetons whose glacial and snowy immensity overtopped the camp of the travelers at the junction of the two streams. The all important question now arose, should they abandon the horses and make canoes with which to descend the river? It was evident that though containing abundant water for large boats it was so impetuous as to make navigating a dangerous business. But the Canadians insisted on making the attempt. Weary of the toilsome and rocky foot paths of the mountains and having all confidence in their well tried ability in handling boats in any kind of water, they longed to betake themselves once more to their favorite element and paddle in hand, their gay French songs beating time to the music of the paddles they would be ready to shoot another Niagara, if it came in their way. The partners finally gave their consent to make canoes. Forthwith the voyageurs repaired with joyful hearts to the adjacent woods which soon began to yield up their best timber for the projected boats. Meanwhile a party of three, whom of the redoubtable John Day was one, went down Mad river on a two days' journey. They returned declaring that neither in boats nor with horses along the banks could the party possibly go.

Disappointed in this plan they now took the advice of Hoback to go to a trapping post which had been established the year before by Mr. Henry of the Missouri Fur company. This post Hoback knew to be on one of the upper waters of the Snake and he thought that it could not be far distant. A violent storm of sleet arising in the midst of their deliberations admonished them that winter was near at hand and that they must hasten on one way or the other. Two Snake Indians who had come to their camp before the storm and had professed to know the location of Henry's post now agreed to guide them thither. Accordingly on the 4th of October the hills all around being spotted with snow, they resumed their horseback march. Four days of cold and difficult journeying took them to a cluster of deserted log huts. This had been Henry's trading station but was now entirely abandoned. Beside the huts flowed a beautiful river a hundred yards wide. It was to all appearance a fine navigable stream. Two weeks of industrious work provided 15 canoes and in these hastily embarking they pushed out into the stream. Their horses were left in charge of the two Snake Indians. Nine men also including Miller one of the partners had been detached from the party at a point between Mad river and Henry's river as the new stream was called. These men were to [illegible] and trap on the stream thereabout. Well provided with traps, clothes, horses, and ammunition they set out cheerfully into the unknown and wintry recesses of the mountains expecting to issue thence in spring with a great stock of valuable peltries. With these they would make their best way to Astoria.

With the rapid current aiding the skillful paddles of the voyageurs whose spirits rose to an unwonted height even for them, so soon as they found themselves on the water the canoes swept swiftly on toward the sunset. They soon came to the mouth of a stream which they took to be their old friend Mad river. They now considered themselves fairly embarked on the main body of the Snake and already in imagination, they began to toss on the vast current of the Columbia and even to smell the salt breeze of the mild Pacific. Occasional rocky points abutting on the river made rapids which alternated with calm stretches of water whose banks shallow and grassy were enlivened with perfect clouds of wild geese and ducks. For nine days they swept gaily on with comparatively slight interruptions making over 300 miles from the place where they had first embarked.

Then they met with a most lamentable disaster. In the second canoe of the squadron were Mr Crooks as bowman and Antoine Clappine as steersman. The first canoe having safely passed a dangerous rapid the second essayed to follow. With a sudden lurch she missed her course and the next instant split upon a rock. Crooks and three of his companions succeeded after a hard struggle in reaching the land but Clappine, one of the most popular and useful men in the company, was lost amid the boiling surges. They had now arrived at an unboatable chain of rapids and frightful bluffs among which neither boats nor horses, nothing in short but wings were of use. At the beginning of this strait was one of those volcanic cracks peculiar to the rivers of this coast in which the whole volume of the Snake is squeezed in a space 40 feet wide. This miniature maelstrom received from the disheartened voyagers the name of 'The Caldron Linn.'

The whole squadron now came to a halt. It was evident that a portage at least would be needed. And from the shaggy volcanic appearance about and below them they had great fear that the obstructions extended a long distance. This fear was realized when, after a 40 mile tramp down the river, Mr Hunt discovered no prospect of successful navigation. Returning to the main body therefore and discovering that they had but five days food and no prospect of getting more he determined to divide the party into four parts hoping that some one of them might find abundant game and a way out of the lifeless volcanic waste in which they were. One party under McLellan, was to descend the river, another under Crooks was to ascend it, hoping to find game or Indian guides on the way, but, if not, to keep on to the place where they had left their horses. Still another detachment, under McKenzie struck northward across the plains having in view to reach the main Columbia.

Mr Hunt, left in charge of the main body, proceeded at once to 'cache' a large part of their goods. Nine caches having been made to hold the large deposit, they took careful notice of the landmarks of the neighborhood for future return, and then got themselves in readiness to move just as soon as the word should come from any of the scouting parties. Within three days Crooks and his party returned. Despairing of success on their doleful retrograde march, they had determined to share with their companions whatever might await them on the onward trip. Five days later, the party meanwhile beginning to see the ghastly face of famine staring at them, two of McLellan's party returned, bidding them abandon all thought of descending the river. For many miles the river ran through volcanic sluice ways, roaring and raging, at many places almost lost from sight underneath impending crags generally inaccessible from its desert bank so that though within sound of its angry ravings they had often lain down to their insufficient rest with parched and swollen tongues.

To manifest their anger at this hateful stream they named this long volcanic chute 'the Devil's Scuttle Hole.' What now remained? Nothing, evidently, but to hasten with all speed, their lives being at issue, to some more hospitable place. The party was, therefore divided into two. One division under Hunt went down the north side of the river, and the other under Crooks, took the opposite side. This was done in order to increase the chances of finding food and of meeting Indians. It was on the 9th of October that they started on this dismal and heart-sickening march. Until December 1st they urged on their course cold, hungry, often near starvation. At occasional wretched Indian camps they managed to secure dogs for food, and once they got a few horses. These were loaded down with their baggage but, through scarcity of food began soon to be too weak to be of much service, and so their attenuated carcasses one by one were devoted to appeasing the hunger of the famished explorers. The country through which they were passing presented an almost unvarying aspect of volcanic and snowy desolation. The few frightened and half starved Snake Indians that they encountered could give no information as to the route. They signified however that the great river was yet a long way off. Hunt estimated that they had now put about 470 miles between them and Caldron Linn. They were evidently approaching something, for gigantic snowy mountains, lifeless and almost treeless seemed to bar their further way. Nevertheless they persisted with the energy of despair and clambered painfully up the snowy hights until at a sufficient elevation to command a vast view. Then, with a waste of mountains in front and bitter winds whirling the snow and sleet in their faces they first began to despair of forcing their way. The short winter's day shut in upon their despair, and they were compelled to camp in the snow. Timber was found in sufficient quantity to prevent freezing but during the night another snow storm burst on them [illegible] and daylight sluggishly stealing through the now clogged atmosphere found them in a perfect cloud. The roaring river far below them was their only guide to further progress. Down the slippery and wind swept mountain side they picked their way to the river bank. Here the temperature was much milder. Devouring one of their skin and bone horses they crept a few miles along the rocky brink of the brawling flood and made a cheerless camp. On the following morning (Dec 6th) they were startled by seeing on the opposite bank of the stream a party of white men more forlorn and desolate than themselves. A little observation convinced Hunt that these men were Crooks and party. Shouting across the stream at last he made himself heard above the raging river. As soon as the men discovered him they screamed for food. From the skin of the horse killed the night before Mr Hunt at once constructed a canoe. In this crazy craft one of the Canadians daringly and successfully crossed the fearful looking river taking with him part of the horse and bringing back with him Mr Crook and Le Clere.

Appalled at the wasted forms and despondent looks of these two men and still further disheartened at the account they gave of the unsurmountable obstacles to continuing down the river, Hunt determined to retrace his steps to the last Indian camp they had passed there to make a more determined effort to obtain guide and horses. With dismal forebodings, therefore, on the following morning they took the back track. Crooks and Le Clere were so weak as to greatly retard the rest of the party. In this extremity the men besought Hunt to leave those two to their fate while they hastened on to the Indian camp. But Hunt resolutely refused to abandon his weakened partner. The men gradually began to pass ahead until by night but five remained to bear him company. No provisions were left them but four beaver skins. After a night of freezing coldness, one of the men being badly frost bitten, Hunt finding Crooks entirely unable to travel, concluded that his duty to the main company demanded his presence with them. Accordingly having made the exhausted men as comfortable as possible and leaving two of the men and all but one of the beaver skins with them Hunt and the remaining three men hastened on. A day and night of famine and freezing brought them up with their companions. The pangs of hunger were beginning to tell in vacant looks and tottering steps. Some of them had not eaten for three days. Toward evening of that distressing day they saw with surprise and profound gratitude a lodge of Shoshones with a number of horses around it.

Hunger knows no law. They descended on the camp and seizing five horses at once dispatched one of them. After a ravenous meal had satisfied their immediate necessities they bethought themselves of their deserted companions. A man was at once sent on horseback to carry food to them and to aid them in coming up. In the morning Crooks and the remaining three men made their appearance. Food must now be got to the men on the opposite bank. But a superstitious terror seemed to have seized the Canadians as they looked across the sullen river at them. Ghastly and haggard, the poor wretches beckoning across with bony finger looked more like spectres than men. Unable to get any of the Canadians, overwhelmed as they were with such ghastly fancies, to cross, one of the Kentucky hunters at last ventured the dangerous undertaking. Putting forth all his strength he at last succeeded in landing a large piece of horse meat. Encouraged by this one of the Canadians ventured over.

Out of the starving crew [illegible] frantic by his long deprivation insisted on returning in the canoe. Before they had got across the pleasant savor of the boiling meat so inspired him that he leaped to his feet and began to sing and dance. In the midst of this untimely festivity the canoe was overturned and the poor fellow was swept away in the icy current and lost.

John Day, considered when they started the strongest man in the company, also crossed the river. His cavernous eyes and meager frame showed well how intense had been the suffering of the detachment on the west bank of the river. Often the wild cherries dried on the trees together with their moccasins were their only food.

The mountains which thus turned back this adventurous band were no doubt that desolate and rather unnecessary range bordering the Wallowa country and the mouth of Salmon river. The detachments under McKenzie and McLellan having reached these mountains before the heavy snows, and having found each other there had stuck to that route until they had conquered it. After 21 days of extreme suffering and peril they reached the Snake at a point apparently not far from the site of Lewiston and building canoes there, descended the river with no great trouble reaching Astoria about the middle of January.

Hunt and his men saved from starvation by the discovery of the horses hastened on to find Indian guides. But first Hunt with his usual honesty left at the lodge (for the occupants had fled at their coming) an amount of trinkets sufficient to pay for the horses that he had taken. A few days after they reached a small village of Snakes. This the largest village that they had seen on this side the mountains they had observed on their down trip but had not been able to get any assistance from the inhabitants. Now however, with a persistence born of their necessities, they insisted on a guide. The Indians demurred, representing that the distance to the river was so great as to require from 17 to 21 days of hard traveling. They said that the snow was waist deep and that they would freeze. They very hospitably urged the party to stay with them. But as they also said that on the west side of the mountains was a large and wealthy tribe called the Sciatogas, from whom they might get food and horses, Hunt determined to push on if he could get a single Indian to accompany him. By a most bountiful offer this desideratum was finally met. They were informed that they must cross to the west bank of the river and enter the mountains to the west. With infinite tact and patience Hunt sustained the drooping spirits of the party. Many of them wanted to cast their lot for the winter with the vagabond troop of Snakes. They shrank from crossing the chilly flood of Snake river with its huge ice blocks grinding each other with a dismal sound. Then to commit themselves again to the mountains inspired them with terror. In fact four of the Canadians together with Crooks and John Day were unable to go at all. But at last in spite of doubt and weakness everything was got together (though they were obliged to desert their six sick companions) and in the bitter cold of the early evening (December 23d) they crossed the river and at once struck for the mountains. They could make only about 14 miles a day. Their five jaded horses floundered painfully through the snow. Their only food was one meal of horse meat daily. On the fourth day of their journey the mountains gave way to a beautiful valley across which they journeyed 26 miles. This must have been Powder river valley. Leaving this valley and turning again into the mountains a short but toilsome march brought them to a lofty hight whence they looked down into a fair and snowless prairie basking in the sunlight and looking to the winter worn travelers like a dream of summer. Soon best of all they discerned six lodges of Shoshones well supplied with horses and dogs. Thither hastening eagerly, their hungry mouths were soon filled with roasted dog. This valley which looked so much like a paradise must have been the Grande Ronde. Beautiful at all times it must have seemed trebly so to these ragged and famished wanderers. The next morning the new year (1812) burst in upon them bright and cheerful as if to make amends for the relentless severity of his predecessor. The Canadians must now have their holiday. Not even famine and death could rob them of their festivals. So with dance and song and dog meat roasted, boiled, fried and fricasseed they met the friendly overtures of the newly crowned potentate of time. Feasted and refreshed they now addressed themselves to what their guides assured them to be but a three days journey to the plains of the great river. The time was multiplied by two however ere the cloudy canopy which often swathed the snowy wastes as to hide both earth and sky from sight parted itself before a genial breath from some warmer clime. And then wide below their snowy eyrie lay stretched the limitless and sunny plains of the Columbia. Not more gladly did Cortez and his steel clad veterans look from their post of observation upon the glittering halls of the Montezumas. They swiftly descended the slopes of the mountains and emerged upon that diamond of the Pacific coast the Umatilla plain.

Here a tribe of Sciatoga or Tushepaws were camped, 34 lodges in 2000 horses strong. Well clad, active and hospitable these Indians thawed out almost as would have a civilized community the well nigh frozen energies of the strangers. Rejoiced above all was Mr Hunt to see in the lodges brass kettles etc. indicating that these Indians were in communication with the whites below. In answer to his eager questionings the Indians said that the great river was only two days distant and that a party of white men had just descended it. Concluding that these were McKenzie and party Hunt felt relieved of one great anxiety.

After a thorough rest the now joyful wayfarers set forth across the fertile plains and after a pleasant ride of two days on the horses obtained of the Tushepaws, lifting their eyes they beheld a mighty stream a mile wide, deep, blue, majestic, sweeping through the treeless plain, the Columbia. The hard and dangerous part of the journey was now at an end. In the absence of timber however, and because of the unwillingness of any Indians that they met to sell canoes, they were obliged to wait till reaching The Dalles before launching upon the stream. In the vicinity of the present Rockland (they had come from Umatilla on the north bank of the river) they had a hyas wawa with the redoubtable Wishram Indians. Sharpened by their location at the confluence of all the ways down stream these Indians had clearly grasped the fundamental doctrine of civilized trade, to wit 'Get the greatest possible return with the least possible outlay.' To this end they levied a heavy toll on all unwary passers. The chief part was usually collected while the eyes of the travelers were otherwise engaged. In short these Wishram Indians were professional thieves.

Endeavoring first to frighten Mr Hunt into a liberal potlatch, then to beg of him by representing their great services in protecting him from the rapacity of other Indians, but finding no recognition of their claims except abundant whiffs at the pipe of peace they gave up in disgust and contented themselves with picking up whatever little article might be lying round handy. After considerable haggling several finely-made canoes were procured of these people and in these the last stage of the journey was begun. Nothing extraordinary marked the 200 mile boat ride down the river. Certain vague rumors among the Indians however about the blowing up of the Tonquin greatly disquieted Mr Hunt.

Without further incident however on the 15th of February rounding the bluffs of Tongue Point they beheld with full hearts the stars and stripes floating over the first civilized abode this side of St Louis. Right beyond in the parted headlands and the water bordered horizon they recognized the gateway to the illimitable ocean. As they drew near the shore the whole population of Astoria came pouring down to the cove (near the modern site of Dad's saw mill now wharved over) to meet them. First in the crowd came the party of McKenzie and McLellan. Having no hope that Hunt and his men could escape from the winter and the famine they were the more rejoiced to see them. Their joy in reuniting was proportioned to the darkness of the shadow of death which had so long enshrouded them. The Canadians, with French abandon, rushed into each other's arms, crying and hugging like so many school girls. And even the hard-visaged Scotchmen and nonchalant Americans gave themselves up to the unstinted gladness of the occasion. The next day was devoted to feasting and story telling. No doubt, like the feasting partners of the Æneid, they discussed with prolonged speech the amissos socios. These as the reader will remember were Crooks and John Day with four Canadians who had been left sick on the banks of the Snake. Little hope was entertained of ever seeing them again. But as their story is a natural sequel to that just ended it shall be given now. The next summer a party under Stuart and McLellan, on their way from Okanagan to Astoria saw wandering on the river bank near Umatilla two wretched beings naked and haggard. Stopping their canoes to investigate they discovered to their glad surprise that these beings were Day and Crooks.

Their forlorn plight was quickly relieved with abundant food and clothes and while the canoes went flying down stream with speed accelerated in the joy of deliverance,

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THE OLD RUSSIAN CUSTOM OF FIST-FIGHTING.

In Russia fighting was not a profession, no betting took place, gambling was out of the question, so that in consequence these fistic encounters did not serve to gather together criminals of both sexes. They differed moreover, in this, that, in a majority of cases these contests were not between individuals but the people of one village fought against those of another, of the suburbs against the central part of the city, of ward against ward, sometimes thousands participated in it.

Now, this barbarous custom is almost entirely suppressed and only in very remote corners of the great empire far from all authority, do they ever occur, and then only by stealth and on a small scale.

I remember as a boy I was once during the Easter holidays on a visit to a small town of Great Russia, and witnessed such a battle. It was a most exciting and startling sight. A large public place in the center of the town was occupied by a great mass of pleasure seekers. The appearance was very harmless. Men women and children, most of them belonging to the lower classes, in national holiday costume, strolled along, forming groups, eating pumpkin and sunflower seeds or St John's bread and cakes; volunteer singers amused the public unpaid, everywhere were laughter and merriment. I stood with my tutor a little aside on the steps of a store looking curiously on the picturesque scene. Suddenly sounded all over the bazaar the cry 'Away women! Away! Give place!' The women thus warned fled in all directions with their children taking refuge on the raised sidewalks and beneath the empty market halls. On the opposite side of the bazaar two groups were forming, shouting, teasing, challenging one another, remaining however in their position. Only the small boys passed from word to action. On the free space between the two armies the first skirmish began; it was nothing serious however, there being more noise than fight. The fathers and older brothers in the regular army encouraged the little champions, approving or scolding them. Gradually bigger boys joined the fighters right and left. It grew warmer. The bulk of both armies were forming in line and slowly approaching each other. All must be bare fisted and empty handed, even to hold a few copper coins in the fist to make it heavier was prohibited. It was looked on as a disgrace and dishonor to the part if any one employed unfair means. In case of detection the victim received so fearful a beating that it generally ended in death or a long illness. The boldest before the line opened the fight. A terrible crash followed. The links of the line of suburbans—who were fighting against those of the central part of the town—were broken in a moment by the first attack, and fought now singly and in groups retreating to their quarters. I thought they were lost when I saw emerging from a narrow by-street a young fellow on the side of the suburbans who was greeted with immense enthusiasm.

'The blacksmith! The blacksmith! Hurrah Ivan! Don't make a backward step now. Forward, blacksmith! Forward! Help us beat these miserable tailors and shoemakers! Hurrah! Comrades! Forward!'

And forward they went. Ivan, the blacksmith paused for a moment. He was a short built, broad shouldered man, clad in black velvet trousers, red cotton shirt, high top boots, a blue bordered fur caftan and a beaver cap. Throwing his caftan on the snow he gave a smart toss to his cap. A slight pallor overspread his cheeks, and he dashed into the midst of the crowd. His friends gave way before him; he soon reached the enemy. What an influence he must have had over all this people. His friends confident of victory now stood their ground bravely, though, as yet advancing very slowly.

His antagonists lost their boastfulness, calling for their chief and most renowned fighter, a huge, heavy-built driver, who was smothering the suburbans on another wing. As soon as he heard the cry 'blacksmith' he tried to meet him but, being surrounded on every side by a human wall, was forced to fight for every step; however he could not arrive in time. The blacksmith dashing headlong into the living mass made a large break; his comrades following broke the center, dividing the enemy in two. It was terrible to see Ivan making his way. He was regarded as the strongest man in his community, and how much his reputation had to do with his success was difficult to decide. Nobody faced him in the right manner; right and left, the men fell as if killed. The excitement of the bystanders was so great that many could not restrain themselves. I saw rich respected merchants throwing their costly fur cloaks on the snow, to join the combatants. Every order had now ceased. Wounded and swooning men were brought out every five minutes, badly disfigured and covered with blood. The fighters lost ground more and more. Their chief fighter having abandoned his position on the left wing gave the suburbans time to recover and press their antagonists with more force. At last the driver succeeded in freeing himself, and now challenged his rival the blacksmith. As soon as the news spread among the combatants, the fight in general abated, and a wide circle was formed around the two chiefs. 'Well,' said the driver, 'shall we fight for all and finish it between us two?' It was the first time they had met, although they knew each other by fame, and they hesitated to begin. 'All right,' answered Ivan, "that will be the shortest way to finish your boasting. You said you would kill me; now there is a chance for you to try." Still they hesitated, knowing very well that fame, reputation, and perhaps life itself were at stake. But the driver lost his temper, and with a wide flourish struck the first blow right in the breast. The blacksmith staggered, trembling from head to foot, under the heavy blow but stood his ground. 'Now my turn,' said he. Neither defended himself, but each received the strokes in plain figure. For almost two minutes they gave and received the fearful fist blows. When struck in the temple the huge driver fell in a fit—three weeks later he died of inflammation of the brain—and over his body, the suburbans rushed on their enemies without doing much harm however, as the fight is allowed only on neutral ground, and once on the battlefield they were safe. In this fight almost 800 persons took part. During the first quarter of our century such fights were not infrequent among students of rival universities. Now, however, it is very different. Fighting for the sake of fighting is unknown and the vile, inhumanly sparring exhibitions have never taken place in Russia.—[The Cottage Hearth.

Alfred Caldwell, an inmate of the insane asylum at Salem, has two little girls, who recently went from Salem to St. Louis, where they now reside. They have, since their arrival there, fallen heir to the sum of $40,000.

WANTS.

A MIDDLE AGED LADY DESIRES TO FORM the acquaintance of a gentleman of about the same age with a view to matrimony; none but honorable inquirers need apply. Address J. Y. Z., care Oregonian office, Portland, Or. 16jt

WANTED—TO LEASE FOR A TERM OF YEARS a new 7 or 8 room cottage, one to be built as desired preferred, must be ready for occupancy on or before April 1, 1885, situated south of Morrison st. west of Fourth st, small family. Address JEROME, care this office. 18

HELP WANTED

GIRLS WANTED $20 PLACES, COMMISSION $1. MRS. PLATO, Dekum blk.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED.

GIRLS PLENTY, WAITING FOR PLACES at MRS. PLATO'S, Dekum block.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—PLANING MILL & SASH & DOOR Factory. Everything in first class running order, good steam engine, planers, stickers and saws and all the machinery required, together with the building and unexpired lease of ground, factory now in operation, full supply of material on hand. To a person who understands the business a rare bargain. Apply in person or by letter to W. W. HOWE, Astoria, Or. 15j

STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE FOR Sale. The undersigned, Assignee of Goldsmith & Cooper, insolvent debtors, hereby offers for sale for cash the entire stock of general merchandise belonging to the estate of said insolvents, contained in the store recently occupied by Goldsmith & Cooper at the corner of Fourth and L streets, in the city of East Portland, together with the furniture and fixtures now contained in said store and will receive proposals for the purchase thereof at the premises aforesaid up to and including the 24th day of January, 1885, the Assignee reserving the right to reject any and all proposals. R. GOLDSMITH, Assignee. 17j

FOR SALE—THE FURNITURE OF HOUSE ALL in good order, reasonable rent, good locality, lately renovated throughout, hot and cold water and bath. For further information apply on the premises, 375 Washington, cor. West Park. 13j6

FOR SALE CHEAP—A GOOD HORSE SUITable for family or express purposes, sound and gentle and good roadster, also a delivery wagon. Inquire of S. GOLDMAN, 121 Front st. 6jtf

FOR SALE—THE STEAM SCHOONER EMMA Hume. Dimensions of hull and machinery as follows:
Length 125 feet.
Breadth 27 feet.
Depth of hold 10 feet.
Registered tonnage 140.
Actual carrying capacity 350 tons.

MACHINERY AND BOILERS.

One compound engine 12x20, high pressure 24x20, low pressure, two marine boilers, 66 in diameter, 9 ft. long, ½ in thick, 66 tubes 3 in diameter in each, steam drum and all connections complete.

This vessel is new and will rate A 1, will steam at least ten miles per hour, cost not less than $30,000, but will be sold at a much less figure.

For further information apply to JAMES LOTAN, Trustee, Portland, Or.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE ($3500) IN BEAUTIFUL SECTION ON the coast, 300 acres of land including 25 head of cows and [illegible], splendid dairy ranch. Address W. H., care Oregonian. 16jt

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A FARM OF 190 acres near Turner's Station in the Willamette valley, 140 acres under cultivation, rolling land sloping to the south, well watered, house of 4 rooms, barns etc., near schoolhouse; will sell cheap or trade for city property. CLEGHION & CO., 1 Stark st., Portland, Or. 13j1

FOR SALE AT 20 PER CENT LESS THAN ITS value, 3700 acres of prairie, all improved. Inquire of C. B. MOORES, Salem. 24tf

FARM FOR SALE—ONE OF THE FINEST farms in Yamhill county. If you mean business call at our office and we will go with you to see it. CREIGHTON & CO., Real Estate Agts, 13 Stark. 11d

A HOUSE AND LOT FOR $125, IN COWAN'S ADDItion to the town of La Camas, W. T. La Camas is the best located and busiest town on the Columbia river. New comers are invited to come and see for themselves how cheaply they can secure a home.
19s R. T. COWAN.

FOR SALE—THE FOLLOWING DESIRABLE farms, in Scoggins' valley, 3 miles from Dilley station O. & C. R. R., 6 miles from Forest Grove: The Dixon farm 170 acres tillable, mostly rich bottom land, 150 acres timber. The Martin farm 50 acres rich tillable land, 90 acres ash swale and timber. For sale on favorable terms. Apply BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., corner First and A. 12j6-tf

BUSINESS SPECIALS.

ARCTIC WATER-PROOF OIL BLACKING HAS been thoroughly tested during the snowstorm, and found to have no equal in turning snow water; no chemicals to burn or injure the leather but on the contrary will keep the boots or shoes soft and pliable and will wear a third longer. Manufactured by
31jm T. BODGER, 73 First st.

ROOFS ROOFS—REMEMBER F. PEARSON'S Patent Roofing Composition excels all others. Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed. 71 Oak st.

MRS. M. G. MORGAN'S INDIAN VEGETABLE Cough Syrup for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma and all Inflammation of the Lungs. A sure cure for Whooping Cough. Price 50 cents. Directions: Dose for adults, one tablespoonful three times a day before meals. For children under 10 years from 10 drops to a teaspoonful, as above. The above remedies can be found at Beck's Drug Store, N. W. cor. Morrison and Fifth sts., Portland, Or.

MME. MIZPAH—THE EMINENT REVEALER and fortune teller, the Le Normand of America. Now is your chance to consult one of the most noted clairvoyants living for $1 50. 173 Third. 13jm

ROBERT H. LOUTTIT—FARRIER AND HORSEshoer, at the corner of G and Seventh, will give special attention to corns and heel bruises caused by bad shoeing, also to all classes of wagon repairing. 9j

STONE'S CANDIES ARE SOLD AT cor. First & Ash.

KENSINGTON PAINTING AND STAMPING taught by experienced teacher at 379 First st., room 1. 8j

ORANGES, LEMONS, LIMES, CHESTNUTS, Figs, Dates and Gold Fish, wholesale and retail, at S. L. STONE'S, cor. First and Ash sts. 8jim

A. I. WEILER & CO., CIGAR MANUFACTURers, N. E. cor. First and Alder streets, Portland, Oregon. Props Factory No. 38, 1st district. 31m

NEW STORE—KWONG ON & CO., NO. 145 SECond st., bet. Alder and Morrison. Importers, general Chinese merchandise, also contractors for Chinese labor. 21im

MADAME BELL, THE FORTUNE TELLER, 142 Washington street, McGinn's new block, bet. Sixth and Seventh streets, room 5, fee $1, hours from 10 to 8 P. M. Don't fail to see her. 5jim

COLLECTIONS MADE AND CONFIDENTIAL legal business faithfully attended to by A. J. WELCH, Attorney at Law, 138½ First st., Portland, Or.

WM. GARDNER & CO., PRACTICAL PLUMBers, Gas and Steam Fitters. Hot water heating a specialty. Corner Third and Alder sts., Portland.

LOST

LOST—A BLACK-AND-TAN SETTER PUP FOUR months old; owner's name on collar. A liberal reward will be paid for return of same at W. MUIRHEAD'S, 267 E street. 17j1

ARCHITECTS AND ENGINEERS

H. HAWGOOD,
CIVIL ENGINEER,
Assoc. M. Inst. C. E.
Labbe Building, 29 Washington St.,
5tf Portland, Oregon.

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS

GEORGE CROWELL & CO., IMPORTERS, 5 and 54 Front st., Portland, Or. 27s

MERCHANDISE BROKERS

SAM J. GORMAN—MERCHANDISE BROKER and manufacturers' agent, 1 Washington street.

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD, ESTABLISHED 1852, Portland, Or. 27s

TRUNKS AND VALISES.

L. SILBERSTEIN & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS, 143 Front street.

SADDLERY

J. R. SHERLOCK, SADDLERY, HARNESS HARDware, 74 Front st., Portland, O.

OILS, COLORS AND VARNISHES

KELLY, DUNNE & CO., PAINTS, OILS, COLors, Varnishes, Brushes, 42 Front st., Portland, Or.

MACHINISTS.

TRENKMAN & WOLFF, MACHINISTS, CORNER F and Third sts.—Housework, doors, railings, iron shutters, and machinery of all descriptions, planing and moulding tools to order.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

WILZINSKI BROS. & CO., WHOLESALE DEALers in fine cigars, 111 Front st., Portland, branch of Sideman, Lachman & Co., San Francisco.

MINING MACHINERY.

PARK & LACY, MILL, RAILWAY & MAchinists' supplies a specialty, 68 North Front st.

SAILS, FLAGS AND TENTS

W. F. SMITS, SAIL, FLAG AND TENT MAKER, 34 North Front st., Portland, Or. 28s

WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALERS

X. SEELIG & CO., WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, 50 Front st., Portland, Or.

SHANNON & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
Victoria City Real Estate.

Coal, Timber and Agricultural Lands in British Columbia and in the Puget Sound basin, W. T. S. W. cor. Government and Bastion sts., Victoria, B. C.

ZAN BROTHERS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Brooms and Wooden Ware, and Importers of Willow Ware.
NOS. 1 — 14 NORTH FRONT STREET.

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!

Slab wood—$1 50 per load—from WEIDLER'S MILL. Orders left at mill or in the box at Bose Saloon will be promptly attended to.
W. & M. L. & M. CO.

Allen's Brain Food arrests all involuntary discha- removes mental despondency and restores wond- power to the generative organs. $1, 6 for $5. D- gists, or by mail from J. H. Allen, 315 1st ave., N

J. J. Jennings, Oysters, Fish, Poultry and Game, corner Fifth and Washington.

For a good Glass of Beer go the "Bo- Second and Ash.

AUCTION AND COMMISSION.

L. N. GILMAN. C. M. STEVENS.
GILMAN & CO.
Auctioneers and Commission Merchants,
No. 42 FIRST ST., BET. PINE AND ASH.

AUCTION SALES of real estate, furniture, general merchandise, horses, cattle, buggies etc. Regular sale days—Tuesdays & Fridays, at 10 o'clock A. M.

TO LET—ROOMS.

SUNNY FRONT ALCOVE ROOM NEWLY FURnished, suitable for two persons, with fire, 69 Hall, between Third and Fourth. 16j3

FOR RENT—LARGE ELEGANTLY FURnished rooms with fire, bath and gas from $7 upwards. Apply at 84 Oak st., bet. 3d and 4th. 14jim

THE DIRECTORY CO.—21 STARK ST. HAVE furnished and unfurnished rooms for rent in all parts of the city. We have applications for rooms daily we can not fill. Persons having rooms are requested to call. Houses for rent wanted. 3jim

SOUTH AND EAST FRONT ROOMS FURNISHed en suite $12, single $8, unfurnished suite $7 per month; also rooms furnished complete for housekeeping in the fire-proof building 293 First, cor. Columbia.

THE RAYMOND HOUSE, 306 FIRST STREET, nearly opposite the St. George Hotel, fire-proof brick, the most elegantly furnished lodging house in Portland; rooms en suite or single. 2dim

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS COMPLETE for housekeeping, also rooms en suite and single. Inquire at cor. First and Montgomery. 28dim

PLEASANT FURNISHED ROOMS FOR RENT—Gas, bath, etc., convenient to street cars. Inquire at 334 Morrison st., corner Pacific. 15o

TO LET—HOUSES AND STORES.

FOR RENT—7-ROOMED TWO-STORY HOUSE, with basement, Seventh and College sts. Inquire at No. 146 College st. 16j5

FOR RENT—A NICE COTTAGE OF 6 ROOMS and kitchen; rent reasonable to responsible parties. Apply S. E. cor. Fifth and College. 10jtf

TO RENT—HOUSE AND STORE. F. W. GILlette, 2 Stark st. 9jtf

ROOMS TO RENT, ALSO A HOUSE OF 6 ROOMS. Apply at 2? Ninth st. 9j

FOR RENT—NEW HOUSE WITH MODERN IMprovements, $20 per month. F. W. GILLETTE, 2 Stark street.

FOR RENT—A VERY DESIRABLE STORE, S. W. cor. G and Thirteenth street. Inquire of T. J. O'BRIEN, 88 First street.

BOARD AND ROOMS

FURNISHED ROOMS, SINGLE OR EN SUITE, with or without board at 188 E. Park st. 8d

SPECIAL NOTICES

BRITISH BARK RENFREWSHIRE, CAPTAIN Cummings, from Glasgow—Neither the Master nor the undersigned consignees of the above named vessel will be responsible for any debts that may be contracted by the crew.
5j JAMES LAIDLAW & CO., Consignees.

BR. BK. DOVENBY, CAPTAIN STEELE, FROM Newcastle, N. S. W.—Neither the master nor the undersigned consignees of the above named vessel will be responsible for any debts that may be contracted by the crew. [illegible] & CO., Consignees.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—THE COPARTnership heretofore existing between the members of the firm of Smith Bros & Watson is dissolved from this date by limitation and mutual consent. All claims against said firm must be presented for payment within 30 days to either of the undersigned, who also are authorized to receipt for all accounts due the late firm. (Signed) F. C. SMITH, C. E. SMITH, J. F. WATSON.
Portland, Or., Jan. 1, '85.

The plant of the late firm of Smith Bros & Watson in this city has been purchased by The Smith & Watson Iron Works. Signed F. C. SMITH, Pres. J. F. WATSON, Sec. 13j6

THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXISTing between A. L. Frank and Jesse Waddell, under the firm name and style of Frank & Co., and the Portland Sign Advertising Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, A. L. Frank retiring from said firm. Jesse Waddell will continue the above business at the same place, No. 11 Washington street, between Front and First, upstairs, under the name of Frank & Co., and all debts due to and from said firm are to be paid to and by said Jesse Waddell. Dated January 3, 1885, Portland, Oregon. A. L. FRANK. T. A. STEPHENS. JESSE WADDELL.

THE COPARTNERSHIP HITHERTO EXISTing between Geo. Pope and W. E. Redding, doing business under the firm name and style of Pope & Redding, has terminated on the 1st day of January, 1885. Geo. Pope will continue the business at the Oregon Wool Exchange warehouse, Terminal block.
11jm GEO. POPE.
Portland, Or., Jan. 1, 1885.

NOTICE OF COPARTNERSHIP—THE UNDERsigned having purchased the entire stocks and business interests of Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co. and Heitshu, Woodard & Co., have this day formed a copartnership for the purpose of carrying on the importing and wholesale drug and druggists' sundries business in this city under the name and style of SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD.

With thanks for the patronage extended the old firms we hope by personal attention and a strict regard to the wants of the trade to merit a liberal continuance.
GEO. W. SNELL,
SAMUEL HEITSHU,
C. H. WOODARD,
F. K. ARNOLD.
Portland, Or., Jan. 1, 1885. 11

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

W. B. MASON (LATE OF McCRAKEN & MAson) and successor to H. Abraham, wholesale grocer and commission merchant, Nos. 2 and 4 North Front st., Portland, Or. 24

J. O'CONNOR, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL grocer, dealer in ship stores, garden and grass seeds, foreign and domestic fruits etc., N. E. cor. Front and Alder sts., Portland, Or.

MARK LEVY, COMMISSION MERCHANT, importer of and dealer in tropical and domestic green, dried and canned fruits, nuts, figs, dates and raisins. 12 First st. Consignments of Oregon and California produce solicited. 14o

G. COHN & BRO., 170 FRONT STREET, FARM and country produce a specialty.

SUTTON & BEEBE, SHIP CHANDLERY AND naval stores, 16 N. Front st., Portland, O.

ALLEN & LEWIS, COMMISSION AND PRODUCE Merchants, Front and D sts., Portland, Or.

H. E. PATTIN, GENERAL COMMISSION MERchant and produce dealer, 142 Front street.

TAYLOR, YOUNG & CO., SHIP BROKERS AND Commission Merchants, agents for San Juan Archipelago Lime Co., 34 Front street, cor. Ash st.

MILLER & WEST—(J. C. MILLER, W. H. WEST,) commission merchants in general and dairy produce, 111 Front st., between Washington and Stark.

GIBSON, CHURCH & CO., SHIPPING AND COMmission Merchants, specialties—wheat, flour, salmon, grain bags, etc. N. W. cor. Front and Ash sts., Portland, Or.

MILL AND FARM MACHINERY.

JOS. WAGNER & CO., FLOURING MILLS, EXclusively. All kinds of flouring mill machinery. No. 24 N. Front street. See circular.

RUSSELL & CO., 188 AND 190 FRONT STREET, manufacturers of Threshers, Horse Powers, Saw mills and Portable Traction and Stationary Engines. 8j

FRANK BROTHERS IMPLEMENT COMPANY, importer and dealer in farm and mill machinery, 68 and 70 Front st., Portland, Or.

CHAS. H. DODD & CO., SOLE AGENTS BUCKEYE Mower and Reaper, Canton Pitts Thresher, Haines' Header, Schutler Wagons. Front, First and Vine sts.

KNAPP, BURRELL & CO., WHOLESALE FARM machinery and dealers in agricultural implements, farm and spring wagons, buggies, carriages, etc., portable and stationary engines, saw mills and grist mill machinery a specialty, rubber and leather belting.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. R. GLISAN, RESIDENCE COR. N. FIFteenth and I. Office Second and Ash.

DR. C. F. GEIGER—HOMEOPATHIST AND SURgeon. Cambridge building, Third and Morrison.

DR. A. C. PANTON HAS REMOVED TO ROOMS 5 and 7 Reid's block, cor. First and Pine sts., lately occupied by Dr. Urquhart.

DR. OTTO S. BINSWANGER HAS MOVED TO cor. Third and Morrison sts., above Collisson & Aubel's store; telephone 23.

WM. McLAIN, VETERINARY SURGEON; graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. Office Goddard & Frazier's stable, cor. Fifth and Taylor. 15o

WHOLESALE GROCERS

ALLEN & LEWIS, WHOLESALE GROCERS, CORner N. Front and D sts., Portland, Or.

CORBITT & MACLEAY, WHOLESALE GROCERS and Commission Merchants, 64 and 66 Front st., Portland.

WADHAMS & ELLIOTT, WHOLESALE GROCERS, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, Nos. 44 and 48 Front street, Portland, Or.

PORTLAND SODA WORKS

NORTHROP & STURGIS—SODA AND MINeral waters, 93 and 95 Oak st., cor. Fifth; telephone 126, Portland, Or. 30im

LEATHER AND FINDINGS.

HERBERT BRADLEY & CO., SUCCESSORS TO Bradley & Dobeny, 109 Front, bet. Washington and Stark sts. Leather and Findings, Shoe Store Supplies.

ALBANY LUBRICATING COMPOUND CYLINDER & LUBRICATING OIL.

TATUM & BOWEN, SAN FRANCISCO, AND 29 Front st., Portland, Or., sole agents. These lubricants are largely used in San Francisco, throughout California, the East, England, Australia, &c. They are unequaled in efficiency and economy.

BOAT ENGINES AND SMALL POWER.

TATUM & BOWEN, SAN FRANCISCO AND 29 Front st., Portland, Or., sole agents for Willard's celebrated Lake Boat Engines and small engines for general work. 14o

IRON & WOODWORKING MACHINERY.

TATUM & BOWEN, SAN FRANCISCO AND 29 Front st., Portland, Or. Iron and Woodworking Machinery. 14o

DR. LIEBIG'S WONDERFUL INVIGORATOR
MANHOOD RESTORED

The reason that Thousands cannot get cured of SEMINAL WEAKNESS, LOSS OF MANHOOD and the result of abuse, disease or excesses, [illegible]

Nervous Debility [illegible]

The Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 18, 1885

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS OR FAILURE.

[illegible] during the past week of [illegible] the people of the state at [illegible] of Portland. Perhaps it has been more or less exaggerated, but the feeling [illegible] certainly exist, and it is worth while to take note of it.

There is a profound belief that Portland has prospered at the expense of the remainder of the state. If this is so, [illegible] Business has [illegible] because business was [illegible] the city was sure to [illegible] Natural laws [illegible] —not at the expense of [illegible] country, but in conformity with the general laws of trade.

[illegible] and whatever [illegible] through trade [illegible] this theory it is held [illegible] at the expense of the country [illegible] the chief [illegible] the [illegible] receives in consequence the principal weight of [illegible] displeasure.

So thoroughly has the [illegible] in many localities been [illegible] this doctrine that the man who enters any business and makes profits is soon regarded with disfavor. [illegible] energy, skill and sagacity open for him, as they always do and always should, a career of prosperity, and he accumulates a considerable property, many of his neighbors speak of him as a monopolist and [illegible] with the laws and with the general constitution of society under which such results are made possible. They do not see that it is an intelligent individual energy that produces these results. Yet herein is the sole secret of that power which distinguishes man from man, and causes one to be prosperous while another is not.

All the conditions of life and business are alike open to all. But some are so endowed as to be able to seize them and turn them to good account, while others who are wanting in that combination of keenness, energy, intelligence and tact under which success is assured, accomplish little, and are apt to think that their successful competitors have taken some unfair advantage, either through the laws or in some other way. Since only a small minority can achieve highest success, the great majority, if led by false teachers, are in danger of attributing their own comparative failure to other than the true causes. They come to believe that "the rich" have organized society against them and are using the laws for their oppression. And they class with "the rich" all whom their own exertions have made fairly prosperous. The man who can make money while others do not they regard as one who succeeds by swindling his fellow men. He accumulates what ought to be divided among all.

This view is general in many parts of Oregon. It is as unfortunate as erroneous. It is fallacious and therefore pernicious. It breeds discontent and leads to hopelessness, and it causes men to look for resources of help where no such resources are to be found. Such resources are solely in the man himself. He who knows how to do things and has energy to back his knowledge, will succeed, while he who lacks knowledge and energy, or he who lacks either, will fail.

Men who complain that in the distribution of wealth they don't get their fair share while others get more than their fair share, ought at least to be intelligent enough to see that the primary cause of this inequality is in the different endowments of men. One succeeds as a farmer where others fail; one succeeds as a manufacturer where others fail; one succeeds as a merchant where others fail; one succeeds as a lawyer or physician where others fail. What is the reason? The conditions for all are precisely the same. Try even the most usual employments. One man will chop in a day three cords of wood, while another can chop but one cord. The three-cord man becomes a king, or monopolist among the wood-choppers. In the distribution of wealth he "gets more than his fair share."

Many in Oregon are in debt. Many are mortgaged. How [illegible] about? [illegible] years [illegible] mortgage on his farm. The debts and mortgages that now exist are the product [illegible] of speculation, extravagance or other causes which prudence would have [illegible] have [illegible] have tried to extend their farming operations [illegible] to a single staple, for which they have not received remunerative prices. They [illegible] have bought machinery [illegible] debt for it. Their style of living has [illegible] Heavy bills have been run at the store. Hard times have set in. Debts must be paid, taxes and store bills are due [illegible] mortgages given [illegible] four years ago to get money for payment of former debts [illegible] New [illegible] merchants [illegible] into difficulties through want of prudence and [illegible] the beginnings of debt [illegible] help him.

The legislature [illegible] legislation [illegible] freights [illegible] elect [illegible] all things which [illegible] conditions of the [illegible] will remain substantially as before. Prudence [illegible] will win, while miscalculation, bad judgment, want of tact, perseverance and industry will lead to failure. Each man must legislate for himself and [illegible] success. The legislature of the state is powerless to help him.

The Hartford *Times* says that [illegible] highly respected [illegible] citizen of that town [illegible] Stevens [illegible] has made a calculation [illegible] the [illegible] he has expended for cigars since he began to smoke, about [illegible] years ago [illegible] invested [illegible] six per cent compound interest [illegible] The *Times* says: If [illegible] weed [illegible] luxury [illegible] they would [illegible] them in so [illegible]

When an Anglican bishop [illegible] against immorality in high places [illegible] of English fashionable existence [illegible] that the unfortunate example of the Prince of Wales, who is a George at least in his vices, is having a corrupting effect upon society, and the note of warning from the Episcopal pulpit is not uttered without reason. But it will tax the voice of more than one bishop to effect a reform in the higher walks of English life.

The New York [illegible] has not been [illegible] ever [illegible] the leading [illegible] journal of the country. It is able, prudent and steadfast, and [illegible] news. [illegible] its intelligent advocacy of the Republican cause it holds by its good temper, discretion, fidelity and general excellence [illegible]

In making a charter it is a [illegible] to ignore the wishes of those whose "profession" is that of living upon the city. The most bitter opposition to the charter prepared by the board of trade committee emanates from [illegible] class of persons [illegible] the city to be "run" for their benefit or governed for the good of all classes.

Richard A. Proctor, the noted lecturer on the science of the stars, thus puts a flea in the world's ear: "The fears expressed by some astronomers that our earth will be damaged by comets are not altogether groundless. It is possible that a comet may whisk its tail over this world and brush us off into space."

NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS.

A national game, like everything else, is a matter of environment. The feelings and [illegible] of men depend upon their [illegible] the climate in which they live, and [illegible] less other surroundings greater or less in [illegible] effect. Says Charles Dudley Warner: "We never [illegible] of the students of Azhar, in Cairo, playing at football or taking a degree in rowing. [illegible] cricket [illegible] skating, [illegible] athletics [illegible] tropic or semi-tropic countries."

The English national game is cricket, [illegible] it [illegible] lasts long. We Americans are more nervous, more fond of excitement [illegible] impatient at any game taking a long time [illegible] our national [illegible] ball. It is somewhat wonderful [illegible] this game has grown the national [illegible] North [illegible] Mr. [illegible] his life and every [illegible] Newspapers give columns [illegible] and millions of dollars are spent upon it. There [illegible] editors in any number and an [illegible] nation [illegible] the game goes on [illegible] above.

It is all nonsense to reason [illegible] individual [illegible] checked [illegible] skating rink [illegible] ridicule. [illegible] to point out this fact [illegible] Mr. Charles Dudley Warner to write in [illegible] on Scotland's national game, curling, which [illegible] us to shame for the mild way in which we [illegible] devotion to our common and universal amusement. He says: "The game is a passion with the Scotch—a passion for which the minister will shirk his preparations for the pulpit, the judge desert the bench, the lawyer neglect his client, the blacksmith quit his forge, the [illegible] his spade, and laborer let the cupboard of his wife and children go empty.

[illegible] following the game [illegible] in the olden times [illegible] 'beef and greens,' washed down by great [illegible] strong whisky—feasts from which the clergyman curler could not draw himself away though the cock crowed 12 o'clock on Saturday night. Says the author we have already quoted:

"Dr. Wotherspoon, minister of [illegible], in the last century, was sopping with his fellow curlers at Shand's inn one Saturday night as late as 11 o'clock. The innkeeper's wife, a douce and pious matron, afraid that the minister's good name might be evil spoken of, patted his shoulder and whispered in his ear a hint about his public duty, the next day being the Lord's day. He replied aloud: 'A minister who could not shake a sermon out of his coat-sleeve [illegible] cult.' The late Dr. Adamson of Cupar Fife, [illegible] to Dr. Campbell, father of the lord chancellor, at a similar late Saturday night supper, was about to depart, alleging that he must prepare for the Sunday service. For two previous Sundays he had been holding forth on Judas Iscariot, and a member of his congregation who sat at the table detained him with 'Sit down, doctor, sit down; there's nae need for ye to [illegible]; just gie Judas another wallop [illegible]'"

We have never got so wild over the baseball craze as to express the hope of an enthusiastic Kilmarnock curler, that his wife, who was very ill, "wadna dee till there cam' a thaw, for otherwise he wadna be able to attend her burial." Nor of that honest Scotch servant who, defending his minister, a famous curler, and one who was always at it: "If I were a minister, and there was ony man in the parish wadna tak' at least one day's guid curling every winter, I can tell you what it is, lads, *I wad [illegible]*."

After reading enthusiasm like this shown by other nations for their national sports, let us not condemn too harshly our popular crazes. The skating rink, baseball, rowing, etc., grow out of our national characteristics. If we do not like them let us not waste time reasoning at them. They will go on till they have served their day and generation and then be replaced by another craze more in accord with our changed feelings.

A printed copy of an oration delivered by Solomon Drown, Esq., of Marietta, Ohio, on the occasion of the first anniversary of the settlement formed by the Ohio company at that place April 7, 1789, has found its way to the office of the Providence *Journal*, and that paper pronounces it a fine specimen of [illegible] and cultivated language. Addressing the sons and daughters of the New England states who formed the settlement, Dr. Drown said: "The gentle influences of female society are ever readily acknowledged by all who make the least pretenses to civilization. Happy in this respect, if we perceive the least sparks of ferocity kindling in our breasts from the wildness of our situation, we have only to turn our eyes on these amiable patterns of the milder virtues, to quench the savage principle, and restore us to humanity." His eulogy of agriculture spoke the still abiding spirit of the little New England state from which he sprung, when he repeated the words of Jefferson, that "corruption of morals in the mass of cultivators is a phenomenon of which no age nor nation has furnished an example." "Cultivators of the earth," he added, "are the most virtuous and independent citizens," and he quoted, "those who, misled by wrong ideas, too often tacked to words, imagine that country life is repugnant to politeness, are surely much mistaken." [illegible] the language of false urbanity. True [illegible] the [illegible] have often [illegible] the happy inhabitants [illegible] [illegible] sentiment. It is most favorable to [illegible] innocent [illegible]

The [illegible] that the Roman Catholic [illegible] could not [illegible] his spiritual [illegible] ruling prince with a seat [illegible] has been [illegible] evidence of time. The movement to restore the temporal power of the papacy, therefore, is not likely to receive much support or comfort. The church goes on as before, gaining membership and multiplying its hierarchy. If the pope is a prisoner, he is one by choice, and if he is [illegible] Peter's pence for income [illegible] Europe [illegible] existence is [illegible] and will soon be [illegible] The gloomy anticipations with which [illegible] was looked forward [illegible] Roman Catholics have not been justified [illegible] the congregational ministers of [illegible] after the abolition of the state [illegible] will congratulate themselves that they are [illegible] state connection in [illegible] of the church. The unity of Italy is now an accomplished fact and recognized [illegible] of the world and while the government [illegible] the [illegible] gests events [illegible] improved [illegible] the condition of affairs when the [illegible] was a temporal sovereign, and the prisons of Naples were filled with the victims of Bourbon tyranny.

Health Commissioner Raymond of Brooklyn, who has been attending the national health conference at Washington, said that the entire conference held the view that cholera would certainly make its appearance here next spring. A committee of the conference upon state [illegible] recommended "that all surface wells should be closed at the earliest possible moment, and that great care should be taken that the water supply of all cities, towns and villages shall be of undoubted purity;" that "privy vaults should be abolished, wherever water closets can be supplied, and that, whenever the existence of such vaults is necessary, they should be rendered water tight in such a manner as to prevent the saturation, not only of the ground surrounding them, but also of the materials of which they are built, and that the contents of the vaults should be kept constantly disinfected and removed to a proper distance at frequent intervals; that stagnant pools should be disinfected and drained, if possible; accumulations of garbage and refuse prevented, and such like material never used for the filling of vacant lots."

[illegible]

[illegible] the walls of [illegible] an ancient custom, but as [illegible] there is [illegible] between the sentiment [illegible] We [illegible] the [illegible] pictures [illegible] facts [illegible] public [illegible] that is [illegible] Bennet. But [illegible] always [illegible] when [illegible]

[illegible] in this fact leads [illegible] contemporary the [illegible] feel very [illegible] which [illegible] not only the [illegible] of the [illegible] but [illegible] emotion and we [illegible] who [illegible] Most everything in this world is objective and formal. Is it not true rather that the finer instincts of the soul, the tenderest of our confidences and aspirations cannot be so? These are things essentially untranslatable in words; true experiences—the very truest in fact—are untranslatable on that account. They cannot be made petrified or concrete to the public without essential profanation. They cannot be hung up on banners and golden letters or inscribed within frames without sensible loss.

We sometimes see on the doorsteps of some houses the word "Welcome" inlaid in [illegible] It is pleasant to be [illegible] daily and promptly invited within, but we must divide this gushing hospitality with the [illegible] wayfarer, the peddler and the tramp. If it were thrown down just once and for us only, what a different train of thought would [illegible] That a hospitality [illegible] itself [illegible] most cherished [illegible] for the faith, sacredness of love, friendship or religion can be [illegible] by tricks, or [illegible] They [illegible] silence [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] welcome [illegible] [illegible] Sweet [illegible] like the lily [illegible]

YOUNG CRIMINALS.

The New York [illegible] in the city [illegible] forty [illegible] purpose [illegible] church [illegible] [illegible] years of [illegible]

The [illegible] of drinking [illegible] frequent [illegible] [illegible] these [illegible] evidences [illegible] which the [illegible] hope for [illegible]

General Sherman [illegible] in a recent [illegible] [illegible]

The [illegible] Stern [illegible] [illegible]

It is announced [illegible] will contribute [illegible] for February [illegible] whether [illegible] which Mr. [illegible] few weeks [illegible] pretty well [illegible] with other [illegible] church [illegible]

Diphtheria of a malignant type is now prevailing in New York city. The prevalence of such diseases is nearly as serious an indictment against the sanitary condition of the city as delirium tremens of the habits of an individual.

AMERICAN TASTE.

As a nation we do not have a very critical [illegible] of [illegible] painting and sculpture. It is quite likely we will never become [illegible] the [illegible] French and Italians [illegible] English stock is the [illegible] that [illegible] Renouvier [illegible] We [illegible] the presence [illegible] produce [illegible] We [illegible] surroundings are against [illegible] our most imposing buildings give evidence [illegible] knowledge [illegible] [illegible] American taste [illegible] Delighted [illegible] pictures which [illegible] the [illegible] he opened the [illegible] counterfeits. He has [illegible] of the [illegible] injury in the interest of French painters. Writers who know nothing about the United States immediately [illegible] the majority of the Americans [illegible] hang up their pictures [illegible] The [illegible] says:

All the salt-pork dealers who possess pictures [illegible] are going [illegible] the next few weeks [illegible] drink the bitter cup to the dregs. [illegible] the precedent [illegible] discover whether [illegible] is worth fifty francs or fifty millions. We may expect to see Millets and [illegible] streaming from America [illegible] on the quays of Havre.

This is rough [illegible]

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the story writer, is in her sixty-fifth year, and is now writing her sixty-fifth novel.

HOW TO USE DISINFECTANTS

Dr. Doremus Explains the Subject—Illustrating How the Contagion May Spread—Value of Chlorine.

[illegible]

An array of curious glass jars [illegible] turpentine, were grouped on a table in the lecture room of the Long Island Hospital Medical College in Brooklyn last evening. Professor R. Ogden Doremus delivered a lecture [illegible] the [illegible] of disinfectants.

He [illegible] demonstrated with chemical experiments many of his statements. [illegible] two classes of [illegible] which are [illegible] Organisms [illegible] [illegible] consists of microscopic [illegible] [illegible] known under such names as those to which [illegible] and other [illegible] much time and thought [illegible] organisms [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] walls of [illegible] compounds of [illegible] [illegible]

In the [illegible] contagious diseases have been [illegible] from the impure closets of one building through the walls into adjoining houses. In such instances, or when a house has become impregnated with disease, mere ventilation will effect no cure. Scraping and replastering the walls are equally futile. He related that both [illegible] without success in an old [illegible] New York hospital used for [illegible] suffering from ship fever. A [illegible] hotel in New York became infected with scarlet fever from one or two patients and the fever continued to assert itself notwithstanding [illegible] to eradicate it. The old Hebrews [illegible] of the futility of [illegible] with [illegible] the [illegible] which such patients [illegible] were [illegible] destroyed. The [illegible] has been [illegible] by many [illegible]

[illegible]

Dangers and Uses of Alcohol.

[illegible]

---

feggy character popularly supposed to attach to jolly old sea dogs. His face is bronzed and his frame large and knotty, but soft in texture. To relieve the monotony of the [illegible] hazardous duties of a present naval commander, the admiral has written a [illegible] novel, which he is now publishing in parts.

There are five Mexican war veterans now members of the United States senate, as follows: Alfred H. Colquitt of Georgia, John A. Logan of Illinois, John S. Williams of Kentucky, James Z. George of Mississippi, and Samuel Bell Maxey of Texas. [illegible] representatives [illegible] William H. Forney of Alabama.

Michael H. Simpson, a Boston millionaire, is dead at the age of [illegible]. He began life without a [illegible] lucky. He [illegible] the [illegible] carpet [illegible] He was twice married. His second wife [illegible] years his junior [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] Mary [illegible] well [illegible] of age [illegible]

DIED

[illegible]

Advertisements such as "Wants," "Help Wanted," [illegible] "For Sale," [illegible] [illegible] Deaths, Marriages and Births [illegible] [illegible] must be [illegible] made here.

NEW TO-DAY.

Ladies do not fail to attend the [illegible] sale of Silks and Velvets to-day. [illegible] will last a few days only. Rare bargains to [illegible] First street.

[illegible] Richardson, Auctioneer.

ROOMS AND BOARD. ONE ELEGANT [illegible] [illegible] billiard table and [illegible] Sixth street.

WANTED 100 axe men for clearing and same number of rock men for the Canadian Pacific railroad; comfortable quarters and fair wages. Apply to E. D. PITT, 9 Washington street.

REMOVED [illegible] Washington [illegible]

FINE DRESS MAKING. [illegible] THE TRADER.

IMPORTED SWISS CHEESE, CREAM [illegible] Herrings [illegible]

ALL THE OFFICES OF THE NORTHERN PA[illegible] [illegible] W. GILBERT, [illegible] Manager.

DONT FAIL TO ATTEND THE GREAT SALE OF [illegible]

WANTED [illegible]

A FEW [illegible]

H [illegible] CREIGHTON & [illegible]

FOR RENT [illegible] ROOMS [illegible]

DRESSMAKING [illegible]

C. E. McBREEN HAS REMOVED TO No. [illegible] Washington St. [illegible] Crockery, Glassware [illegible]

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS WITH OR [illegible]

SERVANT WANTED TO COOK AND [illegible]

For School Clerk.

TO THE VOTERS OF SCHOOL DISTRICT No. 1 [illegible] W. L. CHITTENDEN.

[illegible] family [illegible] The [illegible] Everything [illegible]

FOR SALE. Furniture and carpets of six rooms, everything new and in perfect condition, will be sacrificed for cash. Address Furniture, this office.

PORTLAND BOX FACTORY.

G. W. BATES, SUCCESSOR TO JOHN HARLOW [illegible]

INSURANCE PAID.

[illegible] CALKINS, District Agent [illegible]

DEAR SIR: Please accept my thanks for check for $1000 from the Travelers Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn., in payment of the life policy of my late husband [illegible] and for the prompt manner in which [illegible] and paid [illegible] Yours truly, ANN [illegible]

[illegible] January [illegible] 1885.

[illegible]

SPECIAL AUCTION SALE

[illegible]

ALBUMS, Etc.

[illegible] No. [illegible]

AT C. E. McBREEN'S,

ON MONDAY, JAN. 19, 1885.

[illegible]

GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW MARKET THEATER.

[illegible] HOWE, Manager.

LAST NIGHT! LAST NIGHT!

THIS SUNDAY EVENING,

January 18th

[illegible]

THE OCTOROON!

[illegible]

JUBILEE SINGERS.

[illegible]

NEW MARKET THEATER.

MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 19

[illegible]

Benefit of the Uniform Fund of [illegible]

[illegible]

ROSEDALE

[illegible]

GRISMER DAVIES COMBINATION!

[illegible]

Fifty Cents and One Dollar.

[illegible]

CASINO OPERA HOUSE

[illegible] Washington street.

TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT!

[illegible] Auber's Comic Opera [illegible]

FRA DIAVOLO!

[illegible] Louise King [illegible] W. H. Kinross [illegible] And the Unrivaled JENNIE WINSTON as Fra Diavolo.

Popular Prices, 25c and 50c. Reserved seat without extra charge at Morse's Palace of Art.

NEW TO-DAY.

AT THE

[illegible]

SALE!

$1.75 Gro Grain Dress Silk	95c
150 Five-eighths Linen Damask Napkins.	75c doz
25c Silk Handkerchiefs	11c
25c Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs	10c
35c Wool Dress Goods	15c
100 White Shirts	62½c
6 [illegible]c Cashmere Hose	25c
$1.25 Corsets	50c
75 Scotch Grey Undershirts	25c
Double Grey Blankets	$1.25

And all other Goods at One-half the Original Prices.

[illegible]

126 FIRST STREET.

[illegible]

We will Continue Our

[illegible]

At Cost.

[illegible]

SATURDAY, JAN. 24,

—THE—

Arcade Crockery Store

—WILL BE—

CLOSED UP, SURE.

[illegible] everything there is left [illegible] less than one half its [illegible] week we will [illegible] following

BARGAINS:

[illegible] chandeliers complete $3.50 [illegible]

[illegible] Dishes, 50 cents [illegible]

[illegible] Rogers $1.50 [illegible]

[illegible] Clocks $3.50 [illegible] Sets $2 [illegible]

[illegible] You will not have a [illegible] this is surely [illegible] have to go.

Corner First and Taylor sts.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE!

[illegible] MEYER, Assignee

ESTATE OF KING CHONG & CO.

Insolvent Debtors.

[illegible] our salesroom, [illegible]

Wednesday, January 21, 1885,

At 10 o'clock A. M.,

THE STOCK OF

Cloths, Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Etc.,

[illegible] Drilling, [illegible] Blankets, Over [illegible] Shirts, Jack[illegible] also four [illegible] Sewing Machines.

GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

COAL.

Best Hand-picked Scotch Splint, ex Renfrewshire, now discharging at foot of Yamhill street.

IMPORTED DIRECT

—BY—

Thompson, DeHart & Co.

YAMHILL AND FIRST STS.

Bishop's College

[illegible]

ST. HELEN'S HALL.

[illegible] Boarding and Day School for Girls under the Supervision of the Rt. Rev. [illegible] Morris

THE [illegible] TERM BEGINS WEDNESDAY, [illegible] in English, Music, [illegible] For catalogue or [illegible] apply to MISS RODNEY, Principal, Portland, Or.

[illegible]

ON MONDAY MORNING THE THIRD STREET [illegible] (No. 73) will display 210 doz. pairs of Kid Gloves. One-third of the lot is slightly damaged and will be sold at 25 cents per pair; balance at 50 and 75 cents—worth from $1 to $2.

The Oregonian.

[illegible] EDITION.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

[illegible]

THE NEW YEAR'S NUMBER

[illegible]

CHURCH NOTICES

[illegible]

EW TO-DAY.

AT THE

[illegible]

SALE!

[illegible] Grain Dress Silk

[illegible] lths Linen Damask Nap. 95c

[illegible] ndkerchiefs 75c doz

[illegible] mstitched Handkerchiefs 10c

[illegible] ress Goods 15c

[illegible] hirts 15c

[illegible] e Hose 62½c

[illegible] s 25c

[illegible] ey Undershirts 50c

[illegible] Blankets 25c $1.25

[illegible] her Goods at One-half the Original Prices.

[illegible] EBERG'S

[illegible] FIRST STREET.

[illegible]

[illegible] ll Continue Our

[illegible]

Cost.

[illegible]

DAY, JAN 24,

— THE —

[illegible] rockery Store

— WILL —

D UP, SURE.

[illegible]

[illegible] RGAINS:

[illegible]

[illegible] st and Taylor sts.

[illegible] EE'S SALE!

[illegible] Assignee of [illegible]

[illegible] KING CHONG & CO.

[illegible] ent Debtors.

[illegible]

January 21, 1885,

[illegible] o'clock A. M.

[illegible]

Furnishing Goods, Etc,

[illegible]

Auctioneer.

[illegible]

[illegible] d Scotch Splint, ex Rene [illegible] on discharging at [illegible] Yamhill street.

[illegible] ED DIRECT

BY

[illegible] Dezard & Co.

[illegible] AND FIRST STS.

[illegible]

[illegible] EN'S HALL.

[illegible] Day School for Girls [illegible]

[illegible] WEDNESDAY, [illegible] English [illegible] For catalogue or [illegible]

[illegible] RODNEY, Principal. Portland, Or.

[illegible]

[illegible] ING THE THIRD STREET [illegible] will display 20 doz. pairs of [illegible] of the lot is slightly damaged [illegible] per pair, balance at 50 and [illegible] to $2.

The Oregonian.

[illegible]-PAGE EDITION.

[illegible] MORNING, JANUARY 18, 1885

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

PORTLAND	[illegible]			[illegible] P. M.	
Height of Barometer	Change last 24 Hours	Ther.	Wind Direction	Rain fall Inch	State Weath
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible] thermometer [illegible]

[illegible] SUNDAY OREGONIAN

[illegible] the following [illegible]

[illegible] and Morrison

[illegible] bet. Morrison [illegible]

[illegible] er First and [illegible]

[illegible] First

[illegible] First and P [illegible]

[illegible] First bet. [illegible]

[illegible] , Third [illegible]

[illegible] store, [illegible]

[illegible] Fourth and Morrison

[illegible] Morrison

[illegible] First and Washington

[illegible] First and Ash

[illegible] First and [illegible]

[illegible] corner First and [illegible]

[illegible] ar Clay

[illegible] Fourth and [illegible] streets [illegible]

[illegible], 86 Morrison

[illegible] First

[illegible] corner First and Oak

[illegible] corner of First and [illegible]

[illegible] First

[illegible] news stand, Fourth [illegible]

[illegible] news stand, Fourth [illegible]

[illegible] Fifth and Morrison

[illegible] saloon

[illegible] First bet. [illegible]

[illegible] First

[illegible] Washington

[illegible] First

[illegible] North First

[illegible] of North First

[illegible] reading room of THE OREGONIAN

[illegible] and Stark.

[illegible] NEW YEAR'S NUMBER.

[illegible] be had at the various news [illegible] this office. No better medium [illegible] eastern people. Matter from this [illegible] address in the United States for [illegible] cents per copy.

CHURCH NOTICES

[illegible] Lutheran church, corner [illegible] streets—Rev. H. Pugh, pastor. Preaching [illegible] 11 A. M. and [illegible] 30 P. M.

[illegible] chapel Unitarian, Porter street [illegible] Sunday school at 3 P. M. [illegible] Superintendent. Religious services [illegible]

[illegible] M. E. Mission, Baker's hall, corner [illegible] Hood streets—Sunday school at [illegible] 30 [illegible] at 3.30 P. M., by the preacher in [illegible]

[illegible] Presbyterian church, Washington and [illegible] services morning and evening [illegible] pastor A. L. Lindsley. Seats for all [illegible] the doors.

[illegible] church, corner of Eleventh and [illegible] Sunday services at 11 o'clock A. M. [illegible] at 2 P. M. Services at [illegible] 30 P. M. [illegible] Mitchell pastor.

[illegible] M. E. church, corner Hall and Sixth [illegible] at 11 A. M. and [illegible] P. M. [illegible] Sunday school at 1 [illegible] P. M. [illegible] Everybody welcome.

[illegible] Presbyterian church, Durand [illegible] First and Clay—Rev. Wm. R. Steven[illegible] Services at 11 A. M. Sabbath school [illegible] A cordial welcome to all.

[illegible] Methodist Episcopal church, [illegible] and young people's prayer [illegible] Service morning and evening [illegible] pastor. Revival meetings will [illegible]

[illegible] Evangelical church, corner Eighth [illegible] streets—Services Sunday, January 18 [illegible] 30 P. M. Sunday school [illegible] A. M. [illegible] by the pastor. The gospel [illegible] during the week. The public [illegible] to attend.

[illegible] church, corner of Yamhill and Seventh [illegible] Eliot, minister. Services [illegible] 11 A. M. [illegible] Sunday school at [illegible] The [illegible] is the second [illegible] rising in the temperance [illegible] cordially invited.

[illegible] Congregational church, corner Fourth [illegible] streets. Rev. [illegible] services at 11 A. M. and [illegible] 30 P. M. [illegible] at 12.30 P. M. Preaching in the [illegible] pastor. [illegible] gospel [illegible] will be held. Every [illegible] is cordially [illegible] these services.

[illegible] Episcopal church, corner [illegible] streets—Preaching by the pastor [illegible] Theme at 11 A. M. [illegible] 30 P. M. The [illegible] school at 12.15 P. M. [illegible] service [illegible] 30 P. M.

[illegible] church, corner Second and [illegible] service to-morrow at 11 A. M. [illegible] Preaching by the pastor. Morning [illegible] Theme Mercy and not Sacrifice [illegible] the pastor will answer [illegible] by his people. Sunday school [illegible] 12.30 P. M.

[illegible] Presbyterian church, corner Ninth and [illegible] pastor Rev. E. T. [illegible] at 10.30 A. M. Sabbath school at [illegible] 30 [illegible] People's Christian Union hold [illegible] service at 6.30 P. M. All pews [illegible] Congregational singing. [illegible] any or all of these services.

[illegible] and Land corner Third and D[illegible] Stubbs pastor. Preaching at 11 [illegible] 30 P. M. Bethel Home [illegible] of the world, Monday [illegible] Tuesday, Prayer meeting on Thursday [illegible] meeting on Friday by the [illegible] W. C. T. U. Meetings at [illegible] P. M.

[illegible] Church, Alder [illegible] The services for next Sabbath [illegible] will be as follows: At 11 A. M., sermon [illegible] session for reception of members [illegible] sacrament of the Lord's Supper [illegible] will be celebrated. Sermon by [illegible] D. D., of Portland [illegible]

[illegible] Methodist church, corner North Eighth and [illegible] pastor's residence on D street [illegible] Preaching to-morrow by the pastor [illegible] at 11 A. M. and [illegible] P. M. [illegible] at 9.30 A. M. [illegible] meeting [illegible] night. All the services [illegible] language.

[illegible] Sunday 10 A. M., Sabbath school at [illegible] No. 23 Macadam road. [illegible] Quarterly business meeting [illegible] at W. C. T. U. hall, [illegible] Fifth [illegible] Alder and Washington [illegible] meeting Friday at [illegible] P. M. [illegible] Gospel meeting Friday evening at [illegible] corner of Third and [illegible]

[illegible] church, corner Fourth and Alder [illegible] J. Q. A. Henry, pastor. [illegible] 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. [illegible] for the World [illegible] "Lot pitched his tent toward [illegible] ordinance of baptism will be [illegible] The extra meetings will be [illegible] except Saturday at [illegible] o'clock [illegible] are open to the public [illegible]

[illegible] PORTLAND [illegible] Tibbetts Addition [illegible] D. O. [illegible] preach at 3.45 P. M. on Sabbath [illegible] Sabbath school at [illegible] All are invited [illegible]

[illegible] Lutheran church, corner Sixth [illegible] services on Sabbath, January 18 [illegible] at 11 A. M. [illegible] Rev. D. O. Ghormley [illegible] 30. Prayer meeting [illegible] Free pews. Strangers [illegible]

THE HOTELS

HOLTON HOUSE.

Seattle	[illegible]
Portland	D Wilson
Union Co	Ralph H [illegible]
[illegible] N Y	W F [illegible]
Albany	H Blackman [illegible]
Baker City	John Whiteaker [illegible]
[illegible]	F F [illegible]
[illegible] do	F [illegible] Campbell
do	[illegible] Belyea
[illegible] Clifton	[illegible] Thurston [illegible]
The Dalles	J C Smith [illegible]
Chicago	Allen Parker [illegible]
[illegible] Bay City	Miss [illegible]
St Helens bar	A Bennett [illegible]

QUIMBY

Ottawa	Mrs [illegible]
St Paul	Mrs S [illegible] Corvallis
do	[illegible]
[illegible]	C H Carter [illegible]
[illegible]	W F D [illegible]
[illegible]	I E Smith [illegible] N P R R
[illegible]	John Howard [illegible]
[illegible]	R [illegible]
[illegible]	F P Sharp [illegible]
[illegible]	C W Hampton [illegible]
[illegible]	A D Jones [illegible]
[illegible]	M Marshall [illegible]
Tacoma	R D Mathews [illegible]
do	

THE GILMAN

[illegible]	F W Burns [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	S A Mills [illegible]
[illegible] S F	J C [illegible]
do	Miss [illegible]

[illegible] Coal at Last [illegible]

[illegible] Carriages and Buggies [illegible]

[illegible] A. Roberts, 25 dozen [illegible] which will be sold at cost.

[illegible] PHARMACY — Prescriptions carefully [illegible] and Stark streets.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

A light [illegible] rain fell steadily through [illegible] the Willamette valley.

John Barnes has been held to answer [illegible] Redmond's court [illegible] of criminal assault on Lucy [illegible], aged [illegible] years.

To-night, [illegible] performance of the [illegible]. Reserved seats can be secured during the day at Wisdom's, formerly Cornelius' drugstore.

Mr. [illegible] Hawkins received a telegram [illegible] from Captain Cyrus Noyes [illegible] announcing the safe arrival of the [illegible] at Hong Kong.

Several of [illegible] have been paying flying visits [illegible] Salem during the past week. They are probably interested in the passage of a new charter.

Major T. J. Blakeny, superintendent [illegible] the life-saving service of the coast, who has been in this section [illegible] has [illegible] orders to San Francisco.

The wreck of the [illegible] lies about midway between the wreck of the [illegible] and the Shoalwater bay lighthouse. The beach is strewn with fragments of the vessel.

Nearly all the Chinese who were engaged [illegible] construction on the Oregon Pacific have [illegible] there. [illegible] are needed for grading, [illegible]

Rev. Father Orth will [illegible] lecture in the Church of St. Lawrence, corner of Third and Sherman streets, this evening, on "The Catholic Church as the Guardian of Man's Liberties."

Joe [illegible], a heavyweight from Portland, Or., and [illegible] the athlete of this city, have signed articles to fight to a finish at [illegible] on the [illegible] inst., for a purse of $500.—*Sa[illegible] Chronicle.*

The cars of the [illegible] street railway are in waiting at the door of New Market theater every night when the performance is over, an accommodation which is greatly appreciated by residents of the south end especially.

At William Pfunder's drug store is to be seen a fungus weighing [illegible] pounds, which was found growing downward from a fallen fir tree near Multnomah falls. It resembles a figure of an Indian girl wrapped in a striped shawl.

Mr. H. D. Sanborn left for the east last night. After visiting New York and Boston he will go to New Orleans. It is thought by his friends that he will regain the twenty-three pounds of flesh lost in his effort to rescue the commission [illegible]

A young lady seeing her lover passing the house, requested her brother to call him in. The brother, who sometimes officiates as crier in one of the courts, rushed out on the front steps and yelled "Henry B— Henry B— Henry B—, come in to court!"

Counsel for Anderson, who forfeited $5,000 bail by arriving here too late to stand trial with Barnhart for killing an Indian, has made application to the U. S. court to have the order forfeiting his bail vacated. The matter is entirely in the discretion of the court.

Gustave Swanson, who was sent to jail for five days for assault and battery, has been released and is at the Mariners' home. He was a sailor on the British ship Halte and through the intervention of Vice Consul Laidlaw got the wages due him—about $100—before the ship sailed.

The Oregon and California road has been doing a fine freight business for the past week. Yesterday fifty-nine loaded cars arrived here on the east side division, the freight consisting principally of wheat, feed, flour, potatoes, wool and hops. On Thursday ninety-five loaded cars were received here from both divisions.

CABLE NOT YET REPAIRED

The broken telephone cable has not yet been repaired, for the very best of reasons—that neither the break nor the cable itself can be found, although a party were dragging for it again all day yesterday. It seems not to have occurred to the company that they could start from either shore end of the cable, where it is plainly visible, and locate the break in very short order.

SHIPPING NOTES

ASTORIA, Jan 17.—8 A. M.—Rainy, wind east. Oklahama left up with the ship Chesebrough. 8.40 A. M., str Queen of the Pacific left out. 9.10 A. M., bktn Portland left out yesterday.

CAPE HANCOCK, Jan 17.—Str Queen of the Pacific passed out 11.10 A. M. [illegible] 12 M., bar smooth, thick, rainy, wind south, 40 miles per hour. [illegible] went down [illegible] 30 P. M., west of Kalama.

DON'T [illegible] SHOOTING EVERY SUNDAY

Quite a number of sportsmen were very anxious to make a trip down to Sauvies island to day, but they could not raise a party large enough to hire a boat. They had no idea of finding any game, but just merely wished to get out of town. Boys, you had better go to church for a few Sundays and improve the opportunity afforded you. This going shooting [illegible] Sundays in the year won't do.

PLENTY OF OREGON PORK

The market is again well supplied with dressed hogs which can be seen reposing on the marble slabs at Central market in long rows. Packers are cutting them up by the hundred and are putting hams, bacon and lard on the market by the ton. It looks as if eastern hog products should be forced to take a back seat as our meats are well cured and fine looking and the lard is fresh and pure. Much of the eastern lard brought here is not sweet, as the best of it is used to adulterate poor butter to make the butterine and oleomargarine which is sent out here. Our citizens should patronize home products.

FREIGHTING COMPANY INCORPORATED

Articles incorporating the People's Freighting Company were filed in the office of the county clerk yesterday. The incorporators are Charles Bureau, A. [illegible] Foster and Thomas N. Strong. The business in which they propose to engage is to own, use and manage, for the purpose of transporting freight and passengers and towing upon the Willamette and Columbia rivers and their tributaries, such vessels, boats, etc., as may be necessary for that purpose and to own such real estate as may be convenient. The principal office is to be in Portland. The capital stock shall be $30,000, in shares of $100.

CONTESTING PAYMENT OF LAUNDRY LICENSES

Four Chinamen who were arrested for not having paid their laundry licenses were brought up in the police court yesterday. Two of them paid their licenses and were released, the cases against them being dismissed. The other two propose to test the validity of the ordinance which requires them to pay licenses to run wash houses. Accordingly they have engaged lawyers to conduct the case and have refused to pay the licenses. The lawyers, as is usual in all such cases, to gain time, if for nothing else, have entered demurrers to the complaints, where the matter now stands.

SEA GULLS AS ROBBERS

For several days past a number of sheldrakes have been fishing off the [illegible] street [illegible] with rather poor success. They are persistent and energetic divers, staying under water for a long time, while a [illegible] of four gulls to each duck sit lazily on the surface waiting for them to come up with their prey. When one brings up a sucker eight or ten inches long, the gulls go for it and the poor duck is in luck if he gets even a mouthful. It would seem rather discouraging work, but the ducks evidently recognize the fact that the gulls cannot dive and must be fed [illegible] they keep [illegible] and bobbing up serenely all day long.

FISH IN THE MARKETS

Considerable quantities of trout are being received here and find a ready sale at high prices. It is doubtful if such fine trout as are taken in the Clackamas, Cowlitz and other streams of this region can be taken anywhere else at this season of the year. They are plump, well fed, handsomely colored fellows, and hundreds of them average ten inches in length. It must be rather cool work fishing for them, and it can hardly be looked upon as sport. They are much nicer eating than the salmon which are now plentiful all the way up the Columbia, and which must be [illegible] fiends by nature as well as [illegible] to force their way up river the [illegible] with slush and ice.

REWARDS OF MERIT

In the window of Henrichsen & Greenberg's establishment are displayed a number of costly and beautiful articles presented by citizens of Portland to parties who distinguished themselves by their efforts in raising the snow blockade between here and The Dalles. Mr. Hansen receives a fine gold watch and chain and a gold headed cane. Mr. Patterson a gold watch and chain, and William Hayes a fine silver watch and chain, all appropriately inscribed. Conductor Lyon receives a diamond ring, the stone [illegible] of the first water. [illegible] Lyon proved himself [illegible] during the blockade. Mrs. Leon Justrn, who labored unceasingly to feed the hungry, receives a very handsome gold watch and chain. The wife of Engineer Campbell of the Northern [illegible] silver spoons and forks, engraved with views of Mount Hood and the mouth of the Columbia on the handles. In the tray along with these articles is displayed a pile of gold coin amounting to about $100, which is to be distributed among the brave fellows who wielded the picks and shovels.

THE WHISKY SELLERS.

The little difficulty between the city and the liquor dealers in regard to the paying of licenses seems to have been forgotten by our city officials and the claims of the city which do not become worthless by the failure of debtors will soon be outlawed. The whisky men, that is the worst class of them, are having things pretty much their own way at present. Only about sixty of the more respectable dealers have filed their bonds and taken out licenses. The law requires that all of them shall do so by the 5th of the month. The council thoughtlessly passed a resolution of Geddes extending the time twenty days. Some thirty dealers have paid the license fee, but have been unable or unwilling to furnish the bonds. Some of these have framed the treasurer's receipt and have it hung up in their saloons. Some dealers have found parties ready to go on their bonds and ready to perjure themselves to do so. Seven [illegible] perjured themselves, and the district attorney will look the matter up and attend to their case. Owing to the extension of time granted, nothing can be done toward collecting licenses, and it is probable that a number of the liquor dealers will go out of business at the end of the month to the loss of the city, and the men who have paid their licenses and many other dealers will want to escape paying for the first month of the quarter and take out license for the other two. It would seem as if the ordinance we have should be enforced, or if it can not be enforced [illegible] be repealed. There has been altogether too much shilly-shallying with this license question, and there seems but little prospect of there ever being any satisfactory [illegible] of the matter.

THE CITY COUNCIL

P. M. Dewent Resigns as City Attorney. Recommendation that the Police Judge, City Attorney and Assessor Be Elected by the People.

A special meeting of the city council was held last night, Mayor Chapman in the chair and all members except Smith present.

A communication was received from Ralph [illegible] Dement, city attorney, resigning his office on account of continued ill health.

Mayor Chapman appointed A. H. Tanner to the vacancy and the appointment was confirmed by unanimous vote.

FURTHER CHANGES IN THE CHARTER

The report of the committee on the revision of the city charter was then taken up.

Chapter 3 was amended so as to provide for the election, by the qualified voters, of the police judge, city attorney and city assessor, as well as the mayor and treasurer. That the superintendent of streets and city surveyor be appointed by the mayor and confirmed by the council.

That the auditor and clerks be elected by the council.

Providing that when the mayor and president of the council are absent from the city, or unable to act, the council may elect a president, who shall have all the powers of mayor.

Providing that the tax for specific purposes be one half of 1 per cent instead of one per cent. [This makes the limit of the city tax 1 per cent., one half for general and one half for specific purposes.]

Providing for a harbor master.

Providing for licensing insurance agents, insurance brokers and railroad runners.

The other changes mentioned in THE OREGONIAN of Friday last were adopted, except those changing the boundary of the First ward.

ARMY NEWS

Matters of Interest Pertaining to the Military—Official Changes in the Regular Army

First Lieutenant J. E. Waring, Second infantry, has departed for his station at Fort Spokane.

First Lieutenant Fred G. Schwatka is lecturing in New York this winter, upon the Yukon and his Alaska explorations.

Nothing definite is known as to the time when General Miles and Lieutenant Long will return to department headquarters.

First Lieutenant W. L. Sanborn, Twenty-fifth infantry, has been promoted to a captaincy, and changes station from Fort Snelling, Minn., to Fort Sisseton, Dakota.

Major Wm. H. Smyth, paymaster, has tendered his resignation, which has been accepted by the president. Paymaster Smyth was a recent appointee of President Arthur from civil life, and has secured some unenviable notoriety lately.

Colonel Cuvier Grover, of the First cavalry, and stationed in Montana with his regiment, is a nephew of President-elect Cleveland. As Generals Hancock, Pope and Auger will go on the retired list during the term of the next administration, it is possible that Colonel Grover may get a promotion. He is now [illegible] years of age.

Captain Lemuel A. Abbott of the Sixth cavalry and Captain James H. Spencer of the Fourth infantry were placed on the retired list January 3. This promotes First Lieutenant John B. Kerr and Second Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood of the Sixth cavalry, and First Lieutenant Harry Seton and Second Lieutenant Leonard A. Lovering of the Fourth infantry.

GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER

CHEHALIS, Jan 17.—The trial of Frank Reed for killing Frank Bernier in a saloon at Toledo last August began yesterday morning. The jury selected to try the case consisted of the following persons: William West (foreman), S. Sporenburg, Charles Joy, John Runyan, T. F. Buchanan, John Alexander, Joel Fay, George Mills, W. Jones, James Yarlet, L. W. Sanderson, Thomas Devereese.

The witnesses examined for the prosecution were C. Briggs, C. House, J. Loughron, Frank McNutty, John Clouet, Mrs. A. Bernier, H. Merz, Dr. W. Whitcomb. Witnesses on behalf of the defense were Frank Reed, the defendant, Charles Reed, Dr. J. S. Herndon and Dr. H. R. Gunter.

The evidence for the prosecution seemed to show that deceased and defendant had quarreled over a ring belonging to the wife of the deceased, and that Reed, maddened with liquor, had secured a butcher knife and after a further quarrel with Bernier, stabbed him in the arm, inflicting a wound that caused his death the next day.

The defense endeavored to show that Bernier had assaulted Reed, the latter being a boy of 16 and the former a powerful man.

The opening address was made by M. [illegible] for the territory, and then J. C. Haines addressed the jury in behalf of the defense, and was followed by W. A. Reynolds for the prosecution. Then came the charge to the jury by Judge Hoyt. The jury retired at 10 A. M., and at [illegible] o'clock this morning came in and reported that they had found the defendant guilty as charged. Much interest was taken in the case, and the courtroom was filled with spectators during the progress of the trial.

At [illegible] o'clock this morning court was called, and the prisoner brought in to receive sentence. Judge Hoyt after considering the matter imposed a sentence of eighteen months in the penitentiary. His remarks to the prisoner were worthy the consideration of all present, and it is hoped will be of great benefit to the boy.

THE STAGE.

NEW MARKET.—The Octoroon will be produced for the last time to-night. On Monday evening and throughout the week, including Saturday matinee, "Rosedale, or the Rifle Ball," for the benefit of Company [illegible], Oregon state militia. They will appear in the [illegible] fell, and after the fourth act in [illegible] drill. The members of the company, with their lady friends, will take part in the ball scene, which closes the play. A very large number of tickets have been sold, and this will be the fashionable week of the dramatic season.

THE CASINO.—To-night last performance of "Fra Diavolo." Monday and Tuesday evenings, "Boccaccio," for the benefit of those who could not attend during the storm. Mr. Kinross has recovered sufficiently from his recent attack of asthma to resume his place as conductor to-morrow night. On Wednesday evening first performance of "Prince Methuselem." Reserved seats for to-night's performance can be secured at the Casino box office from 2 to 5 P. M. to-day.

REQUEST TO STENOGRAPHERS

[illegible] EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN

SALEM, Jan 16.

The legislative assembly having granted to me the privilege of addressing the honorable members of the legislature in the legislative hall Tuesday, January 20, 1885, upon the subject of stenography, its relation to education, business, and its practical application as an aid in the administration of substantial justice, I respectfully request you to inform all the stenographers and those interested to send me, in writing, what they deem to be of the most importance to communicate to the legislative assembly upon the subject above named, or to attend and make some such suggestions as they may think [illegible] We wish to place the subject in its most favorable light before the legislature, and if your [illegible] will permit, please attend personally.

[illegible] M. SALISBURY, Stenographer.

An Entirely New Scheme

[illegible]

Enclose 10 cents and the address of an eastern friend to this office for the statistical OREGONIAN. The best medium to circulate in the east.

Everybody takes coffee at [illegible] Bon Ton coffee house and check restaurant, 9 North First.

THE GERMAN AID SOCIETY.

Report of the President for the Last Fiscal Year

Large Growth in Membership and Healthy Increase in Finances—Some Suggestions for the Future.

Following is the report of John Reisacher, president of the German Aid Society, read at the meeting, January 13:

Gentlemen of the General German Aid Society: When even at times of general prosperity the philanthropist is delighted at the progress of charitable and benevolent institutions, then how much more so at times of depression, at the close of a year of [illegible] disappointments. It is gratifying to the president of this corporation to be able to present a favorable annual report. The capital of the society, it is true, has not accumulated in the same proportion as in former years because disbursements kept on growing from month to month. The five years of general welfare were followed unexpectedly by the loss, and as stagnation of business forth is poverty, and the number of the needy, so the amount of petitions increases with it. The board [illegible] investigated every case in the most conscientious way, the requests of many habitual beggars were refused, but those really in need were so numerous that the general fund was exhausted before the end of the first quarter.

Fortunately the expenditure not alone was growing but also the membership. A gain of one third in membership during last year justifies the hope that the efforts of the society will be appreciated more and more in the future. Thirty-six new members were admitted, one withdrew on account of departure, three were suspended for non-payment of the monthly dues and three well known members were lost by death: William Linderman, Richard Heusch [illegible] and George Hoefer. The present membership is 127. This is indeed encouraging.

The exertions of the secretary were manifold. He, with a view of establishing branches at Astoria, The Dalles, Canyon City, etc., endeavored by issuing a circular and by direct correspondence with influential citizens to gain members at those places. He answered inquiries from the east and the old fatherland concerning the resources of this country. He collected for immigrants drafts drawn on the German society at New York, procured half fare rates for those whose means were limited, advertised with good success persons unheard of in the name of their relatives. He in spite of the depressing times succeeded by his indefatigable activity to find work at good wages for those out of employment, for residents as well as immigrants. To facilitate and further the endeavors of the secretary and agent in obtaining work for the unemployed, he should be supported by all members and especially by employers in notifying him of all vacancies, the only in the degree as this is done, his services will be fruitful.

FINANCES

[illegible] the society's [illegible] the following items:

Initiation fees	$ [illegible] 00
Monthly dues [illegible]	48 00
Interest on mortgages	1 [illegible]
Surplus of charity ball	[illegible]
[illegible] from subletting of hall	144 00
[illegible]	10 00
	$ [illegible] 00

The disbursements are as follows:

[illegible] hospital, hotel bills [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] rents [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] and cash benefits [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] members [illegible]	140 00
[illegible] expenses, salary of [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] rent [illegible]	[illegible] 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] fund	[illegible]
	$1 [illegible] 60

[illegible] the following assets:

Cash on hand	$ [illegible]
[illegible] in this city and [illegible] East Portland	[illegible] 00
Interest accrued [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] and fixtures [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	1 [illegible] 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	$ [illegible]

The above sum represents the hospital fund. According to the constitution and by-laws the interest from this capital is to be used only in support of members. An attempt was made, for the first time after many years, to increase the general fund by a charity ball. The earnings from this source amounted to $78 42, indeed no financial success, but the social results achieved are indisputable. The good humor prevailing at the ball naturally led to a harmonious coherence in the administration. The general fund should be increased periodically from other than the regular proceeds, the monthly dues of the members and the initiation fees. With the consent of the members, the board of directors had to take refuge to the very precarious transaction of using $300 for the general fund. Under circumstances as they prevailed in the last few years, it is very unlikely that this loan ever can be repaid, unless new revenues can be secured for the general fund or the demands lessened.

I therefore recommend, most particularly to the members, a favorable consideration of the proposed revision of the constitution to call in future on the hospital fund for all nursing in hospitals. The expenditure of $226 75 for decorating and furnishing the hall has not to be repeated, and when the proposition referred to is carried, the income will be more in proportion to the disbursements. The rent of the spacious and comfortable meeting room is fully covered by sub-letting to other clubs, and so it may be hoped that next year the general fund will not show a deficit balance.

Article III of the constitution states, as a principal object of the society, the erection of a German hospital in this city. Very truly the equipment and maintenance of a good hospital is connected with costs which the funds of the society cannot meet yet, but it should be taken into consideration that matters will be entirely changed after ten or twenty years.

Portland perhaps never may equal the San Francisco of to-day, but it will grow for many years to come. It is already a larger city than San Francisco was at the time of the incorporation of the general German benevolent society of that city, and which possesses now the ideal of a German hospital. I regard it as my duty to impress upon the society the importance of purchasing a suitable piece of land for this purpose.

I am sorry to say that this object cannot be realized until some distant day. In the meantime all patients have to be sent to existing hospitals. It is with great gratification that I report that no complaints whatever have been made during the past year. On the contrary, many of the recovered praised very highly the good treatment which they received.

At the last meeting of the board of directors Dr. O. S. Binswanger was appointed physician of the association. He will treat all those [illegible] who do not need or wish to be sent to a hospital.

The German societies have made it invariably their [illegible] at all places where such organizations exist, to protect immigrants. Complying with this moral obligation, the directors have established friendly relations with the recently constituted board of immigration in this city. For the protection and benefit of German immigrants, it will be the special endeavor of the agent of this society to give them information and advice.

Following the example of large cities, a German aid society was organized at Seattle, W. T., during the last year. Probably the experience was had that professional beggars deceive the benevolence of individuals still more than institutions. May all German citizens of this country at last arrive at the same conclusion and become convinced of the beneficial work of charitable societies. By joining this society and taking interest in its administration they will soon learn that aid and support is rarely refused to the needy, but in spite of all precautions many a habitual beggar may succeed in deceiving the most sagacious judge of men.

It is probably not out of place to mention the centennial of the German society of New York on the 4th of October last. The history of this institution teaches us what may serve as an example for encouragement. How often have we been disheartened by the want of interest of the great mass of people, but when we learn that this society, after 20 years existence in the [illegible], had to reduce the number of [illegible] of its meetings from [illegible] to [illegible] that [illegible] years later Johann Jacob Astor was its [illegible] that this society now has a great influence in the state of New York especially for the protection of immigrants against organized [illegible] that for the sake of its merits it repeatedly received contributions from the emperor of Germany, then we gain renewed courage to strive. Those men, too, were blamed and fault was found with them, but by their unselfish perseverance they overcame all hindrances.

Therefore, let us follow their example and profit by the beneficial advice of prudent observers. Let us endeavor, in spite of all censure, to make our society on a small scale what the German society of New York has been for a long time—an asylum for the needy and helpless, a characteristic mark in the history of the German element, a true monument of German influence and liberality.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN REISACHER, President.

Portland, Jan 13, 1885.

JURY LIST

Complete List of Jurors for this County who are Subject to Duty During the Present Year

The following is a complete list of the jurors for Multnomah county for 1885, drawn by the county court:

Wash F Allen, Grant precinct, farmer
W O Allen, Portland, housemover
J N Ames, Grant precinct, farmer
F S Akin, Portland, merchant.
George Ainsley, Portland, manufacturer
J H Allmein, Portland, clerk
Levi Allen, Portland, capitalist.
Wm Barnes, Western precinct, farmer
I A Beach, Portland, merchant.
G O Bailey, Portland, grocer
— Buchanan, Portland, steamboatman
W I Bolley, East Portland, farmer
A Blumenthal, Portland, merchant
J N Bristol, Portland, grocer
Lloyd Brooke, Portland, capitalist
Chas F Baron, Portland, capitalist
Perry G Baker, Portland, contractor
W Ingate Ball, Portland, boathouseman
Emanuel Beck, Portland, merchant
I Blake, Portland, capitalist.
Jacob Bloom, Portland, capitalist
H Loiser, Sauvie's island, farmer
John W Brazie, Portland, capitalist
Jesse T Bowlin, Portland, farmer
John Brady, Portland, mason
Wm Braden, Portland, contractor
H C Bragdon, Portland, salesman
A H Breyman, East Portland, capitalist
John Brendle, Albina, capitalist
P F Brigham, Portland, merchant
M R Brown, East Portland, farmer
Cyrus Buckman, East Portland, farmer
W [illegible], Sauvie's island, farmer
[illegible] Clark, Mount Tabor, farmer
John Clark, Portland, saddler
W B [illegible], Portland, merchant
J W Collins, East Portland, laborer
Peter [illegible], East Portland, tailor
Wm Connell, Portland, capitalist.
H H Crozier, East Portland, farmer
C H Cardwell, Portland, clerk
W G Carther, Cedarville, farmer
J A Child, Portland, druggist.
Johnson Cleaveland, Powell's valley, farmer
Charles Coggett, Powell's valley, farmer
W H Coons, Sandy precinct, farmer
J W Cook, Portland, capitalist.
E W Cornell, Portland, real estate agent
R Coffey, Summit station, farmer
Wm Dalton, East Portland, merchant
J J Davidson, Portland, contractor
Frank Dayton, Portland, merchant.
A H Deardorf, Mount Tabor, farmer
J C Dement, Portland, capitalist
H A Dredricks, Summit, farmer
John Dolan, Grant precinct, farmer
W H Diggles, East Portland, painter
Fred Eberhardt, N E Portland, carpenter
Isaac Everson, Western precinct, farmer
W W Espey, Portland, carriage maker
W S Fletcher, Portland, janitor
E Flowers, Portland, janitor
C M Forbes, Portland, merchant
G W Force, Jr, Columbia slough, farmer
John Foster, Columbia slough, farmer
James Frainey, Portland, contractor
Willis B Fry, Portland, sewing machine agt.
J R French, Willamette slough, farmer
Jas F Failing, Portland, merchant
J P Farmer, Portland, mechanic
M S Fishburn, Portland, butcher
L Fleischner, Portland, merchant.
Wm Forrest, Sauvies island, farmer,
J B Garrison, Portland, sewing machine agt
E H Gammons, Portland, speculator
Percy Giese, Cedarville, farmer
D C M Gault, Portland, farmer
Felix Gilbert, East Portland, farmer.
I Goldsmith, Portland, merchant.
W S Gordon, East Portland, merchant
Wm Gatton, Columbia slough, farmer
G W [illegible], Portland, clerk.
G W Gould, Portland, speculator
W Gardner, Portland, plumber
Alonzo Gates, East Portland, farmer
M. Grantham, Multnomah precinct, farmer
C W Gay, Mount Tabor, farmer
Albert Gee, Willamette precinct, farmer
I W Gillette, Portland, real estate agent
E G Giese, Multnomah precinct, farmer
M C Gilliam, Mount Tabor, farmer
J M Gilman, Portland, capitalist.
Alfred Goodnough, Portland, merchant.
John Harkins, Portland, stonecutter
George Harold, Portland, clerk
F E Habersham, Portland, civil engineer
F Hackeney, Portland, merchant.
Simon Harris, Portland, merchant.
F J Haight, Portland, real estate agent.
Joseph Hiney, Cedarville, farmer
C C Hall, Willamette precinct, farmer
Geo L Hibbard, Portland, merchant
Isaac Hill, Willamette precinct, farmer
George H Hines, Portland, printer
D W Hoebling, Portland, baker
Hans Hanson, East Portland, farmer
W H Harris, Portland, manufacturer
J M Hacklrode, Portland, carpenter
G W Holtsapple, Mount Zion, farmer
Geo Hartness, Portland, clerk
Joe Howe, Mount Tabor, farmer
M M Hunter, East Portland, clerk
C Harbough, Portland, clerk.
M Hansen, Portland, seedman.
Squire Hawkins, Multnomah precinct, farmer
Robt Irving, Portland, manufacturer
G W Jenne, Portland, assayer.
T D Jewett, Sauvie's island, farmer
E J Jeffrey, Portland, contractor
I Jacobs, Portland, merchant
Chas F Kamm, Portland, clerk
H Kane, Powell's valley, farmer.
Ed S Kearney, Portland, capitalist
Fred Kinlorff, East Portland, butcher
A Kelley, Powell's valley, farmer
Gilmer Kelley, Powell's valley, farmer
J Kronenberg, Multnomah precinct, farmer
F S Keller, Portland, butcher
John Kenworthy, East Portland, farmer
W M Killingsworth, Portland, real estate agt
Wm Koehler, Portland, dentist
G Kutzschan, Portland, jeweler
Noah Lambert, Portland, capitalist.
W T Legg, Willamette precinct, farmer
J D Littlepage, Rooster Rock, farmer
John Lake, Powell's valley, farmer
O F Lent, Multnomah precinct, farmer
Theo Liebe, Portland, baker
J Linnerman, Cedarville, farmer
J Loewenberg, Portland, merchant
I L Logan, East Portland, liveryman
Lewis Love, Portland, steamboatman
F P Luther, Portland, clerk
H W Monastes, Portland, capitalist
John A Middleton, Portland, accountant.
A S Miller, Portland, bridge builder.
Martin Owen, Multnomah precinct, farmer
I B Magoon, Portland, liveryman
A B Manley, Portland, real estate agent.
R P McGuire, East Portland, painter
T J Matlock, East Portland, real estate agt
S B McBride, Portland, blacksmith
A J Marshall, Portland, clerk
J C McGraw, Portland, farmer
A K McMillan, East Portland, clerk
J G Meston, Portland, bookbinder
Chas Niblin, East Portland, farmer
J S Olis, Powell's valley, farmer
H B Oatman, Grant precinct, farmer
Henry Oyer, Portland, librarian
Andrew Fulk, Willamette precinct, farmer
David Powell, Sandy precinct, farmer
S Pennoyer, Portland, lumberman
Frank Paine, East Portland, foundryman
G W Parker, Portland, speculator
S E Paddock, Willamette precinct, farmer
Thos. Patterson, Portland, real estate agent
Gustaf Peterson, Mt Tabor, farmer
Wm Pfunder, Portland, druggist.
E A Post, Portland, manufacturer
W J Quinn, Portland, tailor
S Rosenblatt, Portland, capitalist.
L H Rickert, Rooster Rock, farmer
J H Rathburn, Willamette prec't, dairyman.
A L Rumsey, Mount Tabor, farmer
S M Reeder, Sauvies' island, farmer
Nelson L Ross, Rooster Rock, farmer
James S Royal, Mount Tabor, farmer
I Rosenthal, Mount Tabor, farmer
C E Smith, Portland, foundryman
W F Sherwood, Sandy, farmer
William Sherlock, Portland, capitalist.
George W Shaven, East Portland, wharfinger
F W Stevenson, East Portland, wagonmaker
I W Scott, Powell's valley, farmer
I H Schuderman, Portland, speculator
Chris Schuman, Multnomah precinct, farmer
George C Sears, Portland, hotelkeeper
Peter Saltzman, Springville, farmer
John Saylor, Mount Tabor, farmer
Wm R Sewall, Portland, clerk.
John Shafer, Grant precinct, clerk
Kirk Sheldon, East Portland, merchant.
Lot Taylor, Portland, carpenter
H Treckman, Portland, mechanic
N Versteg, Portland, lumberman
Lorenzo Waters, Powell's valley, farmer
A J Watson, Portland, capitalist.
Wm Walsh, Rooster Rock, farmer
John Wilson, Portland, capitalist

THE COURTS.

STATE CIRCUIT COURT, SMITH, J.

SATURDAY, Jan 17 1885.

Augusta Oakley vs L. S. Oakley—Motion for leave to file an amended answer denied.

Braunschweiger & Bumstead vs. On Yuen Hai & Co.—Dismissed.

W. J. Becannan vs. T. H. Lerby et al.—Mandate from upper court.

Waterhouse & Lester vs. T. Friman—Judgment by default.

RAILWAY INCORPORATION.

A Company to Finish the Narrow Gauge to Portland

Capital Stock, $500,000. Incorporators from Two and Other Willamette Valley Counties. Work Likely to Commence Soon

Articles of incorporation of the Portland and Willamette Valley railroad were filed in the office of the county clerk yesterday. The incorporators are A. R. Burbank, H. Hurley, J. P. Olds, W. D. Fenton, P. P. Gates, M. Kelty, R. P. Bird, F. R. Daniel, W. M. Townsend and T. W. Watts of Lafayette, in the county of Yamhill; L. Bently, T. S. Powell, A. W. Lucas, D. T. Stanley, William Lawson and N. B. Gregg, of Monmouth, in the county of Polk; Al. Coolidge, [illegible] and L. C. Russell, of Silverton, in the county of Marion; Robert Pentland, W. F. Price, Jr., J. D. Johnson, R. E. Ashby, H. [illegible] Johnson, Jr., and Frank J. Villa, of Scio, in the county of Linn; Charles J. [illegible], H. [illegible], George W. [illegible], Goodman Hubbard, William [illegible] and J. C. Richmond of Dallas, in the county of Polk; Peter Hume, I. M. Moye, Oliver P. Coshow, W. S. Kirk, Thomas Kay and R. N. Thompson of Brownsville, in the county of Linn; W. S. Ladd, H. C. Leonard, R. R. Knapp, William Reid, Van B. DeLashmutt, Aaron Meier, J. A. Chapman, Ira F. Powers, John Schuerer, J. J. Coyne, C. F. Smith and William Gallick, of the county of Multnomah, all in the state of Oregon.

The business enterprises and occupations in which said corporation is to engage are: First, the construction, equipment, operation and management of a railroad and telegraph or telephone line from the city of Portland, across the Tualatin river at or near Bridgeport, in Washington county, to a point of connection with the present constructed line of the Oregonian Railway company limited, at or near the town of Dundee, in the county of Yamhill, a distance of thirty miles, more or less, and thence, to the Willamette river at a point near to Rodger's landing, in Yamhill county, aforesaid; also of a railroad and telegraph or telephone line to be constructed from the city of Salem, or North Salem, in an easterly direction to a point of connection with said Oregonian Railway company's constructed line in Howell's prairie, Marion county, a distance of eight miles, more or less; also to build branch line or lines from any point or points on said hereinbefore designated railroads, or lines, or such extensions thereof—with power to acquire by purchase, lease, or otherwise—or to operate, prorate or work in conjunction with any other railway or railroads with which this corporation's said designated lines of railway may connect, and to extend said lines of railway so as to be acquired, leased, operated or prorated with, to a point of connection with any other railway or railroad terminating in or near the Pacific ocean, in said state of Oregon, all to be owned, held, leased or operated, or held or operated in connection with or as a portion of this corporation's main line from Portland aforesaid, or of any one of its branches as may at any time be deemed by it advisable. (Second,) To purchase, construct, lease or charter, and to operate one or more steamboats, or barges, or both, in navigating the waters of the Willamette and Columbia rivers and their tributaries, and in carrying freight, passengers and merchandise thereon, and charging tolls therefor and operating said steamboat or steamboats, barge or barges, in connection with any one or all of the railroads hereinbefore designated. The duration of the corporation shall be perpetual.

The principal office and place of business of this corporation shall be in the city of Portland. The capital stock shall be $500,000, in shares of $[illegible]0 each, with power to increase when required.

For the purpose of carrying into effect the objects of its corporation this company shall have power to borrow money over freight receipts or certificates, and give its promissory note or notes, bond or bonds, or other instrument of a like nature, secured by a mortgage or mortgages, on a trust deed or trust deeds, of any or all of its property rights, or franchises, or either, or all.

Application will be made to the legislature for a charter, and it is expected that work will be commenced as soon as spring opens. It will prove a good paying investment and be great benefit to the city.

WEATHER REPORT

8.30 A. M. BULLETIN

Riparia—Snowing hard, calm, ther. 22, [illegible] inches snow.

Dayton—Snowing hard, calm, ther. [illegible], 4 inches new snow.

Walla Walla—Snowing hard, calm, ther. 2[illegible], [illegible] inches new snow.

Wallula—Snowing hard, calm, ther. [illegible] inches new snow.

Umatilla—Cloudy, calm, ther. 28, no snow last night.

Pendleton—Snowing, calm, ther. 20, 3 inches new snow.

La Grande—Snowing, calm, ther. 2[illegible], 1 inch new snow.

Meacham—Snowing, calm, ther. 21.

Kamela—Snowing, calm, ther. [illegible]2, 6 inches new snow.

Willows—Cloudy, calm, ther. 27, light snow.

Blalocks—Fair, calm, ther. 25, 1 inch new snow.

Grants—Snowing lightly, calm, ther. 22.

Celilo—Cloudy, calm, ther. 22.

Dalles—Cloudy, calm, ther. 24.

Hood River—Snowing, calm, ther. 2[illegible], 1 inch new snow.

Bonneville—Raining and snowing down, ther. 24.

Portland—Cloudy, light north, ther. 31.

Baker—Cloudy, calm, ther. 20, 1 inch new snow.

Union—Snowing, south, ther. 27.

Moscow—Snowing, calm, ther. 2[illegible], 1 inch new snow.

Wyeth—Snowing, down, ther. 24, 1 inch new snow.

[illegible] P. M. REPORTS

Riparia—Snowing hard, calm, ther. 22, 3 inches snow on ground.

Dayton—Snowing hard, calm, ther. 20, 6 inches snow on ground.

Walla Walla—Snowing hard, calm, 6 inches snow on ground.

Wallula—Snowing hard, calm, ther. 2[illegible], 5 inches snow on ground.

Umatilla—Cloudy, calm, ther. 2[illegible], light snow to-day.

Pendleton—[illegible] inches snow on ground.

La Grande—Cloudy, calm, ther. 30, 4 inches fell to-day, 8 or 10 on ground.

Meacham—Snowing hard, calm, ther. [illegible]2.

Kamela—Snowing hard, calm, ther. 20, [illegible] inches snow to-day.

Willows—Snowing hard, calm, ther. 2[illegible].

Blalocks—Cloudy, calm, ther. [illegible], ½ inch snow to-day.

Celilo—Cloudy, calm, ther. [illegible], 1 inch snow to-day.

Dalles—Snowing, calm, ther. [illegible], 3 inches snow to-day.

Hood River—Cloudy, calm, ther. [illegible] inches snow to-day.

Bonneville—Raining and sleeting, light [illegible] wind, ther. 3[illegible].

Portland—Ther. 42.

Huntington—Cloudy, calm, ther. [illegible]0.

Baker—Cloudy, calm, ther. [illegible].

Union—Snowing, south, ther. [illegible].

Hilgard—Snowing, calm, ther. [illegible], [illegible] inches snow to-day.

Castle Rock—Fair, light east, ther. 15, [illegible] inches snow to-day.

Bridal Veil—Raining and freezing, calm.

COURT AT CHEHALIS

CHEHALIS, Jan [illegible].

The following business was transacted in the district court yesterday:

Blackstone vs. McIrven et al.—Default of McIrven made and entered.

Rowland vs. Wingard [illegible]—Dismissed at plaintiff's costs.

D. C. Tullis vs. J. I. Case & Co.—Dismissed at plaintiff's costs.

Henriott & Sons vs. Bernier & Humphrey—Dismissed at plaintiff's costs.

Jackson vs. Preels—Order dissolving attachment made.

Angus vs. Farnsberger Mill Co.—Default.

Tullis vs. Blackstone—Default.

Wilson & Axtell vs. Tullis & Gregg.—Leave to file amended complaint within ten days and defendants to answer within twenty days after service of such amended complaint.

Wilson et al vs. Tullis et al.—Confirmation of sale made and defendant's exceptions allowed.

Day vs. Finch—Judgment.

The trial of Reed for manslaughter began this morning and the case will doubtless go to the jury to-morrow night.

The grand jury made its report yesterday and was discharged.

Among the lawyers who were present yesterday was Mrs. Mary Leonard of Seattle, the only female lawyer in the territory.

Ville de Paris.

[illegible] conversation with Messrs. [illegible] the [illegible] they [illegible] in the past [illegible] the [illegible] sale two weeks longer.

The Way Mother Cooks

Hot Oyster Soup, Roast Pork and Apple Sauce, Roast Veal and Currant Jelly, Boston Baked Beans and brown bread, Pickled Pigs feet and German pickles every night from 8 P. M. to 11.30 P. M., at the Crystal Palace Saloon, 106 First street.

The proper Carriage to take from the Theater is one of the [illegible] and [illegible] Co's. Drivers all wear large silver badge.

Entering Upon The

THIRD WEEK!

— OF —

OUR GRAND SALE!

We desire to express our thanks to the Public for the unequalled patronage bestowed upon us, and offer our regrets to those, whom, on account of the daily Rush, we could not serve.

Upon the occasion of the THIRD WEEK of OUR GRAND SALE, and to show our appreciation of the confidence placed in us, we shall sell, commencing

MONDAY, JANUARY 19th,

3,700 yds. Laces.

AT A RIDICULOUS PRICE!

Said price being merely a nominal figure simply to avoid the expression of

"GIVEN AWAY."

In order that each and everyone may receive a portion of the above we will positively sell none by the piece, and to our Retail Trade Only.

S. Lipman & Co.

NOTE—Several [illegible] which were [illegible] blockade have just been opened and will be placed in stock to-day and the Third Week [illegible] attraction [illegible] of Our Sale.

[illegible]

First and Stark,

[illegible]

Pure Chemicals,
Fresh Drugs,
Choice Toilet Articles,
Delicate Perfumes,
Elegant Fancy Goods.

A COMPLETE LINE!

Trusses, Supporters, Shoulder Braces, Chest Protectors and Sundries.

Prescriptions will receive Special Attention.

My purpose shall be to [illegible] nothing but first class goods and supply my customers promptly and politely with the very best of every article at prices at all times reasonable and make [illegible] first class in every particular. I ask only a fair trial at the hands of Portland's generous people to substantiate the truth of my assertions.

S. & G. GUMP

NO. 184 FIRST ST.

PICTURES,
PICTURE FRAMES,
ENGRAVINGS,
MIRRORS,

TUBES, $1 per dozen.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS,

MUSIC STANDS,
FANCY TABLES,
CORNICE POLES.

Frames Made to Order and Repairing promptly attended to.

Gump's New Store,

1[illegible]4 FIRST ST.

R. COWAN, Manager.

RUBBER STORE

Rubber Hunting Boots, Coats, Hats, Caps, Gossamers, etc.

Rubber Leather and Cotton Belting, Packing, Hose, etc.

PRESTON, NOTT & CO.,

164 First Street.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

OF PORTLAND.

Over 12,000 Volumes and [illegible] Periodicals

[illegible]

MEMBERSHIP FR[illegible]

Monthly Dues $1 [illegible]

DIRECTORS

[illegible]

LOUISVILLE RESTAURANT.

JOHN SLAVICH,

THE POPULAR RESTAURATEUR

[illegible]

THE DINNERS

[illegible]

BALDWIN RESTAURANT

FOR FIFTY CENTS

[illegible]

Sick headache, habitual costiveness, pains in back and limbs, loss of appetite, bad breath and taste in the mouth, etc., entirely cured by the use of

USE OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER [illegible] KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR.

HE WHO DIED AT AZAN.

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow,
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers,
Yet I smile, and whisper this—
"I am not the thing you kiss.
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! What the women lave
For its last bed of the grave
Is but a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room—
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye,
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
Out of which the pearl is gone,
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury—
A mind that loved him. Let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood,
Now the long, long wonder ends.
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you, lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in the light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity—
In enlarging paradise
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell
Where I am ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain,
Only not at death—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above.
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! Yea!
Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.
—*Edwin Arnold.*

THE TIDAL TRAIN.

There was a great rush for the tidal train that morning from Paris. It started at a very convenient hour, 9:40, and was patronized by a crowd of people. Mossoo was there of course, in fine form, fur-coated, although summer was already come; but the fur coat is *de rigueur* with the traveling Gaul, no less than the courier bag slung over the shoulder, and the modest portmanteau of dirty white canvass containing a still more modest allowance of linen of the same ambiguous color. Americans, too returning from a tour through Europe and a lengthened halt in Paris; our own compatriots in every variety; cads, captains, countesses; a bridal pair homeward, no longer blushingly self-conscious but unmistakably bored; several sets of exclusive people, who somehow, had secured a *caisse louee* to their two or three selfish selves.

As the time for departure approached there was the usual outcry for seats. The French officials, if asked, shrugged their shoulders and pointed to the nearest carriage what they meant was, that there was still room and to spare if people did not cover up extra seats with their belongings, and so monopolize more than their share. Late arrivals thus neglected wandered miserably up and down the whole length of the train, seeking an accommodation excitedly, and in vain.

Among the rest were two ladies, one of whom, the elder, seemed greatly flurried and put out.

"I knew how it would be," she cried, in a despairing voice. "Every seat is occupied! What shall we do? why were we so late?"

She was a middle-aged, somewhat plethoric-looking dame, with an air of much importance, marred for the moment by helplessness and ill-temper.

"We shall find places presently, dear Lady Jones," replied the younger, who had the rather sycophantic air of a humble friend. "The guard will help us."

"They never do, and they don't understand. Dear! dear! why didn't we come in time? It is all your fault, Hester"—this to the maid who followed them as they ranged backward along the platform—"you ought to have packed last night. What shall we do? Oh, thank you so much!" she cried suddenly with effusion.

A gentleman, who, apparently, had been watching her distress, pushed open the door of the carriage he occupied, and invited her to enter. His companion, another man at the far end made room by removing rugs and bags, and presently Lady Jones with a sigh of relief sank back into the cushions. Then, with feminine selfishness, and forgetful of the trouble she had but just escaped, she proceeded to prevent any one else from getting in.

"Cover up the seats well, Millicent," she cried, "and do keep that door shut. Oh, thank you, sir," she added to one of the men, who seemed to fall in readily with her idea of keeping the carriage to themselves.

There was nothing very remarkable about Lady Jones' new-found friends. One was a tall, dark man, with a clean-shaved face, and very dark eyes which glared out from under the shade of a black felt hat the other was smaller—a restless little freckled-faced man, with a short red beard cut and trimmed to a point. They did not look like Englishmen, but they spoke the language fluently with a slight American accent.

The firm, somewhat fierce demeanor of the dark man had the desired effect. When he said abruptly, "Il n'y a pas de place," people retired discomfited, and as time was nearly up, Lady Jones began to hope that their privacy and comfort would not be disturbed. Almost at the last moment a man came to the door, importunate and persistent.

"Any room?" he asked in English, as he stood on the doorstep. Then getting no answer, he repeated the question in French, "How many are you?" Still no answer; so he counted for himself, and went away.

Lady Jones was delighted; but her triumph was of short duration. The last arrival came back at once with a whole posse of French officials at his back, the chief of whom, in a voice of authority, repeated the inquiry.

"How many are you? Four? More to come? Impossible! The train is starting. *Entrez monsieur; entrez, vite;*" and the next minute the stranger was bundled into the carriage, the door was shut with a bang, the horns sounded, and the train went off at express speed.

The occupants of the carriage, Lady Jones in particular, resented this unceremonious intrusion.

"Extraordinary!" she said, in a loud aside to Millicent. "People never know when they are in the way."

"So forward and presuming!" replied the young lady.

"In my country," said the dark American, "men never intrude themselves on ladies. They wait to be asked."

"We have a very short way of settling with them if they do," added the short man offensively.

"And, pray, what do you do with them?" asked the last comer quietly.

He was a typical Englishman, cool and selfpossessed, with a broad honest face framed in by square-cut grayish whiskers. His upper lip was clean shaven, showing his firm, rather hard mouth, and his blue eyes were steady and penetrating. Not a man to be trifled with, in spite of his calm manner and unobtrusive demeanor.

"What do you do with them?" he repeated, looking hard at the insolent little red man.

"Pitch them out of the window, or on to the line.

"Would you like to do it now?" said the other.

"Be quiet, Thaddy," interposed the dark man; "remember there are ladies present."

"Don't mind me, gentlemen, if you wish to give him a lesson," said Lady Jones, who had espoused the part of her first friends.

The Englishman looked at her rather keenly, but made no remark. Nor, although they continued to talk at him and about him for the next half hour, did he take any further notice of them, but read a novel attentively which he had extracted from his little black bag.

By the time they reached Amiens quite a pleasant intimacy had sprung up between Lady Jones and the Americans. The four went to the buffet and breakfasted together. Returning to their carriage they found that the Englishman had disappeared, so they made merry at his expense.

"Quite a common man," remarked Lady Jones.

"Probably a bagman," added Millicent.

"What we call a drummer," said the dark Yankee.

"A dull, stolid, stupid-looking Cockney," said the red-haired man. "We are well quit of him."

But they had not done with him yet. He was there on the quay as the train ran alongside the Boulogne steamer; they saw him again on board with his little hand-bag, and always calm and imperturbable. Only once did he betray the slightest emotion: it was when a man came up to him as he stood near the funnel, and, with an almost imperceptible salute, addressed him as Mr. Hopkinson.

"Hush, you fool!" he replied angrily. "Don't mention names here."

It was too late, however; many of those around had heard the name, and among the rest the two Americans, who were smoking close by.

"Come aft, Thaddeus," whispered the tall man. "Did you hear that name?"

"I did, by thunder! It must be that murdering villain himself."

"And you, you fool, to get quarreling with him in the train!"

"Do you think he has his eye on us?"

"You may take your oath on that."

"What in the name of conscience shall we do?"

"Leave it to me; I have a dodge, if I can only work it."

The steamer being very crowded, Lady Jones and her party had been unable to secure a private cabin. They had to stay on deck, and by no means in a good place. But, thanks to the attention of her American friends, Lady Jones was made comfortable with rugs and wraps near one of the paddle-boxes, while Millicent and the maid sat close beside her. The voyage across the channel was not good, and the ladies reached Folkestone in a more or less battered condition. Now, the Americans, like chivalrous gentlemen, came out in their true colors. Nothing could exceed their kindness. They took infinite trouble to prepare the party for going ashore; they helped the maid to fold and strap up the rugs, and made themselves generally useful. Lady Jones was so grateful and so charmed that she begged them to call on her in London, and gave them her address.

When the porters rushed on board, Lady Jones desired one of them to go at once and secure her a carriage.

"Can't be done, mum," he replied. "All the things have to be examined before they let us through to the train."

"Absurd!" said her ladyship, "they wont examine mine. I am Lady Jones."

But her ladyship was no better than an ordinary person before the law. The custom house officers were inexorable; and in spite of her protests, all her small parcels, and those of her party, were taken into the search-room, and laid out on the counter. With an imperious wave of the hand, an official ordered her to follow them. To make matters worse, the quiet Englishman, to whom she had been so rude in the train, was standing there at the doorway, talking to two other men, and laughing, as she thought, at her distress.

For the moment her two American friends were nowhere to be seen.

"I never heard of such a thing!" she said indignantly to Millicent, as the officious searchers turned everything out of her gold mounted dressing-case, and then proceed to unroll the rugs. "What do you take us for?"

"Everybody is treated alike, dear Lady Jones. I suppose they are afraid of Fenians, or dynamite, or something."

"It's preposterous, disgraceful! Sir John write to the papers—I beg your pardon—"

This to an official who has said to her twice, "What is this?"

A small parcel done up in strong brown paper securely tied and sealed.

"I haven't the least idea. Something of my maid's or Millicent's—this young lady here. I really can not say."

But while she chattered on with accustomed garrulity the custom house officer had already cut the strings, undone the parcel, and laid bare a small, plain tin case.

It had a lid, which was easily opened. Inside were a number of slabs of a whity-brown sugary-looking substance, which might have been tenth-rate chocolate or indifferently-made "toffee."

"Some sort of sugar," said Lady Jones. "How odd! I cannot imagine—"

"It's just what I expected," said a quiet voice behind. "Hand it over, Mr. Saunders. This is my affair."

"What, Mr. Hopkinson, are you here?"

"Very much on the spot this time, I think, Mr. Saunders. Now, ma'am"—to Lady Jones—"where are your other friends?"

"How dare you speak to me," she replied hotly, recognizing her old enemy on the train. "I am Lady Jones."

"Of course, all right," replied the man called Mr. Hopkinson. "But there," he went on, half to himself, "we don't want any scandal nor noise. We might lose the others;" and with that he whispered a few words to an attendant, and drew back into the crowd.

The examination of Lady Jones' baggage was completed, everything was repacked, and the party proceeded toward the train. Just as they passed the refreshment room, a railway guard came up, and, touching his cap, said, "The station-master has reserved you a compartment. Please come this way."

"How uncommonly civil of him, to be sure," cried her ladyship. "I suppose it is to make up for this annoyance. I am really much obliged."

Within five minutes the two ladies were stored away in a carriage by themselves and the door securely fastened. Presently the train ran out of the station up the hill to Folkestone town, and Lady Jones who was rapidly recovering her equanimity, after a few ejaculations of delight at being home again, composed herself to sleep in one corner of the carriage.

But fresh annoyance was in store for her. At Folkstone town station the carriage was unlocked, and three men got in; one of them, to Lady Jones' indignation and dismay, was Mr. Hopkinson, with his black bag, which he kept on his knees.

"You mustn't come in here," she said, loftily; "this carriage is reserved specially for me. I am Lady Jones."

"O, are you?" replied the other. "It is time you should know who I am. My name—"

"I am sure I don't care to know."

"My name is Hopkinson. I am chief inspector of police from Scotland Yard."

"Well," said Lady Jones, still bold, but with much inward misgiving, "I really do not understand!"

"By this time my men will have arrested your two confederates—your friends who helped you in trying to keep me out of the train at Paris. I knew them all along."

"My friends! I never met them before this morning! Why, I don't even know their names!"

"That won't do. You know as well as I do that they are Phelim Cassidy and Thaddeus O'Brien, American Fenians—"

"Gracious heavens!"

"With whose connivance you have attempted to convey dynamite into England—a nice little lot of 'Atlas powder,' in slabs, too, for convenience in packing."

"I deny it, most positively! I—I—"

"Case is too strong against you. Why, the stuff was found in your possession and I have it here in my bag; enough to wreck the whole train."

Lady Jones shrieked.

"Do you mean to tell me that there is dynamite here in this carriage? Oh, do, please, throw it away!"

"The concussion would certainly explode it and we should all be blown to kingdom come! Don't be frightened; you traveled with it all the way from Paris and would have carried it on to London yourself."

"I assure you I know nothing of all this. I am Lady Jones, the wife of Sir John Jones of Hadleyhst. Millicent, help me to explain to him who I am."

The detective shook his head doubtfully.

"It may be as you say, but I don't quite see my way. Wait till we get to London. If you can prove your identity, at any rate, you may escape being locked up, the magistrates may give you bail."

With this cold comfort Lady Jones had to be satisfied, and in dire terror and discomfort she made the rest of the journey to London. Hopkinson, it must be confessed, had already made up his mind that it was as Lady Jones had said; but he chose to keep her in suspense.

On reaching Cannon street, the guard brought him a telegram. The detective read it with strong symptoms of disgust.

"Slipped through my fingers! Just when I thought I had them, too! It's the very mischief. What shall I do next?"

After a pause of deep thought he turned suddenly to Lady Jones.

"Do these men know your London address? Yes. Well, if you will assist us now, I think I can promise that nothing more shall be said about this unfortunate affair. But first, you must be secret, silent as the grave. Can I trust you? And this young lady?"

Millicent and Lady Jones answered in a breath, promising to be most circumspect.

"My idea now is that these scoundrels only planted the stuff on you, hoping it would pass unnoticed; whether it did or not they would know by the morning papers which would be sure to publish an account of the seizure of dynamite. Well," went on the detective, "no one must know a syllable of this; there shall be nothing in the papers, or anywhere. To-morrow or next day they will call at your house to recover their small parcel, explaining that it slipped in among your rugs by mistake. If they do we have them; do you understand? And will you help?"

Lady Jones only too gladly assented.

That night the house in Farley street was practically in the possession of the police. Sir John entered into the spirit of the thing, gave his hall porter a holiday, and installed Hopkinson, disguised in his place. On the third day the dark American called, sent up his card, and was given the dynamite. As he left the house his red-headed companion joined him and both were arrested before they had turned the next corner. Their trial, with the examination of Lady Jones, was one of the events of the season.—[London World.

Reminiscences of Wormley.

Wormley was perhaps the most famous nurse of this century writes a Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Times*. Among the great men he attended were Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Stephen A. Douglas, Henry Wilson, Charles Sumner, and others of equal prominence in the history of the country. When Lincoln was shot Sumner and Zach Chandler sent at once for Wormley. He went to the Peterson house, and remained with the president until he died. In this connection it will be remembered that subsequently Littlefield, the artist, painted a picture, "The Death Bed of Lincoln." At first some of those present objected to having Wormley in the picture, although he was one of the most conspicuous figures, and was holding Lincoln's head in his hands when he breathed his last. Sumner and Zach Chandler heard about it, and threatened to expose the whole matter, and as a consequence the objection was withdrawn.

The trouble over that picture did not end there. It appears that as soon as Booth fired the fatal shot there was a cry "Is there a physician in the theater?" Dr. Charles S. Taft of the army, happened to be present, and he went at once to the side of the dying president. It was through his orders that Lincoln was removed to the Peterson house. Taft remained with Lincoln until he died. Of course he expected to be represented in the picture, and was, but Surgeon Crane had Taft scratched out and his own inserted in its place. This picture was photographed when first painted, and clearly showed Taft where Crane now is. In the famous Grant-Greeley campaign you remember Charles Sumner addressed a letter advising all colored men to vote for Greeley. That letter was written to Wormley, although the fact has never been made public before. When Garfield was shot Drs. Bliss and Barnes sent for Wormley, and he supplied all the beef tea and other extracts used at the White house during that terrible summer.

A statement has been widely published that Wormley's daughter married one of the French legation. That is not true. His niece, a daughter of his brother Ralph, married Paul Girard, the first secretary of the French legation, some years ago, and afterward died in France. Among the colored population here Wormley was held in the highest esteem. He had more influence than Fred Douglass, for the reason that Douglass has always been suspected of trading his power with them for his personal advantage. Wormley, on the contrary, studiously avoided the whirlpool of politics and devoted himself almost exclusively to his hotel business, in which he amassed a considerable fortune. He entertained no colored guests at his house, and they never gave him any trouble by making application for accommodations.

Tired of Being Depressed.

When people get to disputing whether times are hard or not, it would seem reasonable to suppose that times can not be extremely bad. The year opens with the optimists and pessimists hard at it, each side arguing with arguments of a cogent nature, but the optimists are likely to win in the long run, as the American people, now 50,000,000 strong, in the richest country on earth, must, sooner or later, grow tired of being depressed. By this time the bad symptoms are well known, and it is natural that the signs of healthy growth and development should receive attention. It appears that, in spite of shutting down, half-time, slack trade, and the like, the number of operatives out of work is less than 150,000. This cannot be regarded as abnormal in the depth of winter, out of a population of 50,000,000, and as the percentage in England is only 7 per cent., while in Minnesota it reaches 40 per cent., it is evident that manufacturers are not by any means in their last gasp, but are holding their own with firmness. A recent canvass of trade all over the land shows, too, that stocks are unusually light, and inquiries for spring delivery are numerous. Things do not long remain at the point where men starve because bread is so cheap, and where they cannot clothe themselves and possess comfortable homes because garments and furniture cost so little.—[Industrial American.

Yakima *Signal*: The retiring board of county commissioners appointed Miss Katie Feuerbach to fill the unexpired term of County Auditor Munson. The new commissioners will perhaps give her a further appointment to fill the new term for which Mr. Munson had been elected at the recent election. Miss Feuerbach has conducted the business as deputy for a long time, and has given very general satisfaction.

The first passenger train arrived at Yakima January 8th.

THE COBURGS.

Remarkable Revelations Made by the Posthumous Memoirs of Caroline Bauer.

A Thoroughly Disreputable Royal Family—Gossip About Paganini, Mendelssohn, and Sontag.

It is not surprising that the posthumous memoirs of Caroline Bauer should have attracted much attention in England, and been seized upon with avidity by enemies of the royal family and by the radicals who wish to hopelessly discredit the institution of royalty. For while these memoirs purport to recount the curious and somewhat piquant adventures of a handsome German actress, their real purpose is to unveil the private lives of the principal members of the Saxe-Coburg family, about which the England of our century has heard so much, and with which it has thrice been brought into such close relations. Queen Victoria herself is half a Coburg, and in the Prince of Wales there is an additional infusion of the same questionable strain.

The recent chain of matrimonial alliances between the English royal and the Saxon ducal families began in 1818, when Princess Victoria of Coburg, daughter of Duke Franz, and widow of the prince of Leiningen, married the duke of Kent, brother of George IV. The duchess' brother, Prince Leopold (afterward king of the Belgians) married the Princess Charlotte, the only child of George IV, and heir apparent of the British crown; and finally, Leopold's nephew, Prince Albert of Coburg-Gotha (his mother was the heiress of Gotha, and his father Duke Ernst of Coburg), married, we need not add Queen Victoria soon after her accession to the throne. We may here mention that Prince Albert's mother, nine years after she brought her husband the heritage of Gotha, was divorced for repeated infidelities, and married for her second husband a simple lieutenant, who thus became the grandfather-in-law of the present prince of Wales. We are told in these memoirs that even in her death she was eccentric: "She settled a considerable annuity upon her husband, the lieutenant, on condition that he should *never* part with her body. Should he pass even one night only in a house which did not at the same time harbor the remains of his deceased partner he would lose his annuity. For years the luckless lieutenant dragged about with him the embalmed corpse of his spouse from place to place, but one morning, to his terror, he found that the precious coffin had vanished. He had in the meantime married a Fraulien Carlowitz. When he found that his annuity continued to be paid to him he soon got reconciled to this loss." The house of Coburg-Gotha, it seems, had felt constrained, for very shame's sake, to put an end to the ever renewed newspaper gibes about the wandering corpse.

It must be owned, if any faith can be put in the disclosures made in these curious volumes—and none of the author's assertions have as yet been authoritatively denied—that the prince of Wales would come honestly, as the saying is, by a propensity to follow in the footsteps of his great uncle, George IV. It cannot be disputed that the Coburgs have been for many generations emphatically a bad lot. Even among German princelings they have shown themselves conspicuously vicious and shabby, and until the head of the house won the heiress of Gotha, and two cadets managed to fasten themselves like leeches on the English civil list, they were exceptionally poor. At the end of the last century the little state of Coburg had an annual revenue of less than $65,000, and the duke's debts exceeded $750,000. An imperial commission interfered on behalf of the creditors and taxpayers, and virtually threw the duchy into the hands of a receiver, allowing the duke but $9000 a year for the total expenditure of his relatives and household. He lived, it seems, so frugally in 1780 that he "never had more than three courses at dinner;" but his narrow stipend did not suffice even for that, and had to be eked out with loans from a loyal and obsequious "land-kammerrath" named Stockmar, for which loans, by the way, though they amounted in the end to upward of $10,000, none of Stockmar's descendants have ever received a farthing. Such were the circumstances in which Queen Victoria's mother, the duchess of Kent and her uncle, the father husband of an English princess royal and king of the Belgians, were brought up.

The Duke Ernst, elder brother of Prince Leopold, seems to have been one of the worst of a disreputable family. His treatment of a beautiful Greek, whom he met in Paris in 1807, and whom he urged to become the lady companion of his sister, the Grand-Duchess Constantine, was nothing short of infamous, if we may trust the story of the lady herself, who, like Caroline Bauer (who was in her turn to suffer at the hands the younger brother, Leopold) avenged herself by writing some very candid memoirs. Very edifying are the letters, quoted in these volumes, written by the duchess-mother, of the pious stock of Reuss Ebersdorff, to the mistress of her eldest son. In her extremity the Greek addressed an appeal for help to the prince of Leiningen, who had married, it will be remembered, the sister of her betrayer, Queen Victoria's mother and received the following by no means comforting reply: "I know the people with whom you have to do. I cannot sufficiently recommend you to distrust them. Have I not myself been the dupe of their promises? And did they not amuse me with fair words before I entered their family? And since I entered it they have not kept a single one of their engagements." Without money, linen, fuel and sometimes without food, the unhappy Greek was finally delivered of a son, and was bullied by the duchess-mother into consenting not to plead for any further recognition in consideration of a promise that her child should be secured from want. She was rewarded for her meekness with sundry unctuous exhortations, and graciously permitted to lend the duchess a French gown to be copied by a Coburg dressmaker. Later on the duchess-mother went so far as to send the penniless stranger a gift of $20 to expedite her departure. "Young and pretty as you are," suggested the devout duchess in a letter urging the unhappy woman to hie to Paris, "you have a rich future and much pleasure before you." We scarcely need to add that the pension of $600 which the Coburgs agreed to give for the maintenance of the child, and subsequently cut down to $200, was very seldom paid until the Grand-Duke Constantine espoused the cause of the abandoned mistress and neglected son of his ducal brother-in-law, whom he sneeringly described as "reigning over six peasants and two village surgeons." It is, however, worth mentioning that, on a subsequent journey from Frankfort to Vienna, several efforts were made to kill the inconvenient witnesses of a duke's vicious appetite—once through the upsetting of a carriage into an abyss, and frequently through poison. Even after her arrival in Vienna, an Italian, Pioni, tried no less than six times to poison the fair Greek, whom the Prince de Ligne, a great connoisseur in beauty, pronounced not only one of the most beautiful women in the world, but an angel to boot.

The worthy British taxpayers, who for considerably more than half a century have supported divers members of this interesting family, not only knew nothing about its private history, but, through the busy mediation of courtly and venal pens, acquired a most preposterous conception of them. No sharper antithesis could be invented than is offered by the authentic German tradition to the Coburg legend which has circulated in England since the marriage of Prince Leopold to the daughter of George IV, and which has received its latest consecration in Theodore Martin's life of the late prince consort. By this legend the princes of the Coburg family are held up to the English lieges as the patterns of royal merit and conjugal perfection: as men of great powers of intellect, of extraordinary cultivation, of flawless integrity, and of stainless purity. The virtuous Miss Hannah More beheld in the hero of these memoirs (the Pecksniffian husband of the Princess Charlotte) a species of royal saint, a modern counterpart of the pious King Josiah; and the impression was once current among the artless readers of the "Idyls of the King," that in the blameless "Arthur" the poet intended to reveal the sublimated features of Albert the Good. Neither that impression nor any other left by the Coburg legend is likely to survive the spirit of inquiry awakened by these volumes, which, curiously enough, are due to a niece of the very man, Baron Christian von Stockmar, who was successively the confidant and mentor of King Leopold and of Prince Albert, who inspired most of their meritorious and all of their wise acts, and who, since the publication of his own memoirs, has been recognized as the shrewd, far-sighted but dogmatic, prejudiced, and by no means scrupulous man, who for some 50 years really pulled the wires by which his royal and princely puppets were made to play their parts in public life.

Caroline Bauer, who at the age of 22 had acquired a distinguished position in the Berlin Court theater, and who then, as she believed, became the morganatic wife of Prince Leopold of Coburg (elected two years later king of the Belgians), was much more respectably connected than the ruck of German actresses, or, indeed, than the great majority of feminine recruits to the stage in any country. Her father, Heinrich Bauer (whose family is said to be a branch of the princely Polish family of Poniatowski), was an officer in the grand-ducal Baden regiment of dragoons, who, coming to Coburg as the equerry of Prince Alexander of Wurtemberg, fell in love with, and married Christiane Stockmar, the daughter of the obliging land-kammerath, who had helped, as we have seen, to pay for the food and clothes of the Coburg ducal family. It was, we repeat, Christiane's brother Christian who began as the medical adviser of Prince Leopold of Coburg, and became, after the laster's marriage to the Princess Charlotte, his secretary and factotum—being raised at Leopold's request to a barony by the king of Saxony in return for services more or less avowable. The father of the baron's niece Caroline was soon killed in battle, and his sister Christiane was left with four children to bring up on a captain's pension, which is small enough even in England, but in the German principalities is a pittance indeed. The younger of her two daughters, Caroline,—a tall, handsome, and graceful lassie—evinced, from a very early age, a strong love for acting; made her debut on the court-stage in Carlsruhe in 1822, being then only 15, and excited so much favorable comment that she was presently offered an engagement in Berlin.

The first of these two volumes is mainly devoted to Fraulein Bauer's experiences on the Berlin stage, where, with the exception of a visit to St. Petersburg, she remained during the next six year. She was brought in contact during her professional life in Berlin with many celebrities of the artistic world whose names are by no means forgotten. We hear, for instance, something about Paganini, Zelter, and Zelter's famous pupil, Felix Mendelssohn; and about Meyerbeer, whose real name was Jacob Beer, but who in his boyhood prefixed to to his own the name of a rich Herr Meyer that had made him his heir and finally about Ignaz Moscheles.

Many legends were and are current about Paganini. It was averred, for instance, that "A murder he did commit, but not on his wife [as another report had it], for he was never married, but on a rival whom his mistress had favored; and for this crime he had to languish for six years in a dark subterranean dungeon in Genoa without seeing or hearing a human being during the whole period. On his pressing entreaty a violin was left to him, and to it he confided his sorrow. But one string snapped after another without his being able to repair or replace them, and at last only the G string remained. So he learned to play upon this one string, and to produce the most surprising sounds. It was said that he could on this single cord mew like a cat and scream like a quarreling old hag, but also sing like a bird, ring like a silver bell, and weep like a human soul, so that even the most callous listener would shed tears of heartfelt pity." The relatively homely facts were related to Fraulein Bauer by Paganini himself. "His father, a small tradesman in Genoa, became very early aware that he had in his little Nicolo a musical prodigy and also a good milch cow. With the most cruel severity he compelled the child to incessant practice on the violin, thus robbing him of health and all enjoyment. The young virtuoso was exhibited by his father at every private and public concert where money was to be gained with the consequence that the selfish parent was bitterly hated by his son. The lad, after his father's death, like a released slave, rushed into every kind of frantic dissipation, with the result that before he was a man he had destroyed his weakly constitution." At the age of 21 he obtained the appointment of court virtuoso to the Princess Elisa Bacciochi. He undertook, with a violin string only with two cords the G cord and the fifth, to represent a duet between a young girl and her lover. The success of this experiment led him to attempt a still more remarkable tour de force, and some weeks afterward he composed his Napoleon Sonata for the fourth cord only. "The result," he said, "surpassed his boldest expectations, and his preference for the G cord dated from that time." It is not generally known that the corpse of Paganini was long denied Christian burial and his coffin stood for many years above ground in his son's villa.

At Berlin Fraulein Bauer had often danced with Felix Mendelssohn, who was two years younger than herself, and whom she described as then the most charming and amiable youths imaginable. It seems that at the age of 15 Felix had already composed three operas which were performed at home. On the completion of his three-act comic opera, "Der Onkel aus Boston," Zelter said to him: "Till to-day you were my apprentice, now you have worthily accomplished your journeyman piece, henceforth work for the mastership." He did become a master, but why it was not in operatic composition is explained in these pages. It was not merely that his opera, "Die Hochzeit des Kamacho," proved a dead failure at Berlin, but he encountered the most discouraging criticism and all kinds of chicanery from the operatic world.

Some fifty pages of this book are devoted to Henrietta Sontag, and a good deal of light is thrown on the extraordinary incidents of her history. Her failings are touched lightly, though the writer is obviously aware of them. One—her love or gambling—is less known than her passion for admiration. "Next to her skillful coquetry," says Fraulein Bauer, "I only know of one weakness in Henrietta Sontag—a strange passion which even then in Berlin showed itself in a marked degree, and which was to cause many bitter hours to Countess Rossi afterward; nay, which perhaps was among the causes which compelled her excellency, the ambassadress, to sing again for money—her passion for gambling. During the most animated soiree, the gayest ball, Henrietta would sit in an adjoining room at the card-table with the gallant Russian Ambassador Alopeous, and for hours, with feverish haste and perhaps twenty packs of cards, play the then fashionable game of 'grab.'"

When Fraulein Bauer, under the astute management of her cousin, Baron Stockmar, went (as we shall see) to England to become the Countess Montgomery by a species of left-handed marriage with the afflicted widower of the Princess Charlotte, she saw something of London playhouses; and the opinion of one who was herself an accomplished actress and thoroughly familiar with the standards and modes of the German stage will be found worth reading. On the whole, the London theater had but very little attraction for her. "I never before," she says, "saw so much mannerism on the stage as I did at London. What an unnatural straddling, intolerable accentuating, crawling, hissing and stretching of every sound—perfectly sickening! I beheld a Macbeth who played as if he had been strung on a wire, a Desdemona whom I saw strangled by her Othello with the greatest satisfaction. Her squeaking and squeeling so so much provoked me that I should have felt a delight in strangling this Desdemona with my own hands. Lady Macbeth walked and talked as if on stilts, and she rubbed and wrung her blood-stained hands with as much vigor and persistency as if she were a washwoman."

But there is nothing in these enjoyable volumes more interesting than the story of the author, and to that we shall confine ourselves on a future occasion.—[New York Sun.

SAILORS' CLOTHING.

How the Sailors' Weaknesses Often Interfere with His Outfit—His Ingenuity and His Vanity.

The fates seem to have willed it that the sailor should not be allowed to do anything in the same manner as his fellow-being, the landlubber. Not only is Jack unable to eat, sleep, and disport himself generally in the shore style, but he must also dress in a manner different from the landsman. The costume of the man-of-war's man is familiar to every one who has either studied the picture books or frequented the theater. The massive collar ornamented by a snowy lanyard, which is so suggestive of a hangman's noose when off duty; the jaunty cap, with the neat little signboard on the band, and the classic trousers, which wind up by tapering outward in such bountiful sweeps that by comparison they cause the hughest feet to appear tiny, are all necessary to the well-being of the navy. But in the merchant service no uniform is worn by the men. Jack, when on a merchant man, is at liberty to wear anything that he can procure, and he is careful to procure no garments which would ever lead to his being mistaken for a landsman.

When Jack is paid off after a long voyage, he thinks that he will purchase such articles of clothing as he will require on the next voyage. But as there is no hurry he puts off his shopping excursion to some uncertain date and proceeds to make up for his long abstinence from the natural enjoyments of life. By the many means of enjoyment at his hand, he succeeds in shattering his nerves at about the same time that he spends his last dollar. When he ships again and receives advance pay to the amount of about $25, he expends a portion of that sum in the purchase of thread, matches and soap, and the remainder he judiciously lays out in exhilarating liquids, with a view to bracing up the nerves which he recently shattered. But as soon as the vessel leaves port he begins to regret that while he had money in his pocket he did not lay in a more extensive stock of supplies. He is then obliged to apply to the captain, who keeps what is called a "shop chest." This term signifies a stock of clothing which is sold to sailors at an advance of not more than 200 or 300 per cent. on the original cost. Jack's ordinary day costume consists of a woolen shirt and a pair of coarse trousers, held up by a belt, to which is attached either a sheath knife or the less murderous knife in use in the navy. Jack covers his head with a coarse cap or hat and wears shoes of the same description when the weather is not either warm or stormy. In warm weather he wears neither shoes nor stockings, and when it is stormy he has on sea boots, which are usually made of rubber. In cold weather he puts on a thick garment which is known variously as a pea jacket, a monkey jacket, or a monkey pea jacket. But under no circumstances will Jack consent while at sea to ornament his person either with a waistcoat or a boiled shirt. The latter he regards as too flimsy and delicately ornamental for his use. When engaged in work which requires the constant manipulation of tar and slush he puts on a jumper and overalls of material known as "dungeree." When the weather is very cold he sends his undershirt, which he calls a "singlet." He prefers this term because it is not only modest but very expressive.

When the weather is either rainy or rough Jack is liable, if not properly clad, to become drenched, a condition which, aside from the discomfort attendant upon it, is more likely to result in severe twinges of rheumatism, especially if frequently indulged in. When, after the establishment of international commerce, Jack's need of some waterproof covering was acknowledged, it was decided that the umbrella would not meet the requirements. This was too likely to be blown inside out whenever the fall of rain happened to be accompanied by a hurricane, and it would fail under many other circumstances to protect the entire area of Jack's surface, and would beside be somewhat inconvenient for him to carry when hauling on the ropes and even when aloft in the act of furling sails. Necessity, in this as in many other instances, proved the mother of invention, and a waterproof contrivance specially adapted for Jack's use was invented. This contrivance consists of a jacket of cloth, which has been rendered waterproof by means of oil and wax, and a pair of overalls of the same material. These coverings are called "oilskins." A complete suit of oilskins includes a hat of the same description, which is called a "sou'wester" probably for the reason that at the time of its invention the storms calculated to enable it to show off to advantage were supposed to come from the southwest. Officers who are not obliged to straddle yards and go through other athletic exercises of that description are allowed to wear oilskin coats long enough to make up for the omission of overalls. Some oilskins are made of silk, and are quite expensive. Jack has a passion for removing the wax from his waterproof suit and giving it a fresh coat of oil. Although his oilskins are apt to leak afterward, nothing can convince him that they would have leaked still worse but for the application of his favorite process. Old salts regard their oilskins as their best friends, and have a great horror of losing them. When Jack is standing at the wheel without his oilskins in reach he regards with dread the approach of a light squall, which at the worst can do no more than slightly dampen his clothing. Under such circumstances his looks of alarm would frighten a spectator who was unaware of the real cause of his uneasiness. And yet Jack will go to the wheel with his oilskins on and will calmly watch the approach of a hurricane squall which may dismast the vessel.

Some sailors are very neat about their clothing, and regard with contempt their slovenly shipmates. Such men never like to go to the wheel on Sundays in good weather unless they are "togged up" in their best apparel. Every forecastle has its dandy, whose views on the subject of dress are always received with marked consideration. Several years ago a shipwrecked sailor who was picked up in a half-starved condition by a steamship bound to Calcutta aroused the sympathies of a lady who was a passenger on the vessel. She gave him, as a mark of her sympathy, a quantity of clothing which had belonged to her husband, who had recently died. At Calcutta, the sailor shipped on a large sailing vessel bound for this port, and took with him the clothing which had been given him by the charitable lady. Among this he found a dress suit, a high hat, and several suits of white clothing. On Sundays, before going to the wheel, he would adorn himself with the dress suit and high hat. The captain and one or two passengers who were on board were struck with admiration, and were forced to acknowledge that in point of gorgeousness neither Solomon nor the "lilies of the valley" could have stood the test of comparison if placed beside the fortunate sailor. The latter's turned owing to the prominence fine clothing secured for him. grew to dislike appearing on deck had on something of an attractive and at length, when the time tarring down the rigging, he marked sensation by making his clad in a full suit of spotless white.

Jack's particular vanity is a the "chr'mean" description. This serves for Sunday wear as long as When it begins to give out he cuts sleeves for patches. In warm latitudes sailors frequently come on deck in less upper garments of this Their appearance is than slightly of that natural simplicity of costume renders the average well-appointed room so attractive. On mail many of the seamen wear jackets of sail cloth. Where they obtain for these garments is a mystery, while on shore would not be so waste money in the purchase of material when he can buy which have been properly and on board ship all of the spare supposed to be kept for the patching sails. Jack avoids all of having purloined the material suring his officer that the new jacket he has just appeared in for the first was made out of canvas procured on last ship. This answer is satisfactory the reason that the last ship is pected to look out for its own stock of canvas. Jack can not even pack his in a trunk like a landsman's, but either use a chest or a large canvas trunk would be fully as handy but the former is too strong in peculiarities for sea use. Jack is wasteful about his clothing. neat at patching, and he frequently together the whole portions of two which a wasteful landsman condemned as total wrecks.

In very cold weather Jack self against the unpleasant effects temperature by putting on several trowsers, and completing his toilet addition of one or more pea seas are dashing over the bulwarks puts on his oilskins. He then the deck with something of the novice who for the first time has into a suit of shore armor. The pect the seamen in heavy weather into their berths with their clothing cluding oilskins, on, so that they ready at an instant's notice to turn shorten sail. But Jack objects to thinks that after roaming about the for some hours with his entire he can sleep more comfortably if he a few of his garments. He adopts the ter course, and when at length loud calls for the watch below he some moments in which to buckle armor, no matter what danger the be in.

Sometimes the thoughtless lects to procure a shop chest, and he are apt to suffer in consequence. years ago a sailor, after an extended shipped at San Francisco on a vessel around Cape Horn. His wardrobe of little more than a single suit of rees, and there was no shop chest vessel. When the ship began to the cold latitudes the sailor stole some leather and canvas, out of which he pair of sea boots that afforded some tion after the uppers had been well When near Cape Horn the weather extremely cold. At first the sailor to keep warm by borrowing garments shipmates in the other watch. But ture was of the highly irritable independent order, and he soon with his benefactors. In order to them he refused to borrow their and insisted on wearing only his gerees. The consequence was ever he appeared on deck in this his look of satisfaction at having his shipmates would be sadly distinctly chilly tinge.—[New York

Two Sides of a Congressman's

It is an error to suppose that the makers have nothing more to do tend the ordinary sessions of the house and draw their pay. Some are models of industry—going to the tol early in the morning, holding tee meetings for an hour or two, to an executive department for taking part in the debates of the houses, writing letters to constituents, transacting infinite odds and ends of ness until dusk. And when they go in the evening they are not always to rest. They are bothered by constituents; they are besieged by and friends, one wanting this that, a third something else, until, and exhausted, they sink into a sleep, and dream hideous visions coming day.

Yet there is another side to the They each receive $5000 a year quisites, to say nothing of the writing "M. C." and "U. S. S." names; they are "distinguished" wherever they go; they are invited levees and receptions, to all festive amusements; they are banqueted president and entertained by ministers; and they are welcome species of domestic and foreign from a charity ball to a german tion, where they may move through the figures of the stately or dance to the livelier music of a and Virginia reel. Altogether, are decidedly agreeable, and the congressman would gladly serve try for life, and "nominate fill the vacancy occasioned by death. bright little son of a evidently thought the an hereditary institution, for, asked what he intended to be on manhood, he mournfully answered: I'd like to be a hack driver, but I have to be a senator!"—[Edwin St Nicholas for January.

WOMAN'S DEPENDENCE.

A man has no more business to supports his wife than he has to say he ports his partner or his clerks. All wives render a full quid pro quo in the nership of the home, even though nothing but make it pleasant husbands on their return from a smile. A young woman, by fine education and natural abilities, as a teacher to earn say $1000 a young fellow asks her to relinquish join him in founding a home, her it being, perhaps, mainly to stay house and overlook the housekeeping may consent to do so with most suits both to herself and him; but sential element in her happiness that by so doing she does not place in a position that shall create sense of dependence. There is spirited woman who can endure pain such an attitude, yet there is constituted woman who does not right conditions, enjoy having all poral wants supplied and of being and protected.

An earnest and thoughtful social questions of the deepest says that what this country most leisurely, happy and care-free The period when a mother has ones around her knees ought to be piest of her life. But when press, a stronger hand than hers ward off all other cares, and would oppress her or interfere care for her children. This is the when woman's most sacred right being cared for and protected. to so many mothers the period ternity is one of being overburdened sically and mentally, and of row of spirit.—Helen M. Sharre

Enclose 10 cents and the address of to this office for the statistical Oregonian medium to circulate in the east.

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e Oregonian.

NDAY MORNING, JANUARY 18, 1885.

THE GENTLER SEX.

of Interest to the Wives, Mothers and Sisters of the Land.

is now the fashion to carry the opera- handkerchief, etc., in a little bag the arm by a ribbon. A dainty one be made at home out of an old silk kerchief and piece of silk. The silk be in two colors—one for each side. bag should measure eight or ten inches are, and should be lined with the silk handkerchief. The ribbon should run the opening two inches from the top, tied in a large loop and bow. The gram or initials embroidered on one in silk, and an edging of Valenciennes riental lace about the top, add to the effect.

pretty frame for a photograph may be out of the cover of a pasteboard box. out the frame to fit, then cover neatly a piece of garnet or dark-blue silk or Over this paste maple leaves, which be gathered beautifully tinted. The should be put on with the points in direction. Cover with a coating of co- varnish. If desired the frame can be oval or circular.

Brooklyn girl has made a pretty lamp- out of a sheet of pink tissue paper. first cut it in a piece eight inches wide three-quarters of a yard long. This neatly pasted together and the top and cut in long pointed scollops. The was then folded in fine knife-pleatings pressed between two books. When opened the part to go about the lamp was caught by a band of the pasted an inch from the edge, and a bow ornamented on one side. placed over the white porcelain shade light is thrown out which will be very pretty for the parlor and also the complexion.

Lovely jewel cases may be made out of boxes. Cover the outside with some tinted silk or satin. Line the inside the lid and box with one thickness of batting and cover this with the silk satin. A box-plaiting of narrow satin or narrow velvet nailed down with brass nails will keep the satin in place the edges. A little musk or cologne be sprinkled over the cotton.

A pretty bed for a pet cat or dog may be out of an old square fruit basket. Tip end of the cover inside the basket and it so with strong cotton. Varnish basket with shoe bronze and put a pretty carpet inside and a bow of ribbon on outside. A little bannerette of silk, the name of the pet embroidered on it, over the front of the basket, will this little bed more attractive.

HOW GIRLS MAY PLEASE.

Every young girl cannot be beautiful, for one God has not given a comely nor a graceful figure. But every one be attractive. Indeed, health and go far to giving those bright blooming cheeks and clear skin which to good looks, though some have and irregular features and can easily by the testimony of the truth-telling that they are not remarkable for graces. Let them comfort them- by the thought that they may make beautiful old ladies if they cultivate of disposition and contentedness mind and trust in God's goodness, and

How can the plain girl be charming? Well, self-forgetfulness and kind thoughtful- for the happiness of others is always The vain, selfish beauty cannot with the homely maiden who is because she is so very loveable, father confides in her, her mother leans Her friends go to her for help and The little girls bring her their toys and the boys come for aid when lessons are hard. By and by a marvel- thing happens. She is spoken of every- as "the interesting Miss Parker," or agreeable Miss Dornell," or "the cap- Miss Mark." She has grown in- agreeable and captivating, and quality is far more valuable to a wo- than the possession of mere beauty other winning personal character-

The power to converse well is a very great You think anybody can talk? How you are? Anybody can chatter. can exchange idle gossip. Any- can recapitulate the troubles of kitchen, the cost of the last and the probable doings of the But to talk wisely, wittily, in- freshly is an immense accom- It implies exertion, observa- study of books and of people and recep- of impressions. No young girl can to shine in conversation as her mother but every girl can begin to acquire graceful art which will draw intelligent and women to her side, and enable her them because they are pleasantly tained.—[Philadelphia Cal.

DRESS OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Dress is a thing more variable than the of season, which it is supposed to and opinions upon it are infinitely varied than its forms. With refer- to this subject, taste has long existed mere sense not much affected on the by mental processes. Of late a has come about; it has multiplied strengthened its connection with the and is giving forth judgments and of clothing founded on the teachings physiology. An effort in this direction embodied in a paper by Francis Vacher the rational dress of women and children, contains some serviceable hints as to the of infants, particularly where it shortening the inordinate length of in which their lower limbs are usually The use of woolen underclothing and all ages is another point which a just recommendation. The certainly enters on debatable ground he insists that children at a later should be warmly clad from neck to with no part of the body exposed the head and hands. He seems in part of his paper to violate his own by carrying into active childhood swaddling system which he condemned There can be no valid objection even young children go about bare knees and forearms, as one com- finds they do, provided that they been accustomed to this degree of ex- from infancy and have the rest of body comfortably covered. With regard special dress of womanhood, Mr. has fairly earned the thanks of members of the female sex by to substitute for the conventional closely fitting under-jacket. The with its stiffness and its "shapeli- however it may be modified, is an against nature, which can only be by being done away with. An point is the distribution of the of clothes. Every physical neces- requires that this pressure should fall the arch of the shoulder or pelvic and not, as we now find, upon a girdle more or less tightly drawn the middle of the body.—[Lancet.

discovery of an extensive bed of coal at Crossing, 765 miles west of Winnipeg, announced by Mr. Egan of the Canadian Pa- railroad, to be worth more to the company it was gold, as it forever sets at rest the of fuel supply. It is believed to be an anthracite, equal to the Pittsburg coal. has been sunk through a ten-foot to a depth of ninety feet from the surface.

Oregonian.

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HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

Some of His Adventures as Related in Mark Twain's New Book.

A Complete Account of the Celebrated Grangerford-Stephenson Duel and its Dire Results.

Century for December.

[The following episode is taken from an unpublished book called "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer's Comrade." A word will explain the situation: The negro Jim is escaping from slavery in Missouri, and Huck Finn is running away from a drunken father, who maltreats him. The two fugitives are floating down the Mississippi on a fragment of a lumber-raft, doing their voyaging by night and hiding themselves and the raft in the daytime. When this chapter opens they have already floated 400 miles—a trip which has occupied 10 or 12 adventurous nights. Readers who have met Huck Finn before in "Tom Sawyer" will not be surprised to note that whenever Huck is caught in a close place and is obliged to explain, the truth gets crippled before he gets through.—M. T.]

Here is the way we put in the time. It was a monstrous big river down there—sometimes a mile and a half wide. We run nights and laid up and hid day times; soon as night was most gone we stopped navigating and tied up—nearly always in the dead water under a tow-head; and then cut young cottonwood and willows and hid the raft with them. Then we set out the lines. Next we slid into the river and had a swim, so as to freshen up and cool off; then we sat down on the sandy bottom, where the water was about knee deep, and watched the daylight come. Not a sound anywheres—perfectly still—just like the whole world was asleep, only sometimes the bull-frogs a-cluttering may be. The first thing to see, looking away over the water, was a kind of dull line—that was the woods on t'other side—you couldn't make nothing else out; then a pale place in the sky; then more paleness, spreading around; then the river softened up, away off, and warn't black any more, but gray; you could see little dark spots drifting along, ever so far away—trading scows, and such things; and long black streaks—rafts; sometimes you could hear a sweep screaking, or jumbled-up voices, it was so still, and sounds come so far; and by and by you could see a streak on the water which you know by the look of the streak that there's a snag there in a swift current which breaks on it and makes that streak look that way; and you see the mist curl up off of the water, and the east reddens up, and the river, and you make out a log cabin in the edge of the woods, away on the bank on t'other side of the river, being a wood-yard, likely, and piled by them cheats so you can throw a dog through it anywheres; then the nice breeze springs up, and comes fanning you from over there, so cool and fresh, and sweet to smell, on account of the woods and the flowers; but sometimes not that way, because they've left dead fish laying around, gars, and such, and they do get pretty rank; and next you've got the full day, and everything smiling in the sun, and the song birds just going it!

A little smoke couldn't be noticed now, so we would take some fish off of the lines and cook up a hot breakfast. And afterward we would watch the lonesomeness of the river, and kind of lazy along, and by and by lazy off to sleep. Wake up by and by, and look to see what done it, and maybe see a steamboat, coughing along up stream, so far off towards the other side you couldn't tell nothing about her only whether she was stern-wheel or side-wheel, then for about an hour there wouldn't be nothing to hear nor nothing to see—just solid lonesomeness. Next you'd see a raft sliding by, away off yonder, and maybe a galoot on it chopping, because they're most always doing it on a raft; you'd see the ax flash, and come down—you don't hear nothing; you see that ax go up again, and by the time it's above the man's head then you hear the *k'chunk*—it had took all that time to come over the water. So we would put in the day, lazying around, listening to the stillness. Once there was a thick fog, and the rafts and things that went by was beating tin pans so the steamboats wouldn't run over them. A scow or a raft went by so close we could hear them talking and cussing and laughing—heard them plain, but we couldn't see no sign of them; it made you feel crawly; it was like spirits carrying on that way in the air.

We shoved out, after dark, on the raft.

The place to buy canoes is off of rafts laying up at shore. But we see no rafts laying up; so went along during three hours and more. Well, the night got gray and ruther thick, which is the next thing to fog. You can't tell the shape of the river, and you can't see no distance. It got to be very late and still, and then along comes a steamboat up the river. We lit the lantern and judged she would see it. Up-stream boats don't generally come close to us; they go out and follow the bars and hunt for easy water under the reefs; but nights like this they pull right up the channel against the whole river.

We could hear her bounding along, but we did not see her until she was close. She aimed right at us. Often they do that and try to see how close they can come without touching; sometimes the wheel bites off a sweep, and then the pilot sticks his head out and laughs and thinks he's mighty smart. Well, here she comes, and said she was going to try to shave us; but she didn't seem to be sheering off a bit. She was a big one, and she was coming in a hurry, too, looking like a black cloud with rows of glow-worms around it; but all of a sudden she bulged out, big and scary, with a long row of wide-open furnace doors, shining like red-hot teeth, and her monstrous bows and guards hanging right over us. There was a yell at us, and a jingling of bells to stop the engines, a pow-wow of cussing, and whistling of steam—and as Jim went overboard on one side and I on the other, she come smashing right through the raft.

I dived—and I aimed to find the bottom, too, for a thirty-foot wheel had got to go over me, and I wanted it to have plenty of room. I could always stay under water a minute; this time I reckon I stayed under water a minute and a half. Then I bounced for the top in a hurry, for I was nearly bursting. I popped out to my armpits and blowed the water out of my nose, and puffed a bit. Of course there was a booming current, and of course that boat started her engines again ten seconds after she stopped them, for they never cared much for raftsmen, so now she was churning along up the river, out of sight in the thick weather, though I could hear her.

I sung out for Jim about a dozen times, but I didn't get any answer so I grabbed a plank that touched me while I was treading water, and struck out for shore, pushing it ahead of me. But I made out to see that the drift of the current was toward the left hand shore, so I changed off and went that way.

It was one of those long, slanting, two-mile crossings, so I was a good long time in getting over. I made a safe landing and clum up the bank. I couldn't see but a little ways, but I went poking along over rough ground for a quarter of a mile or more, and then I run across a big, old fashioned double log house before I noticed it. I was going to rush by and get away, but a lot of dogs jumped out and went to howling and barking at me, and I knowed better than to run another peg.

In about half a minute somebody spoke out of a window, without putting his head out and says:

"Be done, boys! Who's there?"

I says:

"It's me."

"Who's me?"

"George Jackson, sir."

"What do you want?"

"I don't want nothing, sir. I only want to go along by, but the dogs won't let me."

"What are you prowling around here this time of night for—hey?"

"I warn't prowling around, sir; I fell overboard off the steamboat."

"Oh, you did, did you? Strike a light there, somebody. What did you say your name was?"

"George Jackson, sir. I'm only a boy."

"Look here; if you're telling the truth, you needn't be afraid—nobody'll hurt you. But don't try to budge; stand right where you are. Rouse out Bob and Tom, some of you, and fetch the gun. George Jackson, is there anybody with you?"

"No, sir, nobody."

I heard the people stirring around the house now, and see a light. The man sang out:

"Snatch that light away, Betsey, you old fool—ain't you got any sense? Put on the floor behind the front door. Bob, if you and Tom are ready, take your places."

"All ready."

"Now, George Jackson, do you know the Shepherdsons?"

"No, sir—I never heard of them."

"Well, that may be so, and it mayn't. Now, all ready. Step forward, George Jackson. And mind, don't you hurry—come mighty slow. If there's anybody with you let him keep back; if he shows himself he'll be shot. Come along, now. Come slow; push the door open yourself—just enough to squeeze in, d'you hear?"

I didn't hurry. I couldn't if I'd a' wanted to. I took one slow step at a time, and there warn't a sound, only I thought I could hear my heart. The dogs were as still as humans, but they followed a little behind me. When I got to the three log doorsteps, I heard them unlocking and unbarring and unbolting. I put my hand on the door and pushed it a little and a little more, till somebody said, "There, that's enough—put your head in!" I done it, but I judged they would take it off.

The candle was on the floor, and there they all was, looking at me, and me at them, for about a quarter of a minute. Three big men with guns pointed at me, which made me wince, I tell you; the oldest, gray and about sixty, the other two thirty or more, all of them fine and handsome—and the sweetest old gray-headed lady, and back of her two young women, which I couldn't see right well. The old gentleman says:

"There—I reckon it's all right. Come in."

As soon as I was in, the old gentleman he locked the door and barred it and bolted it, and told the young men to come in with their guns, and they all went in a big parlor that had a new rag carpet on the floor, and got together in a corner that was out of range of the windows—there warn't none on the side. They held the candle and took a good look at me and said: "Why, he ain't a Shepherdson—no, there ain't any Shepherdson about him." Then the old man said he hoped I wouldn't mind being searched for arms, because he didn't mean no harm by it—it was only to make sure. So he didn't pry into my pockets, but only felt outside with his hand, and said it was all right. He told me to make myself easy and at home, and tell all about myself; but the old lady says:

"Why, bless you Saul, the poor thing's as wet as he can be; and don't you reckon it may be he's hungry?"

"True for you, Rachel—I forgot."

So the old lady says:

"Betsy" (this was a nigger woman), "you fly around and get him something to eat, as quick as you can, poor thing; and one of you girls go and wake up Buck and tell him—Oh, here he is himself. Buck, take this little stranger and get the wet clothes off from him, and dress him up in some of yours that's dry."

Buck looked about as old as me—13 or 14 or along there though he was a little bigger than me. He hadn't on anything but a shirt, and he was very frowsy-headed. He come in gaping, and digging one fist into his eyes, and he was dragging a gun along with the other one. He says:

"Aint they no Shepherdsons around?"

They said, no, 'twas a false alarm.

"Well," he says, "if they'd 'a' b'en some, I reckon I'd 'a' got one."

They all laughed, and Bob says:

"Why, Buck, they might have scalped us all, you've been so slow in coming."

"Well, nobody come after me, and it ain't right. I'm always kep' down; I don't get no show."

"Never mind, Buck, my boy," said the old man, "you'll have show enough all in good time; don't you fret about that. Go long with you, now, and do as your mother told you."

When we got upstairs to his room he got me a coarse shirt and a roundabout and pants of his, and I put them on. While I was at he asked me what my name was, but before I could tell him he started to telling me about a bluejay and a young rabbit he had catched in the woods day before yesterday, and he asked me where Moses was when the candle went out. I said I didn't know, I hadn't heard about it before, no-way.

"Well, guess," he says.

"How'm I going to guess?" says I, "when I never heard tell about it before?"

"But you can guess, can't you? It's just as easy."

"Which candle?" I says.

"Why, any candle," he says.

"I don't know where he was," says I; "where was he?"

"Why, he was in the dark! That's where he was."

"Well, if you knowed where he was, what did you ask me for?"

"Why, blame it, its a riddle, don't you see? Say, how long are you going to stay here? You got to stay always. We can have booming times—they don't have no school now. Do you own a dog? I've got a dog—and he'll go in the river and bring out chips that you throw in. Do you like to comb up Sundays, and all that kind of foolishness? You bet I don't, but ma makes me. Confound these old britches! I reckon I'd better put 'em on but I'd ruther not, its so warm. Are you all ready? All right—come along, old hoss."

Cold corn-pone, cold corn-beef, butter and butter-milk—that is what they had for me down there, and there ain't nothing better that ever I've come across yet. Buck and his ma and all the rest of them smoked corn-cob pipes, except the nigger woman, which was gone, and the two young women. They all smoked and talked, and I eat and talked. The young women had quilts around them, and their hair down their backs. They all asked me questions, and I told them how pap and me and all the family was living on a little farm down at the bottom of Arkansaw, and my sister Mary Ann ran off and got married and never was heard of no more, and Bill went to hunt them and he warn't heard of no more, and Tom and Mort died, and then there warn't nobody but just me and pap left, and he was just trimmed down to nothing on account of his troubles; so when he died I took what there was left, because the farm didn't belong to us, and started up the river, deck passage, and fell overboard and that was how I come to be here. So they said I could have a home there as long as I wanted it. Then it was almost daylight, and everybody went to bed, and I went to bed with Buck, and when I waked up in the morning, drat it all, I had forgot what my name was. So I laid there about an hour trying to think, and when Buck waked up, I says:

"Can you spell, Buck?"

"Yes," he says.

"I'll bet you can't spell my name," says I.

"I'll bet you what you dare I can," says he.

"All right," says I, "go ahead."

"G-e-o-r-g-e J-a-x-o-n—there now," he says.

"Well," says I, "you done it, but I didn't think you could. It aint no slouch of a name to spell—right off without studying."

I set it down, private, because somebody might want me to spell it next, and so I wanted to be handy with it and rattle it off like I was used to it.

It was a mighty nice family, and a mighty nice house, too. I hadn't seen no house out in the country before that was so nice and had so much style. It didn't have an iron latch on the front door, nor a wooden one with a buckskin string, but a brass knob to turn, the same as houses in town. There warn't no bed in the parlor, not a sign of a bed; but heaps of parlors in towns has beds in them. There was a big fire-place that was bricked on the bottom, and the bricks was kept clean and red by pouring water on them and scrubbing them with another brick, sometimes they washed them over with red water-paint that they called Spanish brown, same as they do in town. They had big brass dog-irons that could hold up a saw-log. There was a clock on the middle of the mantle-piece with a picture of a town painted on the bottom half of the glass front, and a round place in the middle of it for the sun, and you could see the pendulum swing behind it. It was beautiful to hear that clock tick; and sometimes when one of these peddlers had been along and scoured her up and got her in good shape, she would start and strike a 150 before she got tuckered out. They wouldn't took any money for her.

Well, there was a big outlandish parrot on each side of the clock, made out of something like chalk, and painted up gaudy. By one of the parrots was a cat made of crockery, and a crockery dog by the other; and when you pressed down on them they squeaked, but didn't open their mouths nor look different nor interested. They squeaked through underneath. There was a couple of big wild-turkey-wing fans spread out behind those things. On a table in the middle of the room was a kind of a lovely crockery basket that had apples and oranges and peaches and grapes piled up in it which was much redder and yellower and prettier than real ones is, but they warn't real, because you could see where pieces had got chopped off and showed the white chalk or whatever it was underneath.

This table had a cover made out of beautiful oilcloth, with a red and blue spread eagle painted on it, and a painted border all around. It came all the way from Philadelphia, they said. There were some books, too, piled up perfectly exact, on each corner of the table. One was a big family Bible, full of pictures. One was "Pilgrim's Progress," about a man that left his family, it didn't say why. I read considerable in it now and then. The statements were interesting, but tough. Another was "Friendship's Offering," full of beautiful stuff and poetry. Another was Henry Clay's Speeches, and another was Dr. Gunn's Family Medicine, which told you all about what to do if a body was sick or dead. There was a hymn book, and a lot of other books. And there was nice split bottom chairs, and perfectly sound, too—not bagged down in the middle and busted, like an old basket.

They had pictures hung upon the walls—mainly Washingtons and Lafayettes, and battles, and Highland Marys, and one called "Signing the Declaration." There was some that they called crayons, which one of the daughters which was dead made her own self when she was only 15 years old. They was different from any pictures I ever see before—blacker, mostly, than is common. One was a woman in a slim, black dress, belted small under the arm-pits, with bulges like a cabbage in the middle of the sleeves, and a large black scoop-shovel bonnet with a black veil, and white slim ankles crossed about with black tape, and very black slippers, like a chisel, and she was leaning pensive on a tombstone on her right elbow, under a weeping willow, and her other hand hanging down by her side holding a white handkerchief and a reticule; and underneath the picture it said: "Shall I Never See Thee More Alas." Another one was a young lady with her hair all combed up straight to the top of her head, and knotted there in front of a comb like a chair back, and she was crying into a handkerchief and had a dead bird lying on its back in her other hand with its heels up, and underneath the picture it said: "I Shall Never Hear Thy Sweet Chirrup More Alas." There was one where a young lady was at a window looking up at the moon, and tears running down her cheeks, and she had an open letter in one hand, with black sealing wax showing on one edge of it, and she was mashing a locket with a chain to it against her mouth, and underneath the picture it said: "And Art Thou Gone Yes Thou Art Gone Alas." These was all nice pictures, I reckon, but I didn't somehow seem to like them, because if I was ever down a little they always give me the fan-tods. Everybody was sorry she died, because she had laid out a lot more of these pictures to do, and a body could see by what she had done what they had lost. But I reckoned that, with her disposition, she was having a better time in the graveyard. She was at work on what they said was her greatest picture when she took sick, and every day and every night it was her prayer that she be allowed to live till she got it done, but she never got the chance. It was a picture of a young woman in a long white gown, standing on the rail of a bridge all ready to jump off, with her hair all down her back, and looking up to the moon, with the tears running down her face, and she had two arms folded across her breast, and two arms stretched out in front, and two more stretched out towards the moon—and the idea was to see which pair would look the best and then scratch out all the other arms; but, as I was saying, she died before she got her mind made up, and now they kept this picture over the head of the bed in her room, and every time her birthday come they hung flowers on it. Other times it was hid with a little curtain. The young woman in the picture had a kind of a nice, sweet face, but there were so many arms it made her look spidery, seemed to me.

This young girl kept a scrap-book when she was alive, and used to paste obituaries and accidents and cases of patient suffering in it out of the *Presbyterian Observer*, and write poetry after them out of her own head. It was very good poetry.

If Emmeline Grangerford could make poetry like that before she was 14, there ain't no telling what she could 'a' done by and by. Buck said she could rattle off poetry like nothing. She didn't ever have to think. He said she would slap down a line, and if she couldn't find anything to rhyme with it she would just scratch it out and slap down another one and go ahead. She warn't particular; she could write about anything that was sadful. Every time a man died, or a woman died, or a child died, she would be on hand with her "tribute" before he was cold. She called them tributes. The neighbors said it was the doctor first, then Emmeline, then the undertaker. The undertaker never got ahead of Emmeline but once, and then she hung fire on a rhyme for the dead person's name, which was Whistler. She warn't ever the same after that; she never complained, but she kind of pined away and did not live long. Poor thing! many's the time I made myself go up into the little room that used to be hers, and get out her poor old scrap-book and read in it when her pictures had been aggravating me and I had soured on her a little. I liked that family, dead ones and all, and warn't going to let anything come between us. Poor Emmeline made poetry about all the dead people when she was alive and it didn't seem right that there warn't nobody to make some about her, now she was gone; so I tried to sweat out a verse or two myself, but I couldn't seem to make it go, somehow. They kept Emmeline's room trim and nice, and all the things fixed in it just the way she liked to have them when she was alive, and nobody ever slept there. The old lady took care of the room herself, though there was plenty of niggers, and she sewed there a good deal and read her Bible there, mostly.

Well, as I was saying about the parlor, there was beautiful curtains on the windows; white with pictures painted on them of castles with vines all down the walls, and cattle coming down to drink. There was a little, old piano, too, that had tin pans on it, I reckon, and nothing was ever so lovely as to hear the young ladies sing, "The Last Link is Broken," and play "The Battle of Prague" on it. The walls of all the rooms was plastered and most had carpets on the floors, and the whole house was whitewashed on the outside.

It was a double house, and the big open place betwixt them was roofed and floored and sometimes the table was set in there in the middle of the day, and it was a cool, comfortable place. Nothing couldn't be better. And warn't the cooking good, and just bushels of it, too!

Colonel Grangerford was a gentleman, you see. He was a gentleman all over, and so was his family. He was well born, as the saying is, and that's worth as much in a man as it is in a horse, so the widow Douglass said, and nobody ever denied that she was of the first aristocracy in our town; and pap he always said it, too, though he warn't no more quality than a mud-cat himself. Colonel Grangerford was very tall and very slim and had a darkish-paly complexion, not a sign of red in it anywheres; he was clean shaved every morning, all over his face, and he had the thinnest kind of lips, and the thinnest kind of nostrils, and a high nose, and heavy eyebrows, and the blackest kind of eyes, sunk so deep back that they seemed like they were looking out of caverns at you, as you may say. His forehead was high, and his hair was black and straight, and hung to his shoulders. His hands was long and thin, and every day of his life he put on a clean shirt and a full suit from head to foot, made out of linen so white it hurt your eyes to look at it; and on Sundays he wore a blue tail-coat with brass buttons on it. He carried a mahogany cane with a silver head to it. There warn't no frivolishness about it, not a bit, and he warn't ever loud. He was as kind as he could be—you could feel that, you know, and so you had confidence. Sometimes he smiled, and it was good to see, but when he straightened himself up like a liberty pole, and the lightning began to flicker out from under his eyebrows, you wanted to climb a tree first and find out what the matter was afterward. He didn't have to tell anybody to mind their manners—everybody was always good-mannered where he was. Everybody loved to have him around, too, he was sunshine most always—I mean he made it seem like good weather. When he turned into a cloud-bank it was awful dark for half a minute, and that was enough, there wouldn't nothing go wrong again for a week.

When him and the old lady come down in the morning, all of the family got up out of their chairs and wished them good-day, and didn't set down again till they set down. When Tom and Bob went to the sideboard where decanters was, and mixed a glass of bitters and handed it to him, and he held it in his hand and waited till Tom's and Bob's was mixed, and then they bowed and said, "Our duty to you, sir, and madam;" and they bowed the least bit in the world and said thank you, and so they drank, all three, and Bob and Tom poured a spoonful of water on the sugar and the mite of whisky or apple brandy in the bottom of their tumblers, and gave it to me and Buck, and we drank to the old people, too.

Bob was the oldest, and Tom next—tall, beautiful men, with very broad shoulders and brown faces and long black hair and black eyes. They dressed in white linen from head to foot, like the old gentleman, and wore broad Panama hats.

Then there was Miss Charlotte; she was 25, and tall and proud and grand, but as good as she could be when she warn't stirred up; but when she was, she had a look that would make you wilt in your tracks, like her father. She was beautiful.

So was her sister, Miss Sophia, but it was a different kind. She was gentle and sweet, like a dove, and she was only 20.

Each person had their own nigger to wait on them—Buck, too. My nigger had a monstrous easy time, because I warn't used to having anybody do anything for me, but Buck's was on the jump most of the time.

This is all there was of the family now, but there used to be more—three sons; they got killed; and Emmeline that died.

The old gentleman owned a lot of farms, and over a hundred niggers. Sometimes a stack of people would come there, horseback, from 10 or 15 miles around and stay five or six days, and have such junketings round about and on the river, and dances and picnics in the woods daytimes, and balls in the house nights. These people was mostly kin-folks of the family. The men brought their guns with them. It was a handsome lot of quality, I tell you.

There was another clan of aristocracy around there—five or six families—mostly of the name of Shepherdson. They was as high-toned, and well-born and rich as the tribe of Grangerfords. The Shepherdsons and Grangerfords used the same steamboat landing, which was about two mile above our house, so sometimes, when I went up there with a lot of our folks, I used to see a lot of the Shepherdsons there on their fine horses.

One day Buck and me was away in the woods, hunting, and heard a horse coming. We was crossing the road. Buck says,

"Quick! Jump for the woods!"

We done it and then peeped down the woods through the leaves. Pretty soon a splendid young man came galloping down the road, setting his horse easy and looking like a soldier. I had seen him before. It was Harney Shepherdson. I heard Buck's gun go off at my ear, and Harney's hat tumbled off from his head. He grabbed his gun and rode strait to the place where we was hid. But we didn't wait. We started through the woods on a run. The woods warn't thick, so I looked over my shoulder to dodge the bullet, and twice I seen Harney cover Buck with his gun; and then he rode away the way he come—to get his hat, I reckon, but I couldn't see. We never stopped running till we got home. The old gentleman's eyes blazed a minute—'twas pleasure, mainly I judged—then his face sort of smoothed down, and he says, kind and gentle:

"I don't like that shooting from behind a bush. Why didn't you step into the road, my boy?"

"The Shepherdsons don't father. They always take advantage."

Miss Charlotte she held her head up like a queen while Buck was telling his tale, and her nostrils spread and her eyes snapped. The two young men looked dark, but never said nothing. Miss Sophie she turned pale, but the color came back when she found the man wasn't hurt.

Soon as I could get Buck down by the corn-cribs under the trees by ourselves I says:

"Did you want to kill him, Buck?"

"Well, I bet I did."

"What did he do to you?"

"Him? He never done nothing to me."

"Well, then, what did you want to kill him for?"

"Well, nothing—it's only on account of an old feud."

"What's a feud?"

"Why, where was you raised? Don't you know what a feud is?"

"Never heard of it before—tell me about it."

"Well," says Buck, "a feud is this way: A man has a quarrel with another man, and kills him; then that other man's brother kills him; then the other brothers, on both sides, goes for one another; then the cousins chip in—and by-and-by everybody's killed off, and there ain't any more feud. But its kind of slow, and takes a long time."

"Has this one been going on long, Buck?"

"Well, I should reckon! it started 30 years ago, or som'ers along there. There was trouble 'bout something, and then a lawsuit to settle it, and the suit went ag'in' one of the men, and so he up and shot the man that won the suit—which he would naturally do, of course. Anybody would."

"What was the trouble about, Buck?—land?"

"I reckon, may be—I don't know."

"Well, who done the shooting?—was it a Grangerford or a Shepherdson?"

"Laws, how do I know? It was so long ago."

"Don't anybody know?"

"Oh, yes, pa knows, I reckon, and some of the other old folks; but they don't know now what the row was about in the first place."

"Has there been many killed, Buck?"

"Yes—right smart chance of funerals. But they don't always kill. Pa's got a few buckshot in him; but he don't mind it, 'cuz he don't weigh much, anyway. Bob's been carved up somewhat with a bowie, and Tom's been hurt once or twice."

"Has anybody been killed this year, Buck?"

"Yes, we got one and they got one. 'Bout three months ago my cousin Bud, 14 years old, was riding through the woods on t'other side of the river, and didn't have no weapon with him, which was blame' foolishness; and in a lonesome place he hears a horse a-coming behind him, and sees old Baldy Shepherdson a-linkin' after him with his gun in his hand, and his white hair flying in the wind; and 'stead of jumping off and taking to the brush, Bud 'lowed he could outrun him, so they had it, nip and tuck, for five mile or more, the old man a-gaining all the time. So at last Bud seen it warn't any use, so he stopped and faced around so as to have the bullet holes in front, you know, and the old man rode up and shot him down. But he didn't git much chance to enjoy his luck, for inside of a week our folks laid him out."

"I reckon the old man was a coward, Buck."

"I reckon he warn't a coward not by a blame' sight. There ain't a coward amongst them Shepherdsons—not a one. And there ain't no cowards amongst the Grangerfords, either. Why that old man kept up his end of a fight one day, for half an hour, against three Grangerfords, and come out winner. They was all a-horseback; he lit off his horse and got behind a wood-pile, and kep' his horse before him to stop the bullets; but the Grangerfords stayed on their horses and capered around the old man, and peppered away at him, and he peppered away at them. Him and his horse went home pretty leaky and crippled, but the Grangerfords had to be fetched home—and one of 'em was dead and another died the next day. No, sir; if a body's out hunting for cowards, he don't want to fool away any time amongst them Shepherdsons, becuz they don't breed any of that kind."

Next Sunday we all went to church, about three mile, everybody on horseback. The men took their guns along, so did Buck, and kept them between their knees or stood them handy against the wall. The Shepherdsons done the same. It was pretty ornery preaching—all about brotherly love, and such like tiresomeness; but everybody said it was a good sermon, and they all talked it over going home, and had such a powerful lot to say about faith and good works, and free grace, and preforeordestination, and I don't know what all, that it did seem to me to be one of the roughest Sundays that I had run across yet.

Says I to myself, something's up—it ain't natural for a girl to be in such a sweat about a Testament, so I give it a shake, and out drops a little piece of paper with "Half-past two" wrote on it with a pencil. I ransacked it, but couldn't find anything else. I couldn't make anything out of that, so I put the paper in the book again, and when I got home and upstairs, there was Miss Sophia waiting for me in her door. She pulled me in and shut the door; then she looked into the Testament till she found the paper, and as soon as she read it she looked glad; and before a body could think she grabbed me, give me a squeeze, and said I was the best boy in the world, and not to tell anybody. She was mighty red in the face for a minute, and her eyes lighted up and it made her powerful pretty. I was a good deal astonished, but when I got my breath I asked what the paper was about, and she asked me if I could read it, and I said no, and she asked me if I could read writing, and I told her "no, only coarse-hand," and then she said the paper warn't anything but a book-mark to keep her place, and I might go and play now.

I went off to the river, studying over this thing, and pretty soon I noticed that my nigger was following along behind. When we was out of sight of the house, he looked back and around for a second, and then comes a running, and says:

"Mars Jawge, if you'll come down into de swamp, I'll show you a whole stack o' water moccasins."

Thinks I, that's mighty curious; he said that yesterday. He outer know a body don't love water-moccasins enough to go hunting for them. What is he up to, anyway? So I says:

"All right, trot ahead."

I followed a half a mile, then he struck out over the swamp and waded ankle-deep as much as another half mile. We come to a little flat piece of land, which was dry and very thick with trees and bushes and vines, and he says:

"You shove right in dah, jist a few steps, Mars Jawdge, dah's whah dey is. I's seed 'em befo'. I don' k'yer to see 'em no mo'."

Then he slopped right along and went away, and pretty soon the trees hid him. I poked into the place a-ways and come to a little open patch as big as a bed-room, all hung around with vines, and found a man laying there asleep—and, by jings, it was my old Jim!

I waked him up and I reckoned it was going to be a grand surprise to him to see me again, but it warn't. He nearly cried he was so glad, but he warn't surprised. Said he swum along behind me that night, and heard me yell every time, but he dasn't answer, because he didn't want nobody to pick him up, and take him into slavery again. Says he:

"I got hurt a little en couldn't swim fas', so I wuz a considable ways behind you toward the las'; when you landed I reck'oned I could ketch up wid you on de lan' 'dout havin' to shout at you, but when I see dat house I begin to go slow. I 'uz off too fur to hear what dey say to you—I wuz afraid o' de dogs—but when it 'uz all quiet ag'in, I knowed you's in de house, so I struck out for de woods to wait for day. Early in de mawnin' some er de niggers come along, gwine ter de fields, and dey tuck me en showed me dis place, whah de dogs can't track me on accounts o' de water, en dey brings my truck to eat every night, en tells me how you's a-gitt'n along."

"Why didn't you tell my Jack to fetch me here sooner, Jim?"

"Well, 'twarn't no use to 'sturb you, Huck, tell we could do sum'n—but we's all right now. I b'en a-buyin' pots en pans en vittles, as I got a chanst, en a-patchin' up de raf' nights, when—"

"What raft, Jim?"

"Our ole raf'."

"You mean to say our old raft warn't smashed all to flinders?"

"No, she warn't. She was tore up a good deal—one en' of her was—but dey warn't no great harm done, on'y our traps was mos' all los'. Ef we hadn' dive' so deep en swum so fur under water, en de night hadn't b'en so dark, en we warn't so sk'ered, en b'en sich punkin-heads, as de sayin' is, we'd a' seed de raf'. But it's jis' as well we didn't, 'kase now she all fixed up ag'in mos' as good as new, en we's got a new lot o' stuff, too, in de place o' what 'uz los'."

"Why, how did you get hold of the raft again, Jim—did you catch her?"

"How I gwine to ketch her, en I out in de woods? No; some er de niggers foun' her ketched on a snag, along heah in de ben', en dey hid her in a crick, 'mongst de willows, en dey wuz so much jawin' 'bout which un um she b'long to de mos', dat I come to heah 'bout it pooty soon, so I ups en settles de trouble by tellin' um she don't b'long to none uv um, but to you en me; en I ast um if dey gwine to grab a young white gen'l'man's propaty, en git a hid'n for it? Den I gin um ten cents apiece, en dey uz mighty well satisfied, en wisht some mo' raf's 'ud come along en make um rich ag'in. Dey's mighty good to me, dese niggers is, en whatever I wants um to do fur me I doan' have to ast 'm twice, honey. Dat Jack's a good nigger, en pooty smart."

"Yes, he is. He ain't ever told me you was here, told me to come, and he'd show a lot of water-moccasins. If anything happens, he ain't mixed up in it. He can say he never seen us together, and it'll be the truth."

I don't want to talk much about the next day. I reckon I'll cut it pretty short. I waked up about dawn, and was a-going to turn over and go to sleep again, when I noticed how still it was—didn't seem to be anybody stirring. That warn't usual. Next I noticed that Buck was up and gone. Well, I gets up, a-wondering, and goes down stairs—nobody around, everything as still as a mouse. Just the same outside; thinks I, what does it mean? Down by the woodpile I comes across my Jack, and says:

"What's it all about?"

Says he:

"Don't you know, Mars Jawge?"

"No," says I, "I don't."

"Well, den, Miss Sophia's run off! 'deed she has. She run off in de night, some time—nobody don't know jis' when—run off to get married to dat young Harney Shepherdson, you know—leastways, so dey 'spec. De fambly found it out 'bout half an hour ago—maybe a little mo'—an' I tell you dey warn't no time los'. Such another hurryin' up guns en horses you never see! De women folks has gone for to stir up de relations, an' ole Mars Saul an' de boys tuck dey guns en rode up the river road for to try ketch dat young man en kill him 'fo' he kin git acrost de river wid Miss Sophia. I reck'n dey's gwine to be mighty rough times."

"Buck went off 'thout waking me up."

"Well, I reck'n he did. Dey warn't gwine to mix you up in it. Mars Buck he loaded up his gun en 'lowed he's gwine to fetch home a Shepherdson or bust. Well, dey'll be planty un 'm dah, I reck'n, en you bet you he'll fetch one ef he gits a chanst."

There was four or five men cavorting around on their horses in the open place before the log store, cussing and yelling, and trying to get at a couple of young chaps that was behind the wood-rank alongside of the steamboat landing—but they couldn't come it. Every time one of them showed himself on the river side of the wood pile he got shot at. The two boys was squatting back to back behind the pile, so they could watch both ways.

By and by the men stopped cavorting around and yelling. They started riding toward the store; then up gets one of the boys, draws a steady bead over the wood-rank, and drops one of them out of his saddle. All the men jumped off their horses and grabbed the hurt one and started to carry him to the store; and that minute the two boys started on the run. They got half way to the tree I was in before the men noticed. Then the men see me, and jumped on their horses and took out after them. They gained on the boys, but it didn't do no good, the boys had too good a start; they got to the wood-pile that was in front of my tree, and slipped in behind it, and so they had the bulge on the men again. One of the boys was Buck, and the other was a slim young chap about 19 years old.

The men ripped around awhile, and then rode away. As soon as they was out of sight, I sung out to Buck and told him. He didn't know what to make out of my voice coming out of the tree at first. He was awfully surprised. He told me to watch out sharp, and let him know when the men come in sight again; said they was up to some deviltry or other—wouldn't be gone long. I wished I was out of that tree, but I dasn't come down. Buck begun to cry and rip, and 'lowed that him and his cousin Joe (that was the other chap) would make up for this day yet. He said his father and his two brothers was killed, and two or three of the enemy. Said the Shepherdsons laid for them in ambush. Buck said his father and brothers ought to have waited for their relatives—the Shepherdsons was too strong for them. I asked him what was become of young Harney and Miss Sophia. He said they'd got across the river and was safe. I was glad of that; but the way Buck did take on because he didn't manage to kill Harney that day he shot at him—I hain't ever heard anything like it.

All of a sudden, bang! bang! bang! goes three or four guns—the men had slipped around through the woods and come in from behind without their horses! The boys jumped for the river, both of them hurt, and as they swam down the current the men run along the bank shooting at them and singing out, "Kill them! kill them!" It made me so sick I most fell out of the tree. I ain't a-going to tell all that happened—it would make me sick again if I was to do that. I wished I hadn't ever come ashore that night to see such things. I ain't ever going to get shut of them—lots of times I dream about them.

I stayed in the tree till it begun to get dark, afraid to come down. Sometimes I heard guns away off in the woods, and twice I seen little gangs of men gallop past the log store with guns, so I reckoned the trouble was still a-going on. I was mighty down-hearted, so I made up my mind I wouldn't ever go a-near that house again, because I reckoned I was to blame somehow. I judged that that piece of paper meant that Miss Sophia was to meet Harney somewheres at half-past 2 and run off; and I judged I ought to told her father about that paper and the serious way she acted, and then maybe he would a-locked her up, and this awful mess wouldn't ever happened.

When I got down out of the tree, I crept along down the river bank a piece, and found the bodies laying in the edge of the water, and tugged at them till I got them ashore; then I covered up their faces, and got away as quick as I could. I cried a little when I was covering up Buck's face, for he was mighty good to me.

It was just dark now. I never went near the house, but struck through the woods and made for the swamp. Jim warn't on his island! so I tramped off in a hurry for the crick and crowded through the willows, red hot to jump aboard and get out of that awful country. The raft was gone! My soul, but I was scared! I couldn't get my breath for most a minute. Then I raised a yell. A voice not 25 foot from me says:

"Good lan'! Is dat you, honey? Doan' make no noise."

It was Jim's voice—nothing ever sounded so good before. I run along the bank a piece and got aboard, and Jim he grabbed me and hugged me, he was so glad to see me. He says:

"Laws bless you, chile, I 'us right down sho' you's dead ag'in. Jack's been heah; he say he rek'n you's be'n shot, kase you didn't come home no mo'; so I's jes' dis minute a-startin' de raf' down towards de mouf er de crick, so's to be all ready for to shove out en leave soon as Jack comes ag'in en tells me for certain you is dead. Lawsy, I's mighty glad to git you back ag'in, honey."

I says:

"All right—that's mighty good; they won't find me, and they'll think I've been killed, and floated down the river. There's something up there that'll help them to think so: so don't you lose no time, Jim, but just shove off for the big water as fast as ever you can."

I never felt easy till the raft was two miles below there and out in the middle of the Mississippi. Then we hung up our signal lantern and judged that we was free and safe once more. I hadn't had a bite to eat since yesterday; so Jim he got out some corn-dodgers and buttermilk, and pork and cabbage, and greens—there ain't nothing in the world so good, when it's cooked right—and we had a good time. I was powerful glad to get away from the feuds, and so was Jim to get away from the swamp. We said there warn't no home like a raft, after all. Other places do seem so cramped up and smothery, but a raft don't. You feel mighty free and easy and comfortable on a raft.

THE EAST.

Severe Storms Experienced at Many Places.

CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE DONE

Funeral of Schuyler Colfax—Proceedings of the House and the Senate—News Items from Various Places

PITTSBURG, Jan 17—A cold wave has checked the rise in the rivers, and averted what threatened to be a disastrous flood. The waters rose steadily all night, and at daybreak the Pittsburg and Western railroad tracks, Exposition park and a large portion of the lowlands in Alleghany city were inundated. Many persons, remembering the great flood of a year ago, moved their goods to places of safety, while others living on River avenue, remained up all night, fearing to go to bed. At noon both rivers were on a stand, with about twenty-two feet of water on the marks.

At midnight a terrific storm struck this section, and for several hours the wind blew at the rate of thirty two miles per hour, doing widespread damage. Telegraph wires are down in all directions, and trains are behind time. Considerable damage was done to dwelling houses and manufacturings. A number of roofs, shutters, chimneys and smokestacks were blown down in all parts of the city.

At East Liverpool, Ohio, Thompson & Co's pottery was wrecked, entailing a loss of $5,000, and the opera house was partly unroofed.

At Steubenville, property was damaged to the extent of $5000.

HURRICANE AT BUFFALO

BUFFALO, N Y, Jan 17—This morning about 3 o'clock the wind obtained a velocity of fifty miles an hour and at 5 o'clock was blowing seventy-one miles, and for about half an hour it blew at the rate of seventy-two miles. Houses were rocked, numerous signs were blown down and some few trees uprooted. At East Buffalo a newspaper reporter was blown bodily across the street, sustaining a few bruises, and a large load of hay was blown over and scattered for hundreds of feet in the road. The thermometer has fallen from 25 to 6 degrees below zero.

THE STORM GENERAL

NEW YORK, Jan 17—Despatches from various points report a severe wind storm from the west last night and to-day. Barns have been unroofed, houses badly shaken, and trees uprooted. Telegraph and telephone wires were also badly damaged. Snow accompanied the wind. In the northwest portion of Ontario trains on branch lines are badly delayed, and in some cases abandoned.

BAD WEATHER AT CHICAGO

CHICAGO, Jan 17—Snow ceased falling about midnight and was followed by a rapid fall in temperature. There is almost a complete embargo on the railway freight traffic throughout the west and northwest, and passenger trains are badly delayed, and in some instances snowed in. Telegraph communication with New York ceased about 4 o'clock this morning, and has been only imperfectly renewed since then.

A SMALL CYCLONE

CHARLESTON, W Va, Jan 17—This city was visited last night by a very heavy wind storm. A number of business houses were unroofed, trees uprooted and several small factories damaged. The loss is extensive, but cannot ascertain the amount of damage.

WEATHER IN CINCINNATI

CINCINNATI, Jan 17—Telegraph wires are still in bad condition and all trains delayed six to eight hours. Snow here is light and growing colder.

AT DETROIT

DETROIT, Jan 17—The storm raged all night, and only stopped snowing awhile at daylight. It is still snowing hard, and the snow is drifting badly.

AT KANSAS CITY

KANSAS CITY, Jan 17—The mercury this morning was 14 below zero. The weather is clear. Trains are delayed two to six hours.

THE COLORADO SENATORIAL CONTEST

DENVER, Jan 17—A republican senatorial caucus was held this evening. As soon as organization was completed, a motion was made that the caucus proceed to vote for United States senator, *viva voce*, carried by five majority. Thereupon seventeen Hill men left the chamber, four remaining, but not voting on the first ballot. Secretary H M. Teller received 28, H. A. W Tabor 2, and Senator N P Hill 1. Teller was declared the nominee of the caucus. Hill men claim they are not bound by the action of the caucus, and will make a fight in joint session of both houses, but to win must have nearly, if not all, of the democratic vote.

FUNERAL OF SCHUYLER COLFAX

SOUTH BEND, Ind, Jan 17—The Colfax obsequies took place this afternoon. The weather was the worst of the season—gusty, snowy and below zero. All trains were belated several hours, and that containing Vice President-elect Hendricks did not reach here until after 6 o'clock, three hours too late for the funeral, which had already been postponed from 10 A. M. During the afternoon the body lay in state at the residence, and was visited by thousands. The services were at the Reform church. The casket was draped with the American flag, and was followed to the cemetery by a procession of great length.

ARCHBISHOP LEROY RECEIVES THE PALLIUM

NEW ORLEANS, Jan 17—Ceremonies of the reception of the pallium by Archbishop Leroy took place this morning at the cathedral. Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore presided. Bishop Fitzgerald of Little Rock delivered an English sermon and a dominion father the French. Pontifical mass was performed at 10 A. M.

WEEKLY BANK STATEMENT

NEW YORK, Jan 17—The weekly bank statement shows: Reserve increase, $354,000. Banks now hold $51,148,000 in excess of legal requirements, the largest amount ever held.

VILLARD SELLS SOME PROPERTY

NEW YORK, Jan 17—Ex-railroad king Henry Villard has disposed of his dwelling on Twenty-fourth street to William H. Starbuck.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Senate

WASHINGTON, Jan 17—Allison presided over the senate to-day.

A communication from General Sherman to the secretary of war, concerning the policy of the confederate executive department, was received and laid on the table.

Frye introduced a bill for the encouragement of the American merchant marine, and to promote postal and commercial relations with foreign countries.

The senate proceeded to consideration of bills upon the calendar.

The chair laid before the senate the inter-state commerce bill, and after a long debate Slater's amendment, prohibiting higher rates for short than for longer hauls, was defeated.

The amendment proposed by Allison was agreed to—52 yeas to 20 nays—increasing the number of commissioners from five to nine and amending the latter proposition so as to require that no more than five of them should belong to one political party. The amendment also provides that the commissioners shall be selected from each of the nine judicial districts in the United States.

House.

WASHINGTON, Jan 17—Gibson, rising to a personal explanation, denied that he had harshly criticized Randall at the recent Wheeling conference. He differed from the gentleman named, but respected his capacity and integrity.

Hopkins, from the committee on labor, reported a resolution directing the postmaster general to ask the attorney general whether the eight-hour law applies to letter-carriers. Adopted.

The house went into committee of the whole on the consular and diplomatic appropriation bill.

Townsend offered an amendment, requesting the president to invite the co-operation of governments of American nations in securing the establishment of a commercial league by and between said nations to be known as the Customs Union of America. Ruled out on a point of order.

After a debate the committee rose and the bill passed.

Willis reported the river and harbor appropriation bill. Ordered printed and recommitted. Adjourned.

CONGRESSIONAL NOTES.

THE NICARAGUAN TREATY

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17—The speech made by Senator Morgan in executive session of the senate yesterday, in favor of the Nicaraguan treaty, is regarded as one of the strongest arguments in favor of the ratification of that instrument that has yet been presented. Sherman's speech a few days ago, in opposition to the treaty, had considerable effect upon those senators who have not made a study of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and its relation to the proposed work of constructing a canal across the isthmus of Nicaragua. The statement made by Sherman in support of his arguments, that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty should be abrogated before the pending Nicaraguan treaty is ratified, had considerable weight with senators who had not informed themselves on this subject. Morgan's reply to Sherman's argument on this subject was complete and convincing. He related every incident of the negotiation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and from the record argued that the United States is in no way bound to consider that instrument in determining the question of the propriety of this government's building the Nicaraguan canal. Several democratic votes that would have been against ratification of the Nicaragua treaty were changed to favor the instrument by Morgan's elaborate speech. While a two-thirds vote is required to ratify the treaty, the indications now are that the requisite number of votes will be obtained. Edmunds, who has been in constant communication with the state department ever since negotiations for the Nicaragua treaty were begun, will in a few days make an exhaustive speech to the senate in support of the treaty.

THE RIVER AND HARBOR BILL

WASHINGTON, Jan 17—Among the appropriations for rivers and harbors are the following: San Joaquin, California, $40,000; lower Willamette and Columbia rivers, Oregon, $40,000. Besides the above items there are a large number of minor appropriations. The bill appropriates in all $11,329,500. Estimates prepared by the engineers in charge of the various improvements amounted to $44,507,300. The bill provides for the appointment of a committee to consist of seven members, whose duty shall be to examine the various river and harbor improvements, and report to congress within a year. It also provides for a consulting engineer for the Mississippi river commission, and recommends the appointment of Captain Eads at a salary of $1000 per year. No appropriation has yet been made for the improvement of Galveston harbor, as proposed by Captain Eads. The matter will be considered the early part of next week.

FRYE'S MERCHANT MARINE BILL

WASHINGTON, Jan 17—Frye's bill to encourage the merchant marine provides for a government subsidy to American ships for carrying mails to foreign ports, not to exceed $1 per mile each way.

CRIMINAL CALENDAR

DYNAMITE OUTRAGE.

LEIGHBORO, Conn, Jan 17—An attempt was made at 11 o'clock last night by unknown persons, to blow up Croffut & Knapp's hat store, at South Norwalk, with dynamite. The stock was fell all over the city, and attracted great crowds of the people to the scene. One end of the structure was completely blown out. There were seventeen persons asleep in the building at the time, who escaped injury. It is supposed to be the work of dissatisfied strikers or their friends. Men in the building were thrown from their cots, windows throughout the buildings were shattered and heavy stone window sills were broken.

MURDERED BY A SECRET BAND

BRADENTOWN, Fla, Jan 17—C E Abbe, postmaster and United States land commissioner at Sarasota Bay, was recently murdered, and his body thrown into the sea. Later reports show that there is an organized secret band there, to kill all those who incur its enmity. Many arrests have been made. All of the accused are prominent members of the community, and were supposed to be of irreproachable character. Abbe was an extremely popular and well to do citizen. It is hinted that political reasons were responsible for his assassination.

A PORTLAND BURGLAR RECAPTURED

NEW YORK, Jan 17—James Ryan, alias Daniel McMillan, of San Francisco, a burglar who escaped from a deputy sheriff while on the way to court in that city to be sentenced, was to-day sent back to San Francisco in charge of Sheriff Connolly of that city. It is said here that Ryan is also wanted in Portland, Or.

OKLAHOMA BOOMERS.

WELLINGTON, Ks, Jan. 17—A courier from Oklahoma county says Captain Crouch has 300 armed men intrenched in a fortified camp at Stillwater, with a large supply of provisions. The troops are reported water bound, and are not expected to reach the boomers camp for several days.

NORTHERN PACIFIC EMBEZZLER SENTENCED

ST PAUL, Jan 16—D. E. Swain, the Northern Pacific embezzler, pleaded guilty to two indictments of grand larceny to-day and was sentenced to thirteen and a half years in the penitentiary.

FAILURES

THE OLIVER BROS & PHILLIPS FAILURE

PITTSBURG, Jan 17—Mill employes in mills owned by Oliver Bros & Phillips were notified to-day that their wages for the past two weeks, which were due this afternoon, could not be paid. They were given to understand that they were not to be kept out of their money long, but many can ill-afford to wait even a few days, and are very much distressed in consequence.

D B Oliver, one of the members of the firm, said to-day that estimates of the liabilities of the firm were all wrong; that the sum total would not reach half of $3,000,000. The latter figure has generally been considered nearly correct.

ERIE DEFAULTS ON INTEREST

BUFFALO, Jan 17—Erie has defaulted on interest due holders of bonds of the road since it leased the narrow gauge system. It is uncertain when it will be paid. The question of what will be done is being debated, but no satisfactory conclusion has been reached. If the narrow gauge antagonizes Erie by taking the matter into account they fear that Erie freight, upon which they are depending, will be diverted from their line. They are therefore waiting in hopes that when President King completes the work of reorganization something satisfactory will be provided for paying the bondholders.

A LANCASTER BANK

LANCASTER, Pa, Jan 17—The banking house of Amos Henderson, one of the oldest in the country, failed to open for business this morning. Henderson failed last Tuesday. An examination of the books showed that the bank is insolvent. Deposits aggregate about $200,000, many being time deposits. The bank is believed to have been wrecked by stock speculation.

MADE AN ASSIGNMENT

PITTSBURG, Jan 17—D. W. C. Carroll has made an assignment of all his property, real, personal and mixed, valued at several hundred thousand dollars, to John Benford for the benefit of his creditors.

SPARKS FROM THE WIRES

The steamer Moravia, from New York, January 1, is aground in the Elbe.

Imports of specie at New York for the week were $240,000, exports, $629,000.

Another meeting, to urge William M Evarts for senator, was held in Brooklyn Saturday night.

It is announced that the Duke of Edinburgh will shortly publish a collection of poems, entitled "Love Songs of a Violinist."

Dr G. E. Smith, a retired physician, living in Denver, was killed Saturday night by an explosion of hydrogen gas. He was experimenting when the explosion occurred.

At Ushalleta, Argentine Republic, Saturday evening, a fearful shower of stones fell, lasting eighteen minutes. It destroyed all grazing and cultivated land, leaving many persons completely destitute.

SPORTING NOTES

DR CARVER SUCCESSFUL

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan 17.—This is the last day of Dr Carver's shooting tournament. The first thousand shots were fired in exactly fifty five minutes, with only fourteen misses. At noon the score stood: Shots, 57,625; misses, 4521; hits, 53,104.

NEW HAVEN, Conn, Jan 17—At 9:48 this evening Carver finished his great task of hitting 60,000 glass balls in six days. The score was: Shots, 64,881; misses, 4865; hits, 60,016.

SPAIN

SPAIN'S CUP OF MISFORTUNE FULL

MADRID, Jan 17—Another severe shock of earthquake at Granada at 10 o'clock last night caused great alarm. The heavy snow storm and frost continues. The sugar-cane crop is destroyed, and orange and olive groves damaged. The situation is critical. The earth is again trembling, under the influence of stronger seismic movements. Wind and snow have destroyed the huts of those who fled to open fields from cities and towns for safety. At Trigiliana, twenty-seven miles east of Malaga, people, rendered desperate by cold and hunger, attacked the houses of land-owners. Another severe shock of earthquake has been experienced at Canillas.

THE SOUDAN.

A DISPATCH FROM WOLSELEY

LONDON, Jan 17—General Lord Wolseley telegraphs as follows from Korti, under date of January 17: "A large convoy has returned from Gakdul. The whole route is quiet. A convoy has returned to Howarah. The Howawis tribes start with Nores for Gakdul to-morrow. Suleh, chief of a Kabbabish tribe, has come in. English boats are now arriving. Out of 806 landed in Egypt, 780 are still able to be used on the river. The others are being repaired. Very few were wrecked."

HUNGARY

AN INVITATION TO FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS.

PESTH, Jan. 17.—In the lower house of the Hungarian diet to-day it was suggested that invitations be addressed to all foreign newspapers, asking them to send representatives to the opening of the exhibition here in May.

PACIFIC COAST.

The Transcontinental Association Ends its Labors.

ADJUSTMENT OF PERCENTAGE

The Award Said to be in Favor of the Northern Roads. More about the Sharon Case. San Francisco Notes

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan 17—The sixth day's session of the Transcontinental railway association ended to-day. Readjustment of the percentages to be paid to the northern lines by the southern lines was determined upon as follows: The southern lines are to pay the northern lines 8 per cent of their gross earnings of through business, and the northern lines are to pay the southern lines 8 per cent. of their gross earnings of through business. This will leave a balance in favor of the northern lines, which takes the place of the previous 6 per cent gross earnings of the southern lines paid to the northern lines, as a bonus for non interference with California lines.

The northern lines comprise all roads in the association that act as feeders to the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, which has its terminus at Portland, O. The southern lines embrace all roads in the association that feed the Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific, which have their terminus at San Francisco. The present arrangement is said to be more advantageous to the northern lines than the old one. The new bonus, which is the difference paid to the northern lines, will be divided between the Northern Pacific, the Oregon Short Line and the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company. In what proportion has not yet been determined.

The proposition discussed to-day was relative to the division of the pool among the southern lines. The Central and the Southern Pacific have heretofore paid to the other roads $25,000 per month for their share of through business. This they now decline to do. The plan proposed by the Southern Pacific is that two pools be formed, one composed of lines east of El Paso and Ogden, and another of lines west of the same points. Other southern lines stand out for one pool, into which all earnings shall be cast.

FRUITS OF THE SHARON CASE

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan 17—The Bar association met to-day to consider and take action respecting the spurious Tyler-Gumpel contract which was offered to General Barnes, as leading counsel in the Sharon divorce case, and for which he paid $25,000. The association is composed of 150 members, and comprises all the prominent lawyers of the city. No decision in the matter was reached.

Tyler proposed that the Bar association take and hold the $25,000 paid by General Barnes for the false Tyler Gumpel contract. President Cope consented to do so, provided Barnes consented. The latter withheld his consent until after consultation with his associates in the case.

President Cope of the Bar association was directed to appoint a committee of five, to investigate the Tyler-Gumpel contract, and the action of Barnes and Tyler in reference thereto.

W M Neilsen commenced action to-day against ex-Senator Sharon, for slander, with damages laid at $100,000.

TO ENCOURAGE IMMIGRATION

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan 17—A meeting of the joint committee of the manufacturers' association, of the board of trade and the chamber of commerce was held to-day to consider reports of sub-committees. The main argument presented was the encouragement of immigration. It advised that immigration should be encouraged by state appropriations, and recommended the repeal of the pre-emption, timber and timber culture laws, and that congress should be asked to permit settlers to occupy land now held by parties under what is known as the "brush fence law." Among statistics presented were some showing that the average size of farms in California was 432 acres. The next highest average is Wyoming, with 3[illegible]; Oregon has 260 and Washington territory 21[illegible] acres.

STAGE ROADS BEING CLEARED

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan 17—The railway mail service reports that stage roads in the northern part of the state, which were rendered impassable by the recent storms, are being rapidly cleared, and in a few days Oregon overland mail will be running through.

A SEVERE SENTENCE

John Whitfield, a young man 25 years of age, convicted of the robbery of $6 from Dr Dupuy, at the latter's drug store, at the point of the pistol, was sentenced to-day by Judge Toohy to forty years in the Folsom prison.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE

Arrived—Bark Germania, Departure bay.
Cleared—Steamer George W Elder, Victoria; steamer Columbia, Astoria. Sailed—British steamer Barnard Castle, Nanaimo.

DEATH OF A MINISTER

Rev Robert Patterson, of the Presbyterian church, East Oakland, died to-day, aged 63, of ulceration of the stomach.

FOREIGN DISPATCHES.

ENGLAND

MEETING OF UNEMPLOYED WORKINGMEN

LONDON, Jan 17.—In accordance with previous arrangements a mass meeting of unemployed workingmen was held in front of the Royal exchange this afternoon. Shortly after noon people began to assemble, and by 2 o'clock fully 10,000 had come together. The multitude, in perfect order, awaited the arrival of the speakers, Henry George, Helen Taylor, William Saunders and other well known speakers, who were loudly cheered. Speaking began at a little past 3. Radical pamphlets of the most advanced description had an immense sale. Some of these were headed in bold type, with the words, "Blood, Bullets and Bayonets," and presented an extraordinary appeal to the "half-starved, herring gutted, poverty-stricken, parish-damned inhabitants of the disunited kingdom."

STEAMER SUNK AND MANY PERSONS DROWNED

LIVERPOOL, Jan 17—Fears entertained yesterday for the safety of the packet steamer Admiral Moorson (not Morrison) plying between Dublin and Holyhead, were fully justified. The steamer collided with the American ship Santa Clara, from Liverpool for New York, and sank. The Santa Clara landed twelve of the sunken steamer's crew and two passengers at Holyhead. The steamer carried a crew of between twenty and thirty persons.

Later accounts from Holyhead state that the Admiral Moorson had ten passengers and only two of these were saved.

A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.

LONDON, Jan 17—A dispatch from Gakdul says 30 camels dropped dead on the march from Howeyat, and the troops suffered severely, a majority of the water skins leaked and the men, yielding to thirst, exhausted their rations of water prematurely. Very few fell out of line, and the condition of the men under the circumstances was splendid. All bore their hardships bravely as was evidenced by their singing as cheerily as their parched throats would permit. They are keenly desirous to fight.

THE MISSING STEAMER

LONDON, Jan 17—The missing packet Admiral Moorson carried a crew of [illegible] and [illegible] passengers, chiefly drovers.

EUROPEAN POLITICS

THE CONGO CONFERENCE

BERLIN, Jan 17—In the Congo conference three reasons were given for the participation of America in the deliberations. First, because America was the first power officially to recognize the African international association; second, because the population of America comprises 6,000,000 negroes, whose parent country is Africa; and, thirdly, because Americans mainly have explored the country.

BERLIN, Jan 17—The sub-committee of the West African conference has agreed upon the report of Lambermont on the subject of conditions necessary to make future annexations on the coasts of Africa effective. Delegates to the conference are irritated at Portugal's continued opposition. Germany has advised that negotiations between France and the African international association be in the future carried on at Berlin.

ALL CLAIMS RENOUNCED

BRUSSELS, Jan 17—Mgr. Dumont renounces all claims upon the diocesan treasury of Tournay. This action presumably settles the long-standing controversy which has occupied a large share of the attention of the Belgian courts for some years, and has been the subject of considerable litigation in Canada and the United States.

BELGIUM

THE SUPPOSED MURDERER OF RUMPFF ARRESTED

LONDON, Jan 17—A special from Brussels gives the following account of the arrest of a German traveler in that city, for supposed complicity in the murder of Herr Rumpff. The police authorities of this city claim to have made an important arrest in connection with the assassination of Police Commissioner Rumpff, at Frankfort-on-the-Main. They are reticent concerning the prisoner, but state that he arrived at Antwerp yesterday, from Germany. He immediately took the train for this city, and was arrested on his arrival last evening. From other sources it is learned that at the proper time evidence will be forthcoming to show that the prisoner is the man who drove the dagger into the murdered man's body. Detectives at Frankfort-on-the-Main, after finding the dagger, traced its owner, and the arrest here last evening is said to have been made on a telegram from the German police, who were so close on the heels of the assassin that he fled to Antwerp, and thence to Brussels, hoping to escape.

PERSONAL POINTS

Mr G. E. Buckle, the editor of the [illegible], is to marry Miss Alice Payn, the daughter of the novelist.

Sir Erasmus Wilson, the great English skin doctor, left an estate worth $1,[illegible]. Most of it will ultimately go to the royal academy of surgeons.

Daniel Lockwood, who made the speeches that placed Cleveland in nomination for mayor, governor and president, is worth $2,000,000 and would like to represent the government abroad.

C. Aultman, the inventor and capitalist, died suddenly and unexpectedly of heart disease at his home in Akron, Ohio, December 26. His wealth is estimated at from $1,000,000 to $3,000,000.

General Benjamin F. Butler is said to have signed a contract with a New York publishing firm to write for them his personal reminiscences. The work is to be in two volumes and General Butler is to receive for it $30,000 and a small royalty.

Felix Duryos, whose death is reported, was long Louis Philippe's chief cook. He amassed a fortune of $60,000 and has left it to his two nephews on condition that the inscription of his tombstone consists of one of his famous cookery receipts engraved on a brass tablet.

Rev William Henry Channing, who died in England last month, was born in Boston on the 25th of May 1810. He was graduated at Harvard in 1829 and at Cambridge Divinity school in 1833. He was ordained at Cincinnati in 18[illegible], and was pastor of several religious societies. In 18[illegible] he went to England and became minister of the Hope street Unitarian chapel in Liverpool. He returned to this country in 18[illegible] and was for a time chaplain of congress and afterward minister of the Unitarian church at Washington. In 1870 he delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell institute. Returning to England he contributed to the periodicals and wrote a number of books. He translated Jouffroy's "Ethics," and was the author of a "Memoir of William Ellery Channing," and edited a volume of Channing's sermons. In conjunction with Emerson and Freeman Clarke he assisted in writing "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli." His daughter married Edwin Arnold, the journalist, and author of "Light of Asia."

"Their Best Chance Is Co-operation

The following remarks were made in the sermon preached by Professor Felix Adler at Chickering hall, New York:

The one hope of bettering the condition of the poor lies, it is my belief, in a great moral movement. The best chance of the poor man I consider is in co-operation. By this I mean that employes can by thrift secure sufficient capital to start business for themselves, so that the profit that now goes to one individual will revert to the workers. The co-operative stores in England have been most markedly successful. But it is in France that co-operation in its highest form—in purely productive co-operation—has been successfully evolved. In Paris there are some 40 productive co-operative factories whose business is carried on upon the usual basis, but whose profits, instead of going to one individual, revert to the workers. In Lyons there are similar factories, and in Saint Etienne there is a co-operative organization of workingmen controlling a capital of [illegible]00,000f.

Not that I compel the conclusion that this higher system of productive co-operation has not met with the same success in England that it has in France. The reason of this failure is not insufficient capital, but lack of the moral qualities which are necessary to the success of co-operative undertakings. Men want to go into co-operation with a feeling of enthusiasm, and not merely with an eye to self advancement. One of the chief necessities of co-operation is subordination to those who are chosen to be leader.

When I said that the chief hope of the workingman lay in a great moral movement, I referred to the employer as well as the employe. If such a moral enthusiasm were to take hold upon employers as it seized upon the cordial hearts of men when Christianity was first promulgated, the employer would not be compelled to make so much self sacrifice for the [illegible] of his suffering brother man. It will be said that this is not human nature. What is meant by this? The dirty side of human nature? The entire tendency of the present circumstances of life is to compel men to perform to be cold, cruel and selfish. Change the present selfish order of things and see if human nature is dirty and selfish. Teach the child of to-day that it is his duty to do good, that it is his duty to raise his less fortunate brother who has broken in the dust, and you will find his heart in turn bud bloom forth with human love and kindness as beautiful flowers bloom forth in the spring.

Dangers From Prosperity

The Rev Edward Everett Hale of Boston preached Sunday morning in All Souls church, New York, on our "National Wealth." "If such men as Roger Williams and John Cotton, possessing prophetic instincts as they did," he said, "had been asked what they foresaw in the future of the states they founded, they would not have prophesied the wealth under which America struggles to-day—wealth fabulous beyond any dream of national prosperity of their time. A few days ago I received a letter from an eminent English writer on political economy who has lately been traveling through the states. In his letter he expressed surprise at what he termed the unheard of luxury of this country, and he dropped this word of warning:

'I have not been able to learn that you have done as much in the direction of curbing individual license and greed as we have in England. We are going on the right path, I think, and surely, though a little slowly, as our manner is.' I read this because it is the careful remarks of an unprejudiced observer, and I can only deplore that so many of our public men will fully close their eyes to the signs of the times, to the increased wealth of the country, which seems to me the most extraordinary thing in modern history. The younger members of this congregation will see the day when the craftsman and the mechanic will labor but eight hours daily. What will he spend the remainder of his waking hours? Fifty years ago people flattered themselves that as long as the public school system was good and free lectures were accessible to the poor the mechanic would spend his spare time in making chemical experiments or models of the steam engine. This theory has unfortunately proven fallacious. If we would have manly men and womanly women we must provide them with a spiritual as well as a practical education. Upon the solution of this problem depend the future of our country."

Only Business.

Sam Oppenheimer of San Antonio was one of the passengers on the San Saba stage that was robbed a few weeks ago. "Shell out your money or off goes the top of your head," remarked one of the robbers, holding a pistol under Sam's nose. "Three hundred dollars vas all I got, so helup me shiminy gracious." "Hand em over." Sam did so, keeping back $6. "What are you keeping them six dollars for?" angrily inquired the robber, pressing his pistol against Sam's head. "Mine Gott, dont you let a man take out two per cent ven he advances money mitout securities?" asked Sam.—*Texas Siftings.*

Lynn shipped 296,933 and Haverhill 194,761 cases of shoes during the year just closed.

MINING STOCKS

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan 17.

Alpha	—	Hale & Norcross	4 65
Alta	30	Mexican	35
Belcher	80	Mono	
Best & Belcher	55	Ophir	1 35
Bodie Con	2 00	Potosi	35
Bulwer	10	Savage	65
Chollar	1 65	Sierra Nevada	1 45
Con Cal & Virginia	10	Union	40
Eureka Con	2 40	Yellow Jacket	1 30
Gould & Curry	65		

A TALE OF TEXAS

The Experience of a Chicago Journalist in the Sunny South

[illegible]

The difference between Chicago and one of the leading cities of Texas is not alone in the many miles that separate them, nor in widely differing climate, nor in the size of the cities. Every Chicago man is familiar with the hurrying crowd on Clark street, Madison, La Salle, Dearborn, or any one of the South side business thoroughfares, where each man tries to get ahead of the man in front of him. If a Texas man should strike that gait through the blistering yellow sunshine he would be met upon every side with kind inquiries as to the particular disaster that had befallen him. Or if a stranger should strike a Chicago rate of speed he would inevitably become an object of suspicion. When a couple of Texas business men meet upon the street they shake hands in a lifeless manner, lean against the first lamp or awning post at hand, and if a longer conference is required take seats on a dry-goods box. As the planter says in the play, "We're never in a hurry in the south."

A fair indication of the enterprise and intelligence of a town is its newspapers. The city to which reference has been made has a population of at least 16,000, yet cannot support a good morning newspaper. One reason for this might be that nearly half the population is composed of colored people who as a mass are still woefully ignorant, though there can be no doubt of their loyalty to the Union. They are not very energetic as voters because they well know that their ballots, if cast, would make no great difference in the official returns. This takes away half of the customers of a newspaper at one fell swoop. Of the remainder there must be set one side half, a class known as the mossback element, who can't read, and if they could they wouldn't, leaving 25 per cent of the entire population as possible newspaper readers. This small proportion also includes the foreign element, by far the most energetic and enterprising, though not very enthusiastic in support of an American newspaper.

This Texas city had seven railroads, several of which had their general offices there. It was favorably situated for commerce, and was known as the most enterprising city in the state. Some gentle enthusiasts thinking it a shame that no morning newspaper could live, concluded to "bull" the market and make one grand effort to establish a paper that would be a credit to the city. A stock company was formed, composed of the most wealthy men in the city, with a capital stock of $100,000. Expensive fast presses were purchased, and an entire new outfit of type procured. Experienced and competent editors were hired, and nothing was wanting but patronage. Alas! it came not. After a brilliant career of fourteen or fifteen months the sheriff closed the doors, and the Houston *Post* died gracefully, regretted by all its friends.

The state peculiarities in Texas journalism rather unsettle a northern man. The people know nothing of personal journalism. A man who is attacked by name in a public print must resent it with a cowhide or revolver or suffer social ostracism. Editors are very careful what they write in Texas. The writer, a Chicago newspaper man, had a brief experience in that sunlit land, and some of the incidents and anecdotes may at least prove amusing. No attempt has been made to color them in the interest of either section.

When I stepped off the cars at Houston last August it was stifling hot Sunday morning. The air was like the blast from a furnace. The perspiration streaming down my face made little furrows in the grime and cinders left by a journey of 1300 miles. A neat omnibus carried myself and a couple of commercial travelers to the hotel. A bath, clean clothing, shave, and shampoo, produced a feeling of comparative comfort. In the wide rotunda some dozens of men were sitting, most of them carrying palm leaf fans which they waved languidly, and nearly all dressed in thin clothing made of striped seersucker cloth. I saw the familiar face of one whom I had met in Chicago when he had been a member of the Texas delegation to the national democratic convention.

"How do you do, captain?" I asked, holding out my hand.

"No it can't be," he exclaimed, delightedly. "It is, by heavens! Gentlemen, let me introduce a Chicago newspaper man."

In five minutes I had made the acquaintance of more than a dozen colonels, majors, judges and captains.

"Well, sah," asked the judge "how do you all like Texas?"

"Very well, judge," I replied, unhesitatingly. "It looks like a very fine state, though as I have just arrived I can hardly be qualified for a witness."

"I nevah was up nawth but once, sah, and damme if I evah want to again, sah. Have you all decided to remain with us all some time, sah?"

I informed him that I had been engaged as city editor of the Houston *Post* and hoped my engagement would be more pleasant than the experience of a friend of mine who came down to Waco to report a murder trial for a St. Louis paper.

"I was in St Louey once, sah, befoh the wah," said the judge. "I heah they all have a bridge thah now, sah."

"Tell the gentleman tell his story," urged the captain.

This reporter, I continued, had never been in Texas and was used to sensation. I writing, consequently he gave all the facts. Both parties to the murder were of the highest respectability. The reporter gave all the gossip he could find and added his own theory, just as he would have done at home. It takes a day or two for St. Louis papers to get to Waco, and the court had adjourned at the close of the second day of the trial, when the reporter noticed a sudden coolness toward him upon the part of several gentlemen with whom he had already formed friendships. He was smoking his cigar in solitary grandeur upon the hotel steps when he was approached by one of the leading citizens of the place.

"Have you seen the *Globe*, Colonel? Seen my report? Aint she a dandy?" asked the reporter.

"Mistah S——," said the colonel, impressively, "don't you all think, sah, that you all's usefulness is about ended round heah, sah?"

"I hadn't given the subject any thought, colonel," said the reporter. "Perhaps it has." The reporter was no slouch if he did wear a calico shirt.

"Well, sah," said the colonel, "a few gentlemen, including myself, have lately held a informal meeting and concluded, sah, that as you all might not have a pass to St Louey, to buy you a ticket. Heah it is, sah. The train starts in half a houah. I presume, sah, that you all will not requiah more time than that, sah, to pack you all's grip."

The eastern train took the St. Louis reporter and that's the reason why the St. Louis paper's report of that trial was incomplete.

All the colonels, judges, majors and captains at once said, while that might be true of other places in the state, nothing of the kind was ever seen in Houston, "by gad, sah."

"When you all get acquainted with ouh people, sah, you nevah *will* leave em, sah," exclaimed the captain.

The next day I found that the exalted position of city editor on the Houston *Post* meant to be the general "hustler." I gathered up a few odds and ends about the city hall and county offices, wrote an alleged funny imaginative sketch, fixed up some matters that always come into a country newspaper office, and at 11 o'clock at night was sitting in my shirt-sleeves in a draught, with a good cigar, and thinking of dear old Chicago. Suddenly there came up to the window the mellowest melody that ever filled the air. Leaning out I saw a group of negroes sitting on a bench under a tall magnolia tree, while overhead shone the brightest moon, and the sky was filled with stars unknown to me. And this is the way the song ran, rude and barbaric in words, beautiful in its constant chords of bass, baritone, tenor, and high treble:

Ol' Mistah Brown gots all night long,
[illegible]
He hunts all night till de broad daylight
An' he don't come home till de next day noon.
Dem angels wing an shum
Across from de golden home
If you'll go long, den I'll go too,
An' nevah come back no moh.

There was a clang of fire bells in the steeple of the market house, which was also the city hall. Over in the south, right under the blazing southern cross, there was a glow of red. The negroes, happy in a bit of excitement, ran to the fire. I put on my coat, and from the window taking my observations as to direction, started to report it. I should have stated heretofore that the city of Houston is lighted by electricity on the main street, but outside is cimmerian blackness. At 11 o'clock there is not a ray of light save from the moon and stars. Carelessly running along the middle of the street I fell into an uncompleted sewer about 6 feet deep. When I tried to climb up the further side I was confronted by an able-bodied dog, which had grave suspicions that I was not white I ought to be. I agreed with him, and went back to the glare of the electric light. In a few minutes the engines came back, reporting a fire in a shed. Loss, $15; no insurance. This was the most exciting item in the paper of the next day.

One evening the telephone rang out a lively tune. An inquiry was made for the reporter.

"Here he is."

"Can you come up to my house?"

"Yes, where is it?"

"No. 75 —— street—good item foh the papah."

As fast as the one-mule street car could go I hurried to the address indicated. I met a lady fair to see. At last I have an item.

"My sistah in Augusta, Georgy, sent me this lahge watahmillion by express, sah. I've been thinking, sah, that seeing it's such a lahge million, I would raffle it off, sah. Please give me a good notice in the papah, sah. I've been taking the papah right along, sah."

The possession of "gall" like this could not go unrewarded, and the "papah" contained a quarter of a column description of the "millon," with a recommendation to all to purchase some tickets for the raffle.

One night there was a terrific fight with bowie knives in a saloon between two young men of the best families. I at once repaired to the scene. While gathering information from bystanders I was approached by a man who inquired if I was the reporter.

"Yes."

"These was mighty fine gentlemen that had the row, sah."

"No doubt of it."

"Well, sah, it would be a great favah to me and several othah gentlemen if you didn't mention no names in the papah."

"Tell me all about it, and I won't."

Thus reassured I was enabled to get a very fair account of the affray, but not caring to have any lead in my carcass I mentioned no names, merely describing the row as an unfortunate occurrence.

I made numerous acquaintances and the invariable question would be:

"Well, sah, how do you like ouh people?"

To this I would reply that I had found Texans always polite and obliging. After 300 or 400 had asked me the same question it began to get monotonous, but I had schooled myself to betray no annoyance, and be as placid as the matter would admit. But one day I kicked over the traces. A queer-faced fellow, who from his accent could not have been three months from Poland, asked me upon introduction:

"How you like *zeeze* our peebles?"

This was too much. "I don't like them at all!" I yelled. The story must have got around town, for that was the last time the question was asked me in Houston.

At the end of my first week in the city I informed the managing editor that the work didn't suit me and that the would fill my place the train for St. Louis and the north would receive a passenger.

"Have you a return ticket?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Let me see it."

It was handed to him, whereupon, with a diabolical chuckle, he placed it in the safe and remarked:

"Well, old boy, if you start for the north inside of three weeks it will be on foot. The state convention meets here in that time and as I have no one to report it except yourself, I'll just take care of that little pasteboard for fear of mistakes."

Remonstrances and coaxing were of no avail, so resigning myself to the inevitable I waited for the state democratic convention. When that job was finished there was never a happier man in a northbound train than the writer. As we left the town of Texarkana, which marks the boundary between Texas and Arkansas I looked back, thinking:

O Texas! land of the bugs and tarantula, the magnolia, cape jessamine, and horned frog, how glad I am to leave you! As General Phil Sheridan said: "If I owned hell and Texas I'd rent Texas and live in hell."

SUPERSTITION OF JEWELS

Imaginary Source and Delicate Fancies of Precious Stones—Stories Told of Ill-Omened Jewels and the Purity and Love Which Diamonds Convey.

The poetic nature of jewels, the mystic sources of their creation, the delicate fancies and deep rooted superstitions connected with them are brought vividly to mind by the marriage of Miss Astor, says the New York *World*. On this occasion, as fashion has decreed and superstition established for weddings, the bride wore only diamonds and pearls. Many other jewels are admissible and many are not, according to the magic rules governing their use, a summary of which can be set forth in a short space. The diamond is the jewel par excellence. It is used in all quarters of the globe as the emblem of glory, its brilliancy, the multitudinous tints it displays, and the [illegible] typifying a glorious life. A [illegible] [illegible] held [illegible] it [illegible] the emblem of purity, it is therefore worn by the bride to represent the purity of her life. Its [illegible] combined with the snowy [illegible] [illegible] living or [illegible] blossoms [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] the monarch of gems, the proper accompaniment. In addition, [illegible] is expressed virginity, faith and sometimes also [illegible] and pride by the diamonds glittering [illegible] [illegible] textures and upon the happy brow of the maiden. Pearls are also used at weddings not only because of their creamy tints of the gems, but because of the magical qualities they possess. Loveliness is the right of those who wear pearls, a sacramental and physical clearness of vision all very desirable gifts for newly married people to have. Beside, like diamonds pearls are emblems of purity, and contrary to the former are representative of modesty. The groom [illegible] wear a sardonyx, and if a marriage a set of sardonyx jewels are very appropriate for the wife because that precious stone insures conjugal felicity. And despite the absurd superstition connected with opals, that are emblematic of purity of thought of [illegible] and make the wearer lovable.

Opal is the most fascinating of jewels. Their structure, their beauties, and the fancies attaching to them in keeping them constant source of pleasure and wonderment. They mean good fortune on all occasions, and as to the superstition as to their unluckiness it is dying away gradually they will again assume a position in the world equal to the diamond and ruby. In ancient days opals were regarded as the most royal of gems, and were believed among the Greeks to be little bits of the car of Phœbus or the sun. The infinitesimal fissures in the surface of the stone that produce upon it the ever shifting, glowing tints, almost living fires, are a marvelous study. And apart from the intrinsic, incomparable beauty of opals they are doubly valuable for the gift they bestow upon their wearers. Not only in wedding, with their purity of thoughts, delicacy and lovableness, but in courtship are they precious, for they constitute love, give divine hope, and dissipate melancholy. After marriage they perfect love and keep loved ones from harm. Of other miraculous charms it possesses and bestows are sharpness of sight, warning of danger and preserving from all ill effect of poison. With such an array of charms added to the original and unique splendor of the gem who does not long to wear an opal?

Love has many jewels that affect it for good or ill. The most powerful in its far reaching strength is the emerald. The proverb, "An emerald without a flaw," describes negatively the chief peculiarity of both emeralds and the divine passion. Flaws are almost universal in emeralds, even in the most valuable, and the same is true of love; it is seldom perfect. Emeralds are the emblem of love. They signify this and nothing but that. Among the charms this amulet of Venus holds within itself is the power of making others love the wearer; the emerald guarded youth or maiden is a conqueror, irresistible to the opposite sex. False friends are discovered by this gem, and serpents, as the representatives of everything hateful and unlovable, are striken with blindness by gazing upon its otherwise soothing line. In courtship and marriage, in parentage, the emerald should be worn, and old maids and bachelors are or should be debarred from its use. Another jewel powerful in love is the ruby, whose glowing color is emblematic of fierce passionate affection. Rubies give zeal in love and courage to press one's suit for the possession of another's heart and hand. It corrects false friendship and is a most valuable gem to wear in courtship. That and the turquoise which like the emerald gives success in love, are amulets for use during war, which brings in view another field of superstition wherein the savage-minded warriors of ancient days had implicit faith.

In all ages success has been desired on the field of glory, and a gem possessing the magical quality of giving that good fortune has been highly prized. Such a gem is the ruby, which not only makes a [illegible] conqueror, but ennobles the wearer with the qualities most desirable, with [illegible] ness, zeal, courage and lofty thoughts. With these gifts it is also a charm against poison and corrects the evils resulting from false friendship. An oriental ruby is [illegible] for a valuable talisman for good. The amethyst is another precious stone of [illegible] tency in war, for it gives personal safety in the midst of battle dangers. Like all other gems it has more than one power, and among the remainder are stability of mind, temperate passions and the counteracting of intoxicating qualities in wine. [illegible] every soldier should have. The only other jewel that has any special significance in war is the agate, which turns the swords of foes against their owners, something every hard pressed combatant devoutly desires.

Agate, like opals, possess within [illegible] many varieties of marvelous charms [illegible] power was firmly believed in by the ancient Romans, Greeks and Persians. In addition to the [illegible] turning quality agates give health, the first of all good gifts and with it [illegible] eminent happiness. Prosperity, longevity, long life and the power to conquer disease lie in these gems, besides the most wonderful of all charms, the power of making oneself invisible at will.

Unusual blessings are assured by several [illegible] agates. The turquoise [illegible] [illegible] against melancholy and nervousness, [illegible] giving the wearer a cheerful, happy nature. Similar are the qualities of the topaz, which prevents bad dreams and affords friendship and fidelity. Red coral, a [illegible] comes within the scope of this article, is the most valuable amulet for health [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and thousands of our fellow citizens pin their faith upon it to [illegible] [illegible] day. It imparts freedom from [illegible], and by growing pale tells of failing health. Fever and malaria are cured by its virtues. The teething of babies is materially helped and warning is given of the presence of physical danger.

Another class of charms is purely [illegible] and in this class the sapphire ranks [illegible] [illegible] gems. Sapphires may be worn [illegible] places except in houses of revel and [illegible]. For the sanctuary no gem is as appropriate. It signifies repentance, innocence, piety, [illegible] sures the fulfillment of prayers and [illegible] freedom from enchantment or [illegible] and saints the sapphire is the jewel [illegible] wear. The garnet is another moral [illegible] [illegible] insures the fulfillment of every engagement besides denoting faith [illegible] constance. Chrysolites signify [illegible] and bestow noble passions while at [illegible] same time representing St. Matthew. Bloodstones impart courage, firmness in affection and wisdom, and signify grief [illegible] absent loved ones.

The fanciful origin and nature of jewels is an interesting study to the lovers of enchanting. Diamonds were supposed by the early Christians to be the tears of angels crystalized, and in Burmah [illegible] they are believed to be the prison of [illegible] souls. In Persia pearls were believed to be drops of water that had crystalized in the oyster. The ruby in Burmah is believed to be human soul in its last stage of transmigration before entering Buddha, and therefore sacred. The opal, as [illegible] stated, is a bit of Phœbus' chariot. Among the ancient Peruvians the emerald was sacred, it being supposed the especial [illegible] of the sun, their deity. Again, various months are signified by various stones, as the topaz for November, the agate for May, the sapphire for April, and the ruby for August. Each gem has color in her [illegible] each has a significance in astrology, and each is credited to some deity in the heathen mythologies.

An Old Abolitionist's Fate.

Many Washington people will remember Mr Hudson Taylor, says a Poughkeepsie dispatch to the New York *Tribune*. [illegible] years ago his stationery store was a [illegible] for Clay, Webster, Seward, Lincoln and others. Mr Taylor now lives here, [illegible] ing a competency earned in his [illegible]. His uncle John Taylor came here [illegible] England and in the early part of this century died in New York and his body was buried here in what has long been known as the "English burying ground." Years ago interments in it ceased, and it ran to decay. The trustees of Christ church have had it cleared up. The grave of John Taylor is in the southwest corner of it, and the antique headstone bears the following inscription, much defaced:

Far from kindred, friends and native skies,
Here mouldering in the dust poor Taylor lies.
Firm was his mind and fraught with various lore,
And his warm heart was never cold before.
He loved his country, loved that land of worth
Which gave to Milton, Hampden, Bradshaw birth;
But when that country lost to all but gain,
Bowed its base neck, hugged the oppressor's chain,
Loathing the abject sight, he drooped and sighed,
Crossed the wild waves, and here ultimately died.
Stranger! Whate'er thy country, creed, or [illegible]
Go and like him the moral path pursue,
Contend for freedom every peril brave
And nobly scorn to be or hold a slave.

William H Allen, a Palmer, Mass., [illegible] per has caught 216 fur bearing [illegible] this season.

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